THE STORY OF THE SOLDIER

GEORGE A. FORSYTH

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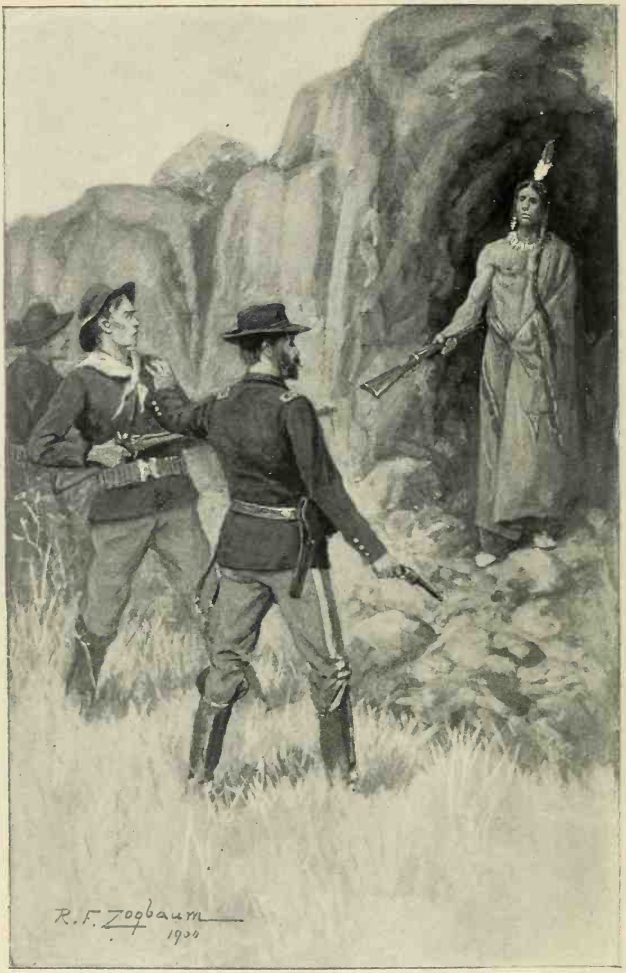

Surrender of American Horse.

(See page 339.)

THE STORY OF THE SOLDIER

BY

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. FORSYTH,
U. S. A. (RETIRED)

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. ZOGBAUM

The regular in 1861

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1900

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Of the actors in the heroic age of our West, the figure of the soldier may be emphasized, I think, as representing not simply fortitude and heroism, since these have been the commonplaces of his life, nor glory, since this has been practically denied him by his fellow-citizens; but as the man embodying better than any other pioneer type the conserving influence of law and order and the actual progress earned in the early days by the forces which make for civilization. The popular tradition of the soldier as a conqueror of "glory-crowned heights" has nothing in common with the unrecognised career of the American regular soldier in the West. Coronado and other Spanish warriors who marched northward seeking gold and sovereignty might well be termed *conquistadores*, with all the glory which attaches to the phrase. The career of the American regular soldier may almost be summarized as that of the settler's advance guard. Passing over for a moment the inception of his work and

the character of his services in the eastern half of our country, there is a peculiar fitness in emphasizing the classical Lewis and Clarke expedition of 1803–'06. Here were two officers of the regular army with a handful of men penetrating an unknown empire, not in search of gold or military laurels, but simply to gather for a civil government geographical and scientific information which would be of value to its citizens. This is the simple story of a large, perhaps the largest part of the soldier's work in the West. Buried in weighty volumes containing reports of reconnoissances and surveys made in behalf of the transcontinental railroads are stories of the soldier's work in the West which would offer to his fellow-citizen, the civilian, an unknown page of history.

It has all been in the day's work, the moil and toil of the regular's frontier life, whether this has consisted of exploration, the protection of surveying parties, the guardianship of wagon trains, the building of forts and maintenance of garrisons in remote wilds, the rescue of endangered settlers, or a defence or a punitive expedition against a larger force of marauding savages in the icy blizzards of the North or on the sun-scorched plains of the South-land. The orders have come from the authorities at Washington, and have passed onward and downward through department commanders to be unflinchingly executed by those whom they reached, whatever this execution

might cost in life or hardship, or in the jangling criticism of local politicians or distant sentimentalists. The frontier work of the English soldier, whatever its penalties may be, has brought prompt promotions, the Victoria cross, recognition and honours in varied forms. The frontier work of the American soldier with his record of over a century of heroism and sacrifice, has been viewed with suspicion and prejudice, and its reward has been simply the consciousness of duty done. Certain reasons for the injustice which has been done the American regular soldier are indicated by General Forsyth in his sketch of the inception and the earlier work of the soldier, which furnishes a perspective and also a background, and renders this volume practically a concise history of the regular army of the United States.

Of such a book, our public, always generous and fair-minded, if given an adequate knowledge of the facts, has been grievously in need. For the time being the regular soldier, whether he is protecting a frontier settlement or doing his work at San Juan or El Caney, may be lost sight of in the flush of enthusiasm over a citizen soldiery, but a calmer, more discriminating judgment shows that training and discipline count in war as elsewhere, and the man who knows his trade is more effective than the novice. It is a truism so obvious that it is soon lost sight of, but we saw it illustrated in the civil war by the training

which developed armies of men practically regulars in the four years between Bull Run and Appomattox, and again in the Philippines, where training and experience moulded the splendid material of which the first army of volunteers was composed into a seasoned and effective military instrument. It seems an absurdity to argue for training, discipline, and expert knowledge, and yet an inherited prejudice has led many of us to forget that the regular is simply the average American citizen plus a training which makes him an effective servant of a popular government.*

Since the regular is so little known and so often misconstrued, the author of this book has acted wisely in tracing his history from the beginning of our Gov-

* The adjutant general's office has furnished the following table, showing the strength of the regular army and the percentage relations of the army to the population for each decade from 1790 to 1900:

Strength of the Army.

Year.	Officers.	Men.	Total.	Population of United States.	Per cent.
1790..	57	1,216	1,273	3,929,214	3-100 of 1
1800..	318	4,118	4,436	5,308,483	8-100 of 1
1810..	774	9,147	9,921	7,239,881	14-100 of 1
1820..	712	8,230	8,292	9,633,822	9-100 of 1
1830..	627	5,324	5,951	12,866,020	5-100 of 1
1840..	733	9,837	10,570	17,069,453	6-100 of 1
1850..	948	9,815	10,763	23,191,876	5-100 of 1
1860..	1,108	15,259	16,367	31,443,321	5-100 of 1
1870..	2,541	34,534	37,075	38,558,371	10-100 of 1
1880..	2,152	24,357	26,509	50,155,783	5-100 of 1
1890..	2,168	24,921	27,089	62,622,250	4-100 of 1
1900..	2,500	65,000	67,500	75,000,000	9-100 of 1

ernment. This history in its succinct form possesses a peculiar value as a whole, and the large portion of the narrative which is devoted to the work of the soldier in the West, in accordance with the plan of this series, offers glimpses of endurance, of heroism, and romantic daring whose epic quality leads us to wonder why the American regular has had no Kipling to sing his deeds, and why we, citizens of no mean country, have lent an ear to tales of alien victories over Zulus, or Afridis, or dervishes, while we have been deaf to the deeds of American regulars, often more perilous and more daring, yet almost unnoticed and practically unrewarded.

Within two years we have lost a group of regular officers whose long careers would illuminate the pages of any military history. Lawton, whose forty years of active service included the eventful days of the civil war, a long experience of every form of service on the old frontier, and the chief campaign of the Spanish war, has fallen with his face to the enemy in the Philippines. Henry, that gallant cavalryman whose terrible wounds are a part of the story of the soldier in the West, has passed away with Egbert, and with Liscum and Reilly, who have crowned their long and faithful service with the offer of their lives in distant China. Other survivors of the civil war and of the race of Indian fighters have gone before, like Crook, whose record of fearless justice and unswerving

truthfulness suggests the difference which might have been had officers of the regular army been intrusted with the management of our Indian wars.

The soldiers of the epic age of our West are rapidly passing away, and it is full time that their story should be told. It is a tale of thrilling interest, a moving and brilliant chapter of a history too little known, and it is set forth in the graphic pages of this volume by a regular soldier who has earned the right to speak by actual experience, by honourable wounds, and by that superb stand against overwhelming numbers which has made the affair of the Arickaree famous in the annals of the soldier in the West.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

To tell effectively the Story of the Soldier in the Story of the West Series, to which it belongs, has obliged the writer to outline practically the whole history of the regular soldier of the United States army.

In his own opinion he has only blazed the way for further research and better literary results along the same line. Our regular is an interesting study from the fact that the average representative of both rank and file is an honourable, fairly able, and upright man and a splendid citizen, and at the same time is completely outside of, and detached from all party and political affiliations and with almost no prospect of eventual financial reward. He accepts the badge of "service" in a spirit that makes it a mark of distinction, and does his whole duty at all times and under all circumstances unhesitatingly and without complaint, and the experience of this last one hundred and twenty years has shown the General Government that the regular

army of the United States is under any and all circumstances to be absolutely depended upon.*

Within the limits of this book it has not been possible to go into any extended detail of the work of the regular, or of his merits as a soldier and a man, but if the reader succeeds in obtaining a fairly correct idea of the soldier of the United States army as he actually is the writer will be satisfied. He desires also to record here his thanks and obligations to the writers of certain manuscript furnished him by the editor of this series of books, Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, by whom he was authorized to use it as he saw fit, and parts of which he has, with certain emendations and alterations, incorporated in this volume.

G. A. F.

WASHINGTON, *September, 1900.*

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* In our civil war the enlisted men of the army almost without exception stood by the Government. Instances of desertion and disaffection were so rare that probably one half of one per cent of the forces would much more than cover them all. To the credit of the Southern officers of the army who resigned upon the secession of their several States and afterward entered the Confederate service, so far as is known, no one of them attempted to induce the enlisted men to take service against the United States.

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THE STORY OF THE SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

THE INCEPTION OF THE ARMY.

Both the officer and the enlisted man of the regular army of the United States of to-day are a somewhat peculiar and unique development, growing out of, and finally evolved from a condition of affairs that had its beginning in even the first weak colonies established upon this continent by the English and Dutch early in the seventeenth century.

It is the story of what this soldier is and what he has accomplished in that portion of our country west of the Missouri River that I purpose to tell; but in order to do so understandingly I must carry my reader back nearly three hundred years, to enable me to lead up to the reason why the story of the regular soldier in our national annals is the record of the one citizen of the republic comparatively unknown, least appreciated, persistently misunderstood, and, for political effect, frequently misrepresented and occasionally even recklessly maligned in our national legislative halls, and yet whose record as a citizen, a soldier, and a patriot has been, and is, almost stainless.

While the majority of the earliest pioneers for North American shores who of their own volition deliberately left England in 1606 and Holland in 1614 to found colonies and establish homes in the New World were undoubtedly adventurers, still they had within their number certain strong men, both mentally and physically, with fixed opinions as to religion and governments, with also, it may be, Utopian ideas of what the future held in store for them in the virgin forests of America. But outside of and beyond their day dreams in this direction they were willing to brave the dangers of the sea, endure the discomforts of the pioneer, and assume the risks and hardships of frontiersmen that they and their descendants might be a people freed from Old World traditions, customs, and complications, and not bound down by antiquated codes and subject to existing conditions that compelled them to obey the behests of a monarchical or imperial government, which might at any time demand their lives and property to enable it to take part in a war that practically had only to do with the personal interests of the reigning sovereign or his house, and the outcome of which, whether it was a successful or disastrous campaign, was of no direct concern or benefit to the nation collectively or to the individual subject, but which might, and frequently did drench the land in blood, impoverish its inhabitants, and bring upon them nameless horrors, penury, and untold misery.

During the succeeding one hundred and fifty years after the English and Dutch took root in our soil a fitful, but nevertheless a slowly increasing tide of emigration set unsteadily in from England and Holland, bearing upon its bosom to our shores an ever-widening

stream of strong, active, and determined men, whose bitter experience had taught them to dread the misuse of standing armies and to abhor the brutal excesses of a hireling soldiery.

And well it might do so; for from 1607, when the English planted their first colony at Jamestown, to 1765, when the British Parliament by passing the Stamp Act deliberately alienated their American colonies, history gives us an account of ninety-seven different wars, sieges, and massacres with all their attendant horrors between and among the various European and Asiatic powers, in less than in one tenth of which national wars were the inhabitants of the various countries so devastated at all vitally interested, and which wars had been waged either to strengthen or perpetuate certain dynasties, to aggrandize various religious sects, or else solely to pander to the conscienceless ambition of individual religious, political, or military leaders thirsting for fame, place, and power.

To the American colonist, who during this century and a half of gradual growth and hard-working prosperity had developed an individuality of sturdy independence solely upon and along lines of business and personal interests, with only a comparatively slight trend toward the necessity of his need for the existence of any general government whatever, and who knew from history, tradition, and the personal narratives of his ancestors, many of whom in their own individual experience had known the wretched conditions imposed upon even the noncombatants in these Europeans wars, the idea of a dissolute and paid soldiery, that might be, and frequently had been sold and bought by different monarchs and used in their family interests against

even their own people, was simply abhorrent, and finally the occupation of Boston by a brigade of British regulars, of whom history says "they led brawling, riotous lives and made the quiet streets hideous by night with their drunken shouts, while scores of loose women who had followed the regiment across the ocean came to scandalize the town," was to the Puritan New Englander almost unbearable. Moreover, the British regular was in bad repute among the colonists long before the arrival in Boston of General Gage's troops, for in 1755, shortly before the disastrous expedition against Fort Duquesne under General Braddock was about to enter the wilderness, Benjamin Franklin ventured to warn General Braddock as to the great danger his command might be subjected to by the Indian method of fighting, especially as regarded ambuscades, and (I quote from Franklin's account of the interview) "General Braddock scouted the idea of any possibility of defeat. He (Braddock) smiled at my ignorance and replied: 'These savages may be a formidable enemy to your raw militia, but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible that they should make any impression.'" Franklin then proceeds to give some account of the manner in which the regulars were entrapped and shot down by the French and Indians, and ends by saying: "The general (Braddock), being wounded, was brought off with difficulty; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. These eleven hundred had been picked men from the whole army; the rest had been left behind with Colonel Dunbar, who was to follow with the heavier

part of the stores, provisions, and baggage. The flyers, being pursued, arrived at Dunbar's camp, and the panic they brought with them instantly seized him and all his people; and, though he had now above one thousand men and the enemy who had beaten Braddock did not at most exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding and endeavouring to recover some of the lost honour, he ordered all the stores and ammunition to be destroyed, that he might have more horses to assist his flight toward the settlements. He was there met with requests from the governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania that he would post his troops on the frontier, so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants, but he continued his hasty march through all the country, not thinking himself safe till he arrived at Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him. This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded."

When his British Majesty's (George III) regulars fired upon the unarmed citizens of Boston on the 5th of March, 1770, the culminating point of detestation for regulars by the colonists was already attained, and the stirring oration of Dr. Joseph Warren, spoken at a memorial meeting of the fellow-townsmen of the dead victims of misrule (held on the first anniversary of the occurrence in the Old South Church of Boston), on "the baleful influence of standing armies in time of peace," was not needed to accentuate a prejudice against the regular soldier that was already so deeply engraved on the public heart that to-day, after more than a century of almost unparalleled gallantry in the field

and a steady and unwavering devotion to the best interests of the people and the republic, such as has never been surpassed, if equalled, by any body of regular troops in the history of the world, the regular army of the United States is still regarded as an object of suspicion and mistrust by very many of our best citizens. It is in the hope of in some degree disabusing the public mind of this inherited prejudice, and to give it a true idea of, as a matter of fact, perhaps the most devoted patriot and the best and most obedient citizen of the republic, that I have undertaken to tell the story of the regular soldier in the West.

To do this intelligently, however, and to enable the reader to thoroughly grasp the underlying sentiment that controls the *personnel* of the regular army as a whole, both officers and men, it will be necessary that I briefly outline the conditions that led up to the creation and organization of the United States army and its permanent establishment against, and despite of the pronounced ideas of some of the leading and ablest of the early statesmen of our country. I intend therefore briefly to mention the work of the regular army on the frontier during the years immediately succeeding the Revolutionary War as well as in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War. Furthermore, I shall touch also on its heavy percentage of loss in our civil war, together with a somewhat detailed account of its work on the Pacific slope, in the far Southwest, and on the great plains beyond the Mississippi on our northern and western borders, which in the interests of a better civilization it finally wrested from the control of the various savage Indian tribes who held it most tenaciously, even desperately, against the rising tide of Anglo-Saxon

occupation almost to the close of the nineteenth century.

Five years after the Boston massacre, where King George's regulars had fired upon the unarmed citizens of Boston, these same troops tried it again upon the colonists at Lexington; but long before sunset of April 19, 1775, they had learned that it was one thing to fire upon an unarmed body of citizens, but decidedly another thing to fire upon the armed minute men of Massachusetts. In the veins of these men ran the same blood that had enabled the dauntless barons of England to face royalty and wring the Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede, and that day they proved themselves gallant sons of worthy sires, for the whole country side rose together in defence of their rights, and every man who owned a firearm hurried to the fray. Their daily life had made them good rifle shots, but they had little knowledge of discipline or drill—hardly a military organization worthy of the name; were practically without leaders, and had scarcely more than the cohesion that mutual danger and self-defence grants to desperate and determined men; but all day long they assailed and attacked the British column from every available point. It was a motley band, this partially organized crowd of "minute men." Men of all ages, creeds, professions, and trades — lawyers, doctors, farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, high and low, rich and poor, the gray-haired grandsire, the stalwart father, and the beardless son—all were there, and none of them faltered nor failed. Neither was it any holiday work that they had to do, for the record shows that King George's soldiers were well handled and finely disciplined, and fought bravely and gallantly, but from

behind every fence and tree, bush, stump, hillock, and wayside rock the minute men poured in a deadly fire on the retreating regulars, who, to their credit be it said, held well together and were at length succoured in their dire extremity by a force sent out from Boston to meet them, and which arrived none too soon to save the whole column from annihilation or capture at the hands of the exasperated colonists. That day's work made possible the federation of the colonies, opened the way for the Declaration of Independence, and foreshadowed the birth of the republic. These minute men were volunteers. They had gallantly attacked, bravely repulsed, and persistently followed up the British regulars, and from that day at Lexington until to-day, as in the old colonial days, the volunteer is, and always has been, the idol of the people.

And yet?

The uprising of the Massachusetts minute men at Concord was almost immediately followed by the investment and siege of the British troops in Boston by the militia of the North American colonies under the command of various colonial general officers, who for the time being acknowledged the authority of Major-General Artemas Ward, of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. But the time had come when there must be a supreme head of this hastily organized colonial militia, and in the Journals of (the Continental) Congress of June 15, 1775, I find the following:

"*Resolved*, That a general be appointed to command all the Continental forces raised or to be raised for the defence of American liberty. That five hundred dollars per month be allowed for the pay and expenses of the general. The Congress then proceeded to the choice

of a general by ballot, and George Washington, Esq., was unanimously elected. Adjourned till to-morrow at eight o-clock."

They could well afford to adjourn after that piece of work. They never surpassed it but once in the whole history of the Continental Congress, and that was a little more than a year later, on July 4, 1776.

Of all men in North America, George Washington was without exception the ablest soldier in the colonies, and by temperament, physical and mental vigour, methodical habits, experience in organizing volunteers and militia and field service on the frontier not only the one best fitted to cope with the responsibilities thrust upon him by his new command, but probably the only man then living who could have conducted the Revolutionary War to a successful termination.

A frontier surveyor at eighteen, adjutant general of one of the frontier districts of the colony of Virginia with the rank of major at nineteen, lieutenant colonel of the Virginia troops in the war with the French in 1754 at the age of twenty-two, and aide-de-camp to General Braddock in the disastrous campaign of 1755, he was almost the only prominent officer who came out of that blundering and bloody repulse with credit to himself, honour to his colony, and with an unimpaired reputation as an able and brilliant officer and a capable soldier. Appointed by the legislature of Virginia commander in chief of all the forces of the colony in 1755, he devoted three years of his life to recruiting, organizing, drilling, and equipping troops for its defence, and in 1758 he led them against the French and Indians in a most successful campaign along the north-

western frontier. Resigning from the army on the conclusion of peace, he married, and then for sixteen years led an almost ideal life as a country gentleman on his estate at Mount Vernon, Virginia, being both a local magistrate and much of the time a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. Commissioned by the Continental Congress, General George Washington thus became practically the first regularly commissioned officer appointed over the troops of this country; in fact, he was the first "regular" in our service, and, in the light of history, it is not too much to say that the regular army of the United States had its first inception in his mind, and that it was owing to his wise counsels, earnest recommendations, and persistent urging that Congress eventually consented to the creation of an army that in its organization represented the nation and was controlled only by the President, acting within certain well-defined constitutional limitations. On his assumption of command at Boston in 1775 he found a herculean task awaiting him in organizing, drilling, and properly disciplining the colonial militia, and I think it best to give a few extracts from his letters to let the reader see how very like his experience with both militia and volunteers was to that of our own day.

Washington to Colonel William Woodford, Cambridge, November 10, 1775.

"The best general advice I can give is to be strict in your discipline; that is, to require nothing unreasonable of your officers and men, but see that whatever is required be punctually complied with. Reward and punish every man according to his merit without partiality or prejudice; hear his complaints; if well founded, redress them; if otherwise, discourage them in

order to prevent frivolous ones. Discourage vice in every shape."

Washington to the President of the Continental Congress, dated Cambridge, February 9, 1776.

"To expect, then, the same service from raw and undisciplined recruits as from veteran soldiers is to expect what never did, and perhaps never will happen. Men who are familiarized with danger meet it without shrinking; whereas troops unused to service often apprehend danger where no danger is."

Washington to Richard Henry Lee, dated Camp at Cambridge, August 29, 1775.

"But it is among the most difficult tasks I ever undertook in my life to induce these people to believe that there is, or can be, danger till the bayonet is pushed at their breasts; not that it proceeds from any uncommon prowess, but rather from an unaccountable stupidity in the lower class of these people, which, believe me, prevails but too generally among the officers of the Massachusetts part of the army, who are nearly of the same kidney with the privates, and adds not a little to my difficulties, as there is no such thing as getting of officers of this stamp to exert themselves in carrying orders into execution (to curry favour with the men by whom they were chosen and on whose smiles possibly they may think they may again rely seems to be one of the principal objects of their attention)."

Washington to the President of Congress, dated Colonel Morris's, on the Heights of Haerlem, September 24, 1776. Extract.

"When men are irritated and their passions inflamed they fly hastily and cheerfully to arms; but after the first emotions are over, to expect among such

people as compose the bulk of an army that they are influenced by any other principles than those of interest is to look for what never did, and I fear what never will happen. . . . It becomes evident to me, then, that, as this contest is not likely to be the work of a day, as the war must be carried on systematically, and to do it you must have good officers, there are, in my judgment, no other possible means to obtain them but by establishing your army upon a permanent footing and giving your officers good pay. . . . They ought to have such allowances as will enable them to live and support the character of gentlemen. . . . Something is due to the man who puts his life in your hands, hazards his health, and forsakes the sweets of domestic enjoyments. . . . With respect to the men, nothing but a good bounty can obtain them upon a permanent establishment. . . . To place dependence upon militia is assuredly resting upon a broken staff. Unaccustomed to the din of arms, totally unacquainted with every kind of military skill, which being followed by want of confidence in themselves when opposed to troops regularly trained, disciplined, and appointed, superior in knowledge and superior in arms, makes them timid and ready to fly from their own shadows. . . . To bring men to a proper degree of subordination is not the work of a day, a month, or even a year. . . . The jealousy of a standing army and the evils to be apprehended from one are remote, and, in my judgment, situated and circumstanced as we are, not at all to be dreaded."

Letter written to Mr. Bannister, dated Valley Forge, April 21, 1778.

"Men may speculate as they will; they may talk of patriotism; they may draw a few examples from ancient story of great achievements performed by its in-

fluence; but whoever builds upon them as a sufficient basis for conducting a long and bloody war will find himself deceived in the end. We must take the passions of men as Nature has given them, and those principles as a guide which are generally the rule of action. I do not mean to exclude altogether the idea of patriotism. I know it exists, and I know it has done much in the present contest; but I will venture to assert that a great and lasting war can never be supported on this principle alone. It must be aided by some prospect of interest or some reward. For a time it may of itself push men to action, to bear much, to encounter difficulties, but it will not endure unassisted by interest."

Before the war of the Revolution was well into its second year the necessity for educated and properly drilled and disciplined military officers became so apparent that, on the 20th of September, 1776, the Continental Congress appointed a committee from among its members to visit army headquarters, then near the city of New York, to confer with the general officers of the colonial forces regarding some way by which such a corps of officers could be had. In their report to the Congress the committee state that: "Some of the troops were badly officered. . . . The articles of war and general orders were frequently transgressed. . . . Some officers, instead of suppressing disorderly behaviour, encouraged the soldiers by their examples to plunder and commit other offences, or endeavoured to screen them from just punishment by partial trials." Congress therefore "*Resolved*, That the Board of War be directed to prepare a Continental Laboratory and a Military Academy and provide the same with proper officers," and on October 1, 1776, it was further "*Re-*

solved, That a committee of five be appointed to bring in a plan of 'A Military Academy at the Army.'" And such a committee was duly appointed; but so great was the stress of events that no action was taken by the committee, and the colonial forces had only the practical school of war in which to educate their officers—a fearfully bitter and expensive school, involving a great unnecessary and lamentable loss of human life and a vast and unnecessary waste of Government treasure. It is an established fact in our country that officers *can* be educated and soldiers developed in a long and bloody war, but it is hardly probable that the intelligent citizens of the United States will be willing to again unnecessarily sacrifice their sons in this way. It is only when we dip deeply into the personal correspondence of Washington during the disheartening days of the American Revolution that it is possible to realize the weight of the burden he bore so brave-heartedly and so unflinchingly for nearly seven long, weary years. Assailed by would-be rivals both within and without the army, decried by cabals in the Continental Congress, criticised and sneered at by certain "unappreciated" officers, misjudged by some of those whom he looked upon as friends and unstintedly abused by his enemies, it was nothing but his persistent and uncomplaining devotion to duty, his daily life of rigid discipline, his capacity for hard and sustained work, his attention to detail, his acknowledged ability in making the best use of the troops under his command and always getting the most out of them, as well as a certain marvellous military intuition that invariably led him to instantly seize upon and take advantage of every error made by the enemy, together with his splendid

personality and his unswerving integrity, that finally enabled him to triumph over disaster and wring victory from defeat.* In the power, plenitude, and strength of our great republic we seem to have forgotten the agonizing birth throes that nearly drained the best life blood of the colonies that brought it forth, and are apt to overlook the fact that the lusty young giant of the New World that to-day dominates the Western Hemisphere was once the weakling of the nations.

NOTE.—The United States army has been increased and diminished by act of Congress, as occasion seemed to warrant and justify, many times. In 1788, on a prospect of trouble with France, it aggregated 5,000 men, and was then reduced to 3,000. In the war with England in 1812 it rose to nearly 30,000, and then fell by congressional enactment to 9,000. In the war with Mexico it rose to 27,000, and then was gradually reduced to 10,000. In the civil war (1861 and 1865) it rose to 32,000, and at the close of the war was established on a peace basis at 55,000 ; but four years later was again reduced by congressional enactment to 27,500, and later to 25,000. The war with Spain (1898 and 1899) has increased it by two regiments of artillery. The twenty-five regiments of infantry have been reorganized as three battalion regiments. All the regiments of cavalry, artillery, and infantry have been recruited to their maximum, making an aggregate, including the hospital corps, of nearly 66,000 officers and enlisted men.

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* During the war of the Revolution the tremendous weight of the individual personality of General Washington for good became so thoroughly ingrained upon the officers of the colonial forces, some of whom were eventually commissioned in the United States army, that on its organization by some of these same officers Washington's ideas became the foundation of its official and social life, and remain so to this day.

CHAPTER II.

HOW AND WHY THE REGULAR ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES CAME INTO BEING AND THE SOURCES FROM WHICH ITS OFFICERS ARE COMMISSIONED.

THE close of the war of the Revolution found the colonial militia and the Continental troops anxious for immediate discharge from service, and as the idea of a standing army was most unpopular with the people, the whole army was promptly disbanded with as little delay as possible, and it was found extremely difficult to retain enough men, even temporarily, in the Continental service to garrison a few forts and to care for the arms, accoutrements, and ammunition belonging to the several States as well as the Continental Government. In fact, soldiering in time of peace by an able-bodied man was looked upon by the masses of that day with disfavour, if not with contempt, and thought to be slightly disgraceful, and the word "soldiering" was freely applied to any body of indolent labourers who shirked work and did as little as they possibly could during the specified hours of employment. That the great body of soldiers who had served in the army during the Revolutionary War had become veterans, and were practically regulars as far as regards drill, discipline, and field experience, there can be no doubt, but these men would

not remain in the army and could not be induced to re-enlist, for they all had before them in those colonial days a career that offered far more in every way than life in the army.* Moreover, most of them had entered the service from motives of pure patriotism only, and now that the various colonies had become States and secured their independence they looked upon their work in the army as accomplished, as in fact it was, and they were anxious to resume their former occupations, get out from under the irksome military control, drill, and discipline of army life, and become free and independent citizens once more. The exigencies of the country compelled the Continental Government to retain in service a few officers and several hundred enlisted men, but such force was never recognised by the Continental Congress as a standing army, and in fact existed only on sufferance and purely as a matter of actual necessity, and any efforts looking to its permanency were always promptly negatived by the majority of the congressional delegates. An examination of the Journals of the Continental Congress will show that the idea of a permanent military force in time of peace was thoroughly unpopular, and on May 26, 1784, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

"*Whereas*, Different opinions exist in Congress respecting their authority to make requisitions in the several States for land forces in times of peace; for a small number of land forces for a short period must

* The pay of the enlisted men of the United States army in 1785 was as follows: Sergeant, $6 per month; corporal, $5; musician, $5; private, $4. The original term of enlistment was for three years, but in 1802 it was changed to five years.

admit an unlimited power to extend their requisitions, both with respect to numbers and time of service, and must preclude the States from a right of deliberating, and leave them only an executive authority on the subject;

"*And whereas*, Congress being authorized to make foreign and domestic loans and issue bills of credit if permitted to raise land forces, as aforesaid in time of peace, will be furnished with such coercive measures as must be very alarming to the several States;

"*And whereas*, Standing armies in time of peace are inconsistent with the principles of republican governments, dangerous to the liberties of a free people, and generally converted into destructive engines for establishing despotism;

"*And whereas*, The United States, being remote from nations that have peace establishments, may avoid the heavy expenses thereof by providing a small number of troops for garrisoning their posts and guarding their magazines and by being always in a state of defence on the plan of the confederation, which provides that every State shall always keep up a well-regulated and disciplined militia sufficiently armed and accoutred, and shall provide and have constantly ready for use in public stores a due number of field pieces and tents and a proper quantity of arms, ammunition, and camp equipage;

"*And whereas*, In so doubtful as it respects the authority of Congress and of such high importance to the Union, it is expedient that the delegates should take the sense of their constituents on the subjects; it is the duty of Congress in the interim to suspend the exercise of the powers aforesaid for that purpose;

"*It is therefore resolved*, That *recommendations* in lieu of *requisitions* shall be sent to the several States for raising the troops which may be immediately neces-

sary for garrisoning the Western posts and guarding the magazines of the United States, unless Congress should think it expedient to employ the Continental troops now at West Point in the service aforesaid;

"*Resolved*, That the commanding officer be and he is hereby directed to discharge the troops now in the service of the United States, except twenty-five privates to guard the stores at Fort Pitt and fifty-five to guard the stores at West Point and other magazines, with a proportionable number of officers, no officer to remain in service above the rank of captain."

Thus it will be seen that the land forces of the United States in 1784 had been reduced to eighty enlisted men, with no commissioned officer above the rank of captain. Scarcely formidable enough to "be very alarming to the several States." Notwithstanding the recommendation so courteously, not to say timidly, made by the Congress, the several States did not respond with troops, thereby quietly ignoring all congressional action in the matter. The truth was that the Continental Congress had been shorn of nearly all its power by the Articles of Confederation adopted in 1778, which required the assent of nine of the thirteen States to make valid its most important acts. In the then nebulous state of the General Government and the self-assertive, not to say defiant, attitude assumed by some of the States toward the Continental Congress as well as toward each other (for the jealousies and rivalries between the thirteen States that composed the original confederation kept constantly cropping up, and frequently upon even the most trivial grounds), it would not have been possible for the Continental Congress to have created a standing army, even if the majority of

its members would have assented to such a proposition, which, however, it is reasonably safe to say that they could not have been induced to do. Still, the necessity for troops was so imperative owing to Indian troubles, and the States were so slow—in fact, so unwilling—to furnish militia for frontier service, that even the Continental Congress was at last obliged to take action, and on June 3, 1784, after considerable hesitation, they authorized the enrolment and equipping of a small regiment of infantry; and again on October 20, 1786, the exigencies of the frontier service compelled them to raise and equip a battalion of artillery; but such action, notwithstanding its evident necessity, was unpopular with the people, and the status of the said troops was generally regarded as only that of a temporary body. In fact, now that the war of the Revolution was over the Continental Congress could only have maintained troops on that well-acknowledged footing. An inquiry by a committee of Congress into the size and condition of the army elicited the information that on October 2, 1788, the Continental troops numbered five hundred and ninety-five men, commanded by Brigadier-General Harmer. But the Continental Congress, after making a most glorious historical record for itself, had really finished its work and survived its usefulness, and accordingly had gradually sunk into a semi-lethargic state with few to do it reverence, and notwithstanding it had proved itself able to successfully cope with and direct the colonies during the stormy scenes of the war of the Revolution, the Articles of Confederation adopted in 1778 had really shorn it of all inherent power, and now that any apprehension regarding the outcome of the war was over left it without sufficient authorized

strength to enforce its demands and legally rule the young, growing, and ambitious States. The adoption of the Constitution of the United States and the election of the new members of Congress under it, and the inauguration of the President in 1789, however, settled once and forever the question of a nationality as far as the United States of America is concerned, and from that day to this we have been acknowledged as, and have always ably maintained ourselves one of the nations of the earth.

About this time, however—1790 and 1791—there came a rude awakening as to the reliance that could safely be placed upon the comparatively untrained militia from the various States. A call had been made upon the States for militia to aid our few regulars in punishing the Indians in that portion of the then Northwestern territory known as the Miami Valley, and which is now a part of the State of Ohio. Abetted by Sir John Johnson, a former British Indian agent, and encouraged by the English authorities in Canada, some of the Western tribes of Indians demanded that the Ohio River should be the boundary line between the Indian tribes and the United States settlements. Refusing to consider any arguments against their decision, the hostile Indians infested the west bank of the stream and waylaid the boat loads of emigrants descending it, slaughtering them mercilessly, and furthermore they invaded the State of Kentucky, attacked the outlying settlements, and killed all their inhabitants, sparing neither age nor sex. During the Revolutionary War these savages had been the allies of the Canadian British and had been well armed by them, which firearms they still retained, and, further-

more, the Canadian authorities saw that they were well supplied with ammunition.

In the fall of 1790 an expedition, under command of Brigadier-General Harmer of the regular army, consisting of three hundred and twenty regulars and two quotas of militia from the States of Pennsylvania and Kentucky, aggregating a little more than fourteen hundred men, marched against the Indian village known as Chillicothe on the Maumee River, but not the present town of Chillicothe on the Scioto. The village was burned, the cornfields destroyed, and a detachment of one hundred and fifty of the Kentucky militia, under Colonel Hardin, of Kentucky, together with thirty regulars was sent in pursuit. This detachment was ambushed by the Indians, and the militia at once gave way in a panic without making anything of a fight, hardly firing a gun; but the few regulars stood bravely up to their work until nearly all were killed. Colonel Hardin rejoined General Harmer with his shattered command, and the latter, after falling back a day's march, halted, and upon Colonel Hardin's earnestly requesting him to allow himself and his militia an opportunity to retrieve their misfortune, he ordered him back with four hundred militia and sixty regulars to, if possible, surprise the Indians at the head of the Maumee River. It is said that the unauthorized discharge of a gun gave the Indians warning of the approach of their foes, so that the attempted surprise was a failure. Colonel Hardin having stationed the regulars at the ford of the Maumee to protect the crossing, pushed forward with the militia to attack the Indians. They seemed to give way, and began to retreat on the first onset. His men, unheeding his positive orders, pushed forward recklessly and rap-

idly and left the regulars and militia to their fate. They were suddenly attacked in great force by a large body of Indians who had lain in ambush at the ford. They militia could comprehend what was the matter and before the regulars and militia could comprehend what was t and before the fall back to their assistance, which, to their credit, be it said, they gallantly did, despite the split conduct of the regulars, they were almost literally cut to pieces while holding the ford. After a desperate struggle the whites were defeated and fell back, leaving dead of the sixty regulars and over one hundred of the militia dead on the field.

Harmer fell back to Fort Washington, "strangely enough claiming a victory" (Hildreth's History of the United States). A court of inquiry acquitted General Harmer, but he resigned from the army. Of this affair Schouler, in his History of the United States, says: "Thus ended a fruitless campaign which did the regular troops far more honour than the militia levies or they who commanded the expedition." Disastrous as this campaign was, however, it was to be succeeded by one almost infinitely worse. Realizing that if the Government proposed to establish its holdings west of the Ohio the savages must be compelled to respect its authority, Congress at once authorized the organization and equipment of a strong military force to occupy and to hold the Maumee country by building a series of strongly fortified frontier posts within it, and permanently garrisoning them for the protection of the emigrants. Accordingly, orders were given Major-General Arthur St. Clair of the army, who at that time was the Governor of the Northwestern territory, to carry out these instructions. It was at that particular time, however, not an easy matter to

accomplish, and, although St. Clair was an old officer, a man of experience, patriotic, of undoubted courage, and a good counsellor, he found it uphill work to assemble his command.

He had been, too, in some respects singularly unfortunate in military affairs, notwithstanding that he had held high command at various times during the Revolution. He was an accomplished gentleman and generally regarded as a capable officer; but in addition to the fact that he was already well on in years, he was unfortunately a victim of gout, and at times suffered excruciatingly from it. Recruiting was slow, good men were not to be had, and the army contractors nearly all failed to furnish the equipment and supplies needed and contracted for. The summer slowly waned ere he was approximately ready, and it was not until late in September that General St. Clair moved out from his encampment for the Great Miami, where he built a stockaded fort, which was called Fort Hamilton. His command numbered twenty-three hundred regulars, which included some artillery, a small body of cavalry, and two or three regiments of infantry, together with several small regiments of militia, aggregating something more than fourteen hundred men, so that his entire force was about thirty-seven hundred fighting men.

Leaving a garrison at Fort Hamilton, he slowly pushed on to a point south of what is now Greenville, Ohio, where he built another stockaded post and called it Fort Jefferson. Leaving another garrison here, he started again for the Maumee country. It was now the 24th of October, the roads were bad, his transportation poor, and the command marched less than

seven miles a day on an average. The regulars were composed of more than half recent recruits, and the militia was, it is said, made up principally of substitutes, who grew to be almost totally ungovernable. There had been scarcely any opportunity for drill, and discipline was almost at an end, especially among the militia. The commissariat was a partial failure; food was scarce, clothing was scanty, even the regulars murmured, and on October 27th part of the militia claimed that their term of service had expired and loudly demanded their discharge. The whole command was dispirited and straggled badly, some of the men left the column to shoot game in direct violation of orders, and desertions were of nightly occurrence, especially among the militia, at one time sixty of them deserting in a body. Fearing that these men might seize his train of supplies then on the way to the front, St. Clair detached three hundred of the First Regiment of regulars (his best troops) to go back and protect it, thereby weakening his force to that extent. He now had only about fourteen hundred effective men left, and on the night of November 3d he encamped on what he thought to be a tributary of the Miami River, but which proved to be a branch of the upper Wabash. There was a slight snow on the ground, and the troops went into camp in comparatively good order and took up a position well suited to defence. It was, however, a force greatly weakened for want of proper food, and many of the men were shaking with chills and fever. As for the commanding general, for days past he had had to be lifted on and off his horse, and so severely did he suffer from gout that part of the way he had to be carried on a litter.

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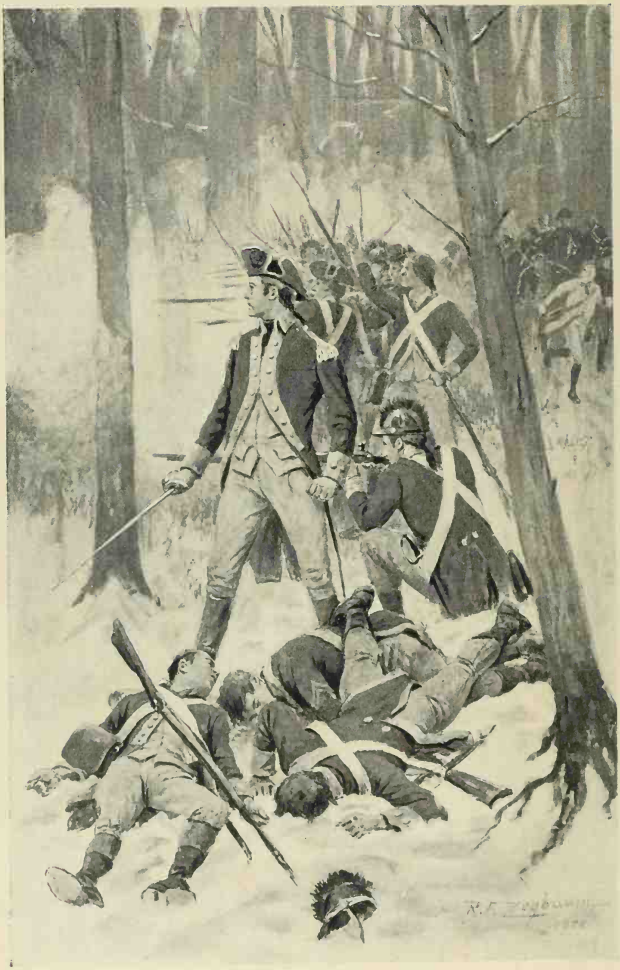
It is said that Captain Slough (or Hough) of the militia, whose duty it was to scout for Indians, saw so many creeping through the forest in the late dusk of this evening that he fell back to the militia camp at once and personally reported the fact to General Butler, who was the next ranking officer to the commanding general, and in command of the militia. General Butler thanked him and told him to go into camp, but it is claimed that Butler did not send this information to headquarters, and furthermore it is alleged that certain orders given by General St. Clair to Colonel Oldham of the militia were not carried out. The night passed quietly and uneventfully. Before dawn all the troops were awakened and up, fully armed and standing in ranks at daylight, but everything was quiet. Scarcely had they been dismissed, broken ranks, and reached their tents, however, when a heavy musketry fire was heard in the direction of the militia camp, and almost before the nearest regulars could form in line, the militia, dashing wildly across a little creek that separated them from the camp of the regulars, were driven pellmell and in wild disorder through the line of the regulars, badly breaking it, as they sought to escape from their savage foes, who were right on their heels and shooting them down with practically no resistance on their part. In a moment the regulars partially reformed their broken line and poured in a volley that checked the mad rush of the savages and enabled the troops just in their rear to form and advance to their aid, while a few of the stampeded militia soon rallied and bravely took part in the battle. The attack was made by not less than one thousand (and probably nearly two thousand) well-armed Indians, led by Thayenda-

nega (and not by Little Turtle, a chief of the Miamis, as was generally supposed for some years), known to the Canadians as Joseph Brant. It is claimed that he was a half-breed Mohawk, and it is said that he was a natural son of Sir William Johnson; but this statement was never satisfactorily verified, and is probably untrue. No matter what his ancestry and whether a full-breed or half-breed Indian he was a great warrior, a strong friend of the English, and was sufficiently well educated to have held the position of secretary to Sir Guy Johnson when he was general superintendent of the Canadian Indians. So sudden was the attack that there was little time for formation; in fact, the Indians had penetrated to the edge of the camps on the first onset, and the fighting for a few moments was a general *mêlée.* Soon, however, the artillery opened fire from the centre of each camp, both regular and militia, and the savages were for a short time compelled to partially give way. After the first onslaught the regular troops behaved very well, and some few of the militia equally so. A formation was made to protect the guns and a line of battle formed against the savages, while the officers, both regular and militia, fought like heroes, almost without exception. They were here, there, and everywhere where the fighting was heaviest, cheering on their men and holding them up to their work by both precept and example, but their distinctive uniform told heavily against them, and they were shot down mercilessly by the Indian riflemen, who coolly picked them off from the vantage of the woodside cover without in any way exposing themselves. Soon the galling fire of the unseen foe became unbearable and a bayonet charge to clear the wood in their immediate front was

ordered. This was most gallantly executed, and the Indians fled at the advance, but the moment the troops fell back to the artillery the Indians pursued them and once more took up their former position, and, lying concealed behind the trees and in the underbrush and long grass, kept up a deadly fire against the exposed troops, who had little chance of hitting them as they lay prone on the earth under cover. Twice again did the troops clear their front by a bayonet charge, but it was of no avail. The pursued savages only flitted from tree to tree, from grassy hummock to hummock, to return again and again to the attack as soon as the troops fell back to protect their artillery and hold their camp. St. Clair personally behaved with the greatest coolness and courage. He was twice placed upon two different horses, which were both shot under him while he rode up and down his lines, his white hair waving in the wind as he directed and encouraged his troops. His clothes were cut in a number of places by bullets, and when his second horse was killed and another could not be had, he was placed on his litter in the rear of his lines (for his gout was so bad that he could not stand) and directed the fight as he sat upright on it. For more than three hours this unequal contest against a practically unseen foe went on until finally it became evident that the outcome of attempting to hold their position and save their artillery meant simple annihilation. General Butler was already mortally wounded, and more than half the commissioned officers of the command were dead or wounded when orders were given to retreat. Colonel Darke of the regulars was directed to gain the trail by a bayonet charge, which he successfully accomplished, and held his position, while, as



The defeat of St. Clair—the regulars covering the retreat.

McMaster (who quotes from a letter of Captain Bunting) writes, "the militia, pale with fear, rushed wildly along it as he covered the retreat. Nothing could stay them; every man dropped his musket, pulled off his heavy boots, threw away his hat and coat, and, deaf to the cries of the weak and wounded, ran with all his might. So great was their speed that the twenty-nine miles it had taken ten days to march were passed over during the short sunlight of a November day. Before six that night the army was once more at Fort Jefferson." The savages pursued the retreating troops only four miles, and then returned to kill and scalp the wounded. All the camp equipage, artillery, and supplies were lost. Every artillery horse had been shot down, and General St. Clair at the last moment was put upon an old emaciated army team horse that could not be spurred to move out of a walk. Out of eighty-six commissioned officers and fourteen hundred enlisted men who took part in the action, thirty-nine commissioned officers were killed and twenty-two wounded, and six hundred enlisted men killed and two hundred and fourteen wounded. It is needless to say that for the citizens of the republic it was for the time being an object lesson as to the necessity of a reasonably strong, well-drilled, and carefully disciplined regular army.

The first legal recognition of any body of troops by the United States Government as a portion of a fixed or standing army in time of peace was accomplished by an act of Congress, September 29, 1789, when the regiment of infantry authorized and raised by the Continental Congress on June 3, 1784, and which was still in service, was designated as "the regiment of infantry in the service of the United States." This regiment

was for years the First United States Infantry, and in fact until May 17, 1815, was the nucleus from which has slowly, haltingly, and hesitatingly been developed the regular army of the United States. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the fact that from 1789 to 1815 the United States Government, by congressional enactments from time to time as occasion seemed to warrant, kept a legally organized army in existence, increasing or diminishing it according to the military necessities of the country, its strength ranging at various times from three thousand to nearly thirty thousand men. It was not until March 3, 1815, that an act of Congress plainly and distinctly authorized a permanent military establishment on a peace basis. It provided for two major generals, four brigadiers, and such proportions of artillery, infantry, and riflemen as the President might deem proper, and retained the corps of engineers as then already established, and from thenceforward our Government has not been without a duly authorized standing army.

In 1793 General Washington, then President of the United States, in his annual message to Congress, asks the question as to whether a material feature in the improvement of the system of military defence "ought not to be to afford an opportunity for the study of those branches of the art (military) which can scarcely ever be obtained by practice alone," but Mr. Jefferson, who was Secretary of State, opposed the idea of a military academy as unauthorized by the Constitution. However, the other members of the Cabinet (Hamilton, Knox, and Randolph) thought otherwise, so the President left the matter to the decision of Congress without directly recommending its

authorization; but in 1796 he most earnestly recommended its establishment in his annual message "for cogent reasons," which he states at length and on the grounds that, "however pacific the general policy of a nation may be, it ought never to be without an adequate stock of military knowledge. . . . The art of war is extensive and complicated; it demands much previous study, and the possession of it in its most improved and perfect state is always of great moment to the security of a nation."

It was not, however, till 1802 that a military academy was authorized by Congress and established at West Point, N. Y. Its first body of students consisted of forty cadets appointed and attached to the artillery, and ten cadets appointed and attached to the battalion of engineers. From this time forward this military school steadily developed, and has never retrograded in the slightest degree until now (for the purposes for which it is intended) the West Point Military Academy, is in the opinion of the writer, who is not a graduate of the academy, but who has seen and examined many of the European military schools, the best military school in the world for the practical education of an officer of the line. Its numbers have been increased by act of Congress to one appointment from each congressional district in the United States, and the President is authorized to appoint "at large" ten cadets each year, which are usually, but not necessarily and only as a matter of courtesy and favour, given to the sons of deceased and living army and navy officers.

Cadets must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, unmarried, at least five feet three inches

in height, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and "suitable preparation, good natural capacity, an aptitude for study, industrious habits, perseverance, an obedient and orderly disposition, and a correct moral deportment are essential qualifications."

They must be well versed in reading, in writing (including orthography), in arithmetic, and have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography (particularly of our own country), and of the history of the United States. Admission to the corps of cadets is in June, and from the day of his entrance until the day of his graduation, four years from the date of his admission, the cadet is a soldier student. He is immediately inducted into the school of the soldier, and his "setting up" begins within a few hours of his arrival at the academy.

The discipline is necessarily very strict and almost Spartanlike in its severity, and it is impossible that, unless he is an unusually brilliant lad, a student can pass the required examinations in January and June without close application and hard and persistent study. The cadet corps forms a battalion of infantry of four companies, which is drilled with wonderful precision and an attention to detail in dress, arms, equipment, discipline, guard duty, and guard mounting that leaves nothing to be desired. This battalion goes into camp near Fort Clinton, facing on the parade ground at the academy, after the close of the annual June examination, and the men only return to barracks on the 1st of September, when the routine studies are resumed. The company officers, adjutant, and non-commissioned officers of the battalion are taken from among the

most distinguished of the cadets.* The curriculum of the academy, in addition to strictly military knowledge, includes everything else that it is requisite that an officer of the army should be informed upon. A cadet of average ability can not successfully pass his examinations without spending from twelve to fourteen hours daily in study and drill during his entire course of instruction. The pay of a cadet is now five hundred and forty dollars per year, and is sufficient, with proper economy, for his support. No cadet is permitted to receive money from his parents or from any person whomsoever. At the end of his four years' academic course the young cadet is graduated, given his diploma, and is commissioned a second lieutenant in the army. As he steps back into line after receiving his diploma amid the plaudits of the cadet battalion, let us take a good look at him. His age will be from twenty-one to twenty-five years. He is slightly formed as a general thing, but sinewy to a degree, and is a trained athlete with a military bearing, and has a complexion that be-

* During his four years' course at the Military Academy a cadet's routine duties include severe and painstaking drill as an enlisted man in the three arms of the service—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—under able line officers of the army, who have been especially selected for their capacity to impart instruction in that direction. He is required to learn every essential detail of a private soldier's life in each arm of the service, and is also practically versed in military bridge building, field fortifications, and guard and post duty. His academic studies are under able and brilliant military professors, who, by authority of law, hold high assimilated rank in the army and are most competent in the especial line of their profession which it is their duty to teach. During each day's work and study he is under the most rigid military supervision, which is rarely relaxed, save on special occasions, and even then he is held strictly within bounds.

tokens the very acme of health, the outcome of four years of plain substantial living, combined with daily military drill, good hours, and scarcely any possible opportunity for dissipation. He is a fine swordsman, a good dancer, a bold rider, a good shot, perfectly drilled in the manual of arms, an excellent gunner, and can drill a battery of artillery, a troop of cavalry, or a company of infantry with a precision that betokens a knowledge of its every detail.

He is generally an able mathematician, thoroughly posted in military history, a good grammarian, well up in civil and military law and in the history of his country and the Constitution of the United States. Has a fine knowledge of geography, is an excellent civil and military engineer, has a good general idea of chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, is well posted in ordnance and gunnery, and fairly well up in the French and Spanish languages, and is an average draughtsman with a good knowledge of drawing, and he knows considerable of natural and experimental philosophy. In truth, he is a generally all-around well-informed man, and especially so in all that appertains to his profession. For four years able and devoted professors and thoroughly competent tactical instructors selected from among the line officers of the army have spared neither time nor labour in his intellectual, moral, social, and physical development. He has been taught by precept and example that he must be considerate, courteous, and gentlemanly in demeanour, truthful, honest, upright, and candid in all things, accurate in his statements, conscientious in the performance of every duty, and ever and always loyal to the land of his birth and the Government that has so generously educated him. Hence-

forth his career is his own. Everything that could be done to lay deep and broad the foundation of a noble and upright character has been done for him in his four years' course at the United States Military Academy, and if hereafter he fails to be a credit to his *Alma Mater* and reach the high standard of a soldier and a gentleman it will be only his own fault. To the lasting credit of the Military Academy be it said that its graduates rarely, very rarely, fail to do its teachings honour and reflect credit, distinction, and even fame upon the institution.

In addition to the graduates of the Military Academy, officers of the army are commissioned from two other sources—that is, from civil life and by promotion from among the enlisted men of the army. Appointments of civilians in time of peace are rare, but nevertheless such appointments are occasionally made. The person so appointed must pass a rigid physical and a good intellectual examination, and ordinarily be under thirty years of age. As soon as commissioned he will be sent to join his regiment and assigned to duty under some able captain, who generally gives a great deal of his time for the first six months to instructing his new subordinate. After serving two years with his regiment he is sent for a two years' course to the School of Application, a post-graduate school for officers of cavalry and infantry located at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; or if he should have been assigned to the artillery he will be sent to the Artillery School, at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, for a two years' course at that institution. Graduates of the Military Academy after serving from two to five years with their regiments are also sent for two years' instruction to these post-graduate schools.

When an enlisted man is recommended for examination for promotion to the rank of a commissioned officer he becomes at once a marked man, for the fact that he is so recommended establishes beyond question that he has shown himself of superior worth and ability and is a thoroughly good soldier. He is generally a non-commissioned officer of several years' service, of unexceptionable character, and must be a well-educated man to pass the examining board. He must also be indorsed and recommended by his company, troop, or battery commander, his post commander, and the commanding officer of his regiment. If ordered before an examining board by the War Department on such recommendation, and if he is successful in passing his examination, which is certainly searching and severe, he is commissioned and appointed to some regiment other than the one in which he has been serving as an enlisted man. After two years' service with his regiment he is sent to the post-graduate school at Fort Leavenworth for a two years' course of study, and experience has demonstrated that such appointments generally make fine officers. The Army Register for 1898 contained the names of more than one hundred and sixty officers appointed from the ranks solely for merit, among them some of the ablest officers in our army, a few of whom during the last thirty-five years have deservedly attained high and distinguished rank.

In time of war, and especially if the army is increased to meet such an emergency, many second lieutenants are appointed from civil life, and generally sent at once to the field. Most of them have some military knowledge obtained by service in some crack regiment of the State national guard or at State military schools

or colleges which have a detailed officer of the army for the especial military instruction of the students, or from private academies which are conducted on a military basis modelled to some extent upon the Military Academy at West Point.

If the regular army is increased by act of Congress at the close of a war, then the appointment of officers in the new regiments are very largely made up from among officers of volunteers who have shown fine natural military ability and rendered great and most distinguished services on the field of battle. Many of the ranking officers of the regular army of to-day are from among this class, who most gallantly won their spurs and the recognition of the War Department by the superb handling of their troops in action and their own magnificent and conspicuous courage in the forefront of battle, notably the present commanding general of the army, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles.

NOTE.—Among the ranking officers of the army who have deservedly attained high rank and who were appointed in the regular army from the volunteers are the following: Major-Generals J. R. Brooke and E. S. Otis, Brigadier-Generals James F. Wade and H. C. Merriam in the line. The adjutant general of the army, Major-General H. C. Corbin, entered the service as a second lieutenant of volunteers in 1862. Colonel Schwan, of the adjutant general's department, is a promotion from the ranks of the regular army. He is now, as brigadier general of volunteers, commanding a brigade in the Philippines. Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur McArthur, of the adjutant general's department, entered the service in 1862 as a first lieutenant of volunteers. He is now commanding our army in the Philippines as a major general of volunteers.

CHAPTER III.

THE REVOLUTIONARY FRONTIER—ARMY EXPLORERS—THE WAR OF 1812 AND THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

Army life on the frontier in the early days of the republic was especially hard, from the fact that our country, just emerging from a long and bloody war, was not only poor financially and comparatively weak numerically, but was really placed under the ban by her frontier neighbours, the English, the Spanish, and even the French Canadians, who as a general thing were loyal sons of the monarchies of Europe, and could not readily accept the startling fact that the North American colonies of Great Britain had developed into independent States and turned a rebellion against constituted authority into a successful revolution, thereby establishing a government which did not recognise the divine right of kings nor believe that certain established classes of society were entitled to especial recognition or consideration from the fact that they happened to be born of titled or distinguished ancestors. The result was that whenever the republic sought to maintain its borders intact and to deny certain claims boldly set up by the French and English trappers and traders it was almost constantly in hot water. Moreover, the subjects of Great Britain, France, and Spain

on our northern and southern borders who had established well-fortified and profitable fur-trading posts and held them under the flag of their respective nations were most unwilling to admit the authority of the United States and haul down their flags and take their departure when duly warned as trespassers. The result was a desultory border war for a number of years, finally culminating in an Indian war that lasted from 1790 to 1794, which really arose from the fact that the Indians were encouraged and set on by the trappers and traders before mentioned. During these years garrison life on the borders was of such a transitory nature that it meant only the temporary housing or hutting of the troops in roughly constructed log barracks for, at most, a few winters in any one location. These barracks were built by the labour of the troops, who also erected the officers' quarters, which in most cases were of one room only, though the quarters of the commanding officer occasionally consisted of two rooms divided by a hall, which was generally used in warm weather as an office and dining room. The troops consisted of riflemen only, so that there was no occasion for stables, and the post was generally stockaded, and consequently built very compactly. In those days the officers did not have their families with them—in fact, such a thing could not be thought of. The frontier meant constant liability to attack from the Indians, and there was no adequate protection nor convenience for women and children.

It was a rough, hard life, and one of almost constant danger, but, to their credit be it said, the officers generally maintained strict discipline. They kept their troops in fine order and well drilled, and the little log

frontier posts, with no one to look on, mounted guard and held daily dress parades with as much form, ceremony, and precision as though they were mounting guard under the eye of the President. It is this attention to detail and devotion to daily duty, this refusal to yield under even the most adverse circumstances, that is one of the very best characteristics of the American officer, and it has come down to us unimpaired through three generations.

The fact that the great cities of Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Detroit, and Chicago were within the present century only small hamlets grouped around a little frontier army post for protection seems almost incredible, yet such is the fact, not only with these cities, but many others of only a little less importance.

As the country settled up around these posts they were enlarged and beautified. Many of the new settlers who came from the Atlantic coast to the then frontier were of the best class of our citizens, highly cultured, finely educated, and the officers soon brought out their wives and families, and then army life became delightful. The warmest friendships were formed between the citizens and soldiers, and many of the young officers found lovely and accomplished brides in these new frontier towns. But alas for the bright and happy days! The emigrant pushed by these growing towns, and soon, too soon, the posts were abandoned and the troops marched away to frontier work and sterner duty on the ever changing and steadily advancing border line.

The Louisiana purchase from France in 1803 for the sum of something more than twelve million dollars was, in its far-reaching results, the most im-

portant of any of the acts of President Jefferson's administration. It includes within its limits the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon, the greater part of Wyoming and Colorado, and part of Indian Territory and Oklahoma. At the time of its purchase very much of the country within its limits was an unknown and unexplored territory, and the President (Mr. Jefferson) was especially anxious that a fairly accurate knowledge of it should be obtained at the earliest practicable moment, particularly of the Indian tribes that inhabited it, the sources of the great rivers that drained it, the ranges of mountains that bisected it, and its possibilities for future development as an agricultural country. Accordingly, at his suggestion, Congress made an appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars toward an outfit for an exploring party, and Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant (afterward General) William Clark of the United States army were designated to lead it. Two more capable or conscientious explorers it would have been difficult to find. Leaving St. Louis May 14, 1804, they started up the Missouri River with a party composed of fourteen enlisted men of the army, nine selected and duly enrolled civilians from Kentucky, two French boatmen, an Indian interpreter, and Captain Clark's coloured servant, who were all engaged for the entire time it might require to complete the exploration, together with a corporal and six enlisted men of the army and nine boatmen who were engaged to accompany the party to their first winter camp, which it was expected would be with the Mandan Indians. They had three boats, one a large covered barge fifty-five feet

in length, but the other two were open boats of six oars each and were well weighted with supplies and presents for the chiefs of the various Indian tribes along their route, with whom they were authorized to treat and whose friendship our Government was anxious to cultivate. From the day of their departure during all of their travels, which took them to the head waters of the Missouri River, thence across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean, they kept copious and minute daily journals of their travels, adventures, and treaties with the various Indian tribes, together with maps of their routes, observations of the latitude and longitude at all important points, habits, manners, and customs of the Indians, resources of the country, and, in fact, everything of interest that could help one to form an accurate idea of the land and its inhabitants, resources, and vast extent. The party was absent nearly two years and a half, reaching the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Columbia River, November 14, 1805, near where they passed the winter of 1805–'6 at a place they named Fort Clatsop, and where they were nearly starved before setting out on the return journey, March 23, 1806, during which they had to depend principally upon hunting for their subsistence, with horse and dog meat as a part of their diet. They travelled up the Columbia, crossed the Bitter Root Mountains, explored the Marias and part of the Yellowstone Rivers, and descended the Missouri River to St. Louis, arriving there on the 23d of September, just six months from the day they left Fort Clatsop. The record of their journey is as fascinating to the student of to-day as it was to the public when first published more than ninety years ago, and not the least

of its merits is the fact that it is a plain, clearly expressed, and truthful statement of what they saw and did without the slightest exaggeration in any respect whatever.

Next in importance (judging from results) as an army explorer is Lieutenant Pike (afterward General) Zebulon M. Pike of the United States army. Lieutenant Pike made two very interesting and very dangerous explorations in the years 1805–1806 and 1807. The first one from St. Louis, August 9, 1805, with one sergeant, two corporals, and seventeen privates of the United States army in a keel boat seventy feet long, carrying provisions for four months for the party. His instructions in a general way were the same as those given to Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clark, only that his objective point was the source of the Mississippi River. He was authorized to make treaties with the various Indian tribes living along the banks of the river, purchase from the Sioux Indians land for Government occupation for a military post at the mouth of the St. Croix River, and generally establish, so far as he could, the supremacy of the United States Government over the authority of all other civilized or European occupants. All this he accomplished with most consummate tact and judgment, reaching Leech Lake, which was then the supposed source of the Mississippi River, on February 1st. He then retraced his course, arriving safely at St. Louis after an absence of nearly nine months. His journal, maps, and meteorological observations are very full and of great and absorbing interest. I quote two or three pages of his journal, which commend themselves as peculiarly interesting in that they show in what way the French and English traders

impressed the Indians as to the character of the new governors of the soil (i. e., Americans).

Lieutenant Pike writes in his journal, September 1, 1805:

"Dined with Mr. D., who informed me that the Sioux and Sauteurs were as warmly engaged in opposition as ever; that not long since the former killed fifteen Sauteurs, who on the 10th of August, in return, killed ten Sioux, at the entrance of the St. Peter's (Minnesota River); and that a war party, composed of Sacs, Reynards, and Paunts (Winnebagoes), of two hundred warriors, had embarked on an expedition against the Sauteurs, but that they had heard that the chief, having had an unfavourable dream, persuaded the party to return, and that I would meet them on my voyage."

Fighting came naturally to the whole Sioux nation, We certainly did not teach them the art. On September 2d he writes as follows:

"In the course of the day we landed to shoot pigeons. The moment a gun was fired some Indians, who were on the shore above us, ran down and put off in their pirogues with great precipitation; upon which Mr. Blondeau informed me that all the women and children were frightened at the very name of an American boat, and that the men held us in great respect, conceiving us very quarrelsome, much for war, and also very brave. This information I used as prudence suggested."

The English and French traders evidently gave us a good send off with the savages.

Again on September 3d he writes:

"They kept at a great distance, until spoken to by Mr. B., when they informed him that their party had

proceeded up as high as Lake Pepin without effecting anything. It is surprising what a dread the Indians in this quarter have of the Americans. I have often seen them go round islands to avoid meeting my boat. It appears to me evident that the traders have taken great pains to impress upon the minds of the savages the idea of our being a very vindictive, ferocious, and warlike people. This impression was perhaps made with no good intention; but when they find that our conduct toward them is guided by magnanimity and justice, instead of operating in an injurious manner, it will have the effect to make them reverence at the same time they fear us. Distance twenty-five miles."

The following is such a delicious bit of *naïveté* I can not help quoting it. Fancy killing four bears in one morning and only incidentally mentioning it!

"October 17th. It continued to snow. I walked out in the morning and killed four bears, and my hunter three deer. Felled our trees for canoes and commenced working on them."

He started on his second trip July 15, 1806, up the Missouri River and through what is now Kansas and Colorado to Pike's Peak. Thence along the head waters of the Arkansas to what he thought the head waters of the Colorado, but unfortunately he made a serious error and established himself and his command of twenty men on the upper Rio Grande del Norte, and was quietly taken in by the Spanish troops, whose territory (new Spain) he had entered. He was sent with several of his men to the headquarters of the (Spanish) commanding general at Presidio Rio Grande and thence taken by the Spaniards to Natchitoches, on the Red River, in Louisiana, arriving there on July 1, 1807. His

journal throughout all his trip, including the time he was a quasi prisoner with the Spanish, is full and interesting, and contains much that is well worth reading.

Aside from the interesting journals of our earliest explorers among army men, which are now in print, there are in the archives of the War Department numerous unpublished reports of both officers and enlisted men of the army who have, from time to time since the war of independence, done good in that direction by exploring and mapping the new and comparatively unknown country far beyond the utmost ripples of the advancing tide of civilization, and especially has this been the case in certain sections of the southwest by the engineer corps of the army. All of these reports, however, with their surveys, maps, and other data, have been carefully gone over and closely scanned by the engineer corps and utilized to their fullest extent in preparing the military maps issued by authority of the War Department, and, later on, all this information has been incorporated by the various map-publishing houses of our country in their new issues. If the risks run, the hardships endured, and the adventures experienced by the various large and small exploring and mapping parties had been carefully recorded and could be put in print to-day, the narrative would rival the most exciting novel and read more like romance than history.

One particularly brilliant piece of work was that of the exploring party sent out from the military post of Fort Ellis, Montana, in our own day under Lieutenant Gustavus C. Doane, of the Second United States Cavalry. Lieutenant Doane set out from Fort Ellis, August 21, 1870, with a detachment of Company F of his own regiment, consisting of one sergeant and four pri-

vates, with instructions to join and escort General H. D. Washburne, the surveyor general of Montana, and party to the falls and lakes of the Yellowstone and return. It must be borne in mind that before this time there had been several exploring parties through the Yellowstone country, and some most excellent and elaborate reports had been made upon certain portions of this comparatively unknown region. It remained, however, for Lieutenant Doane and Surveyor-General Washburne to find the wonderland that old trappers said was occasionally alluded to with bated breath and superstitious shudders by old Indians who had been driven by their enemies into this upper Yellowstone country, which they all seemed to dread. I quote from Lieutenant Doane's journal, August 29th:

"Through the mountain gap formed by the cañon and on the interior slopes some twenty miles distant an object now appeared which drew a simultaneous expression of wonder from every one in the party. A column of steam, rising from the dense woods to the height of several hundred feet, became distinctly visible. We had all heard fabulous stories of this region, and were somewhat sceptical of appearances. At first it was pronounced a fire in the woods, but presently some one noticed that the vapour rose in regular puffs, as if expelled with a great force. Then conviction was forced upon us. It was, indeed, a great column of steam, puffing away on the lofty mountain side, escaping with a roaring sound audible at a long distance, even through the heavy forest. A hearty cheer rang out at this discovery, and we pressed onward with renewed enthusiasm."

This was the first recorded glimpse ever had by civilized men of the wonderful geysers of the Yellowstone,

which to-day are, in some things, among the most attractive and admired natural curiosities in the world.

The War of 1812 with Great Britain and that of 1846 with Mexico can not consistently be ignored in our story of the regular soldier, in that those two periods did much to develop the army and to help form the standard for bravery and devotion to the Government that the regular army has always maintained in times of stress and peril. The War of 1812 was, to say the best for our side, only a drawn game. In the outcome we did not lose territory and eventually held our own on land and something more on sea, but the treaty of Ghent gave us no guarantee that England would forego the right of search for British sailors in our vessels. She has never attempted it since this war, but all the same she never entered into an agreement not to do so, and if she should again attempt it (not that she is at all likely to) we could not put our finger on any treaty clause to show that she was violating an agreement. And yet this often repeated right of search, together with the impressment of those who claimed to be our seamen under it, was the actual cause of the war between the two nations. It was against this boldly claimed and frequently exercised right of search and impressment, a right which we emphatically denied, that during the War of 1812 our nation was contending, and while the final result was that the alleged right of search has not again been attempted nor insisted upon by the English, nevertheless the admission that Great Britain was in the wrong and the agreement not to again attempt such a thing was never wrung from the British Government. To

quote one of our historians, "The year of 1812 brought nothing but disaster to the land forces of the United States," and the careful student of that campaign will have to admit that the author summed up the result of that year's work (so for as the army was concerned) briefly, concisely, and truly.

The reverses that our arms sustained in the war with Great Britain, 1812 to 1814, growing out of our need of properly drilled and disciplined troops, is a chapter of the early history of our country that the popular writers of that day have so carefully glossed over, that the average American citizen has no accurate idea of how much the people on our northern border suffered, nor how often our flag was trailed in the dust, owing not infrequently to the incompetence of our officers as well as the fact that our militia and volunteers were not only poorly equipped, but for the first eighteen months of the war knew so little of drill and discipline that they could not stand against the better organized and well-drilled English regulars whom they were obliged to face, notwithstanding the fact that they were, as was shown later on in the war, both brave in person and fertile in resource, and to be safely relied upon to hold their own against equal numbers after they had been properly trained and disciplined. But long before this latter state of things had been reached we had many a defeat to our discredit and had needlessly sacrificed many valuable lives to enable us to build up our army, and attain a proficiency in military affairs that with proper foresight could have easily been had with no loss of life and comparatively little expenditure of treasure.

The surrender of our General Hull to the British

General Brock at Detroit was an act of senile incapacity, not to say of downright cowardice, on the part of the American general for which it is impossible to find an excuse. Hull surrendered a fortified position, thirty-three pieces of artillery, and twenty-six hundred men with their arms and equipments to a force of little more than thirteen hundred men composed of about seven hundred British regulars and six hundred Indian allies; on the second demand for his surrender by the British general, and this, too, without firing a shot, on the threat of the British commander that if resistance was offered he would authorize his Indian allies to "massacre the inhabitants of the town of Detroit as well as all of Hull's forces." The battle of Queenstown on the Niagara River frontier was probably lost because the New York State militia would not leave their State and cross the river into Canada to aid their compatriots on the opposite bank, who in plain sight and sound were gallantly and bravely fighting a force greatly their superiors in drill, discipline, and numbers. The American General Wilkinson's expedition against Montreal in 1813, numbering with General Hampton's command over twelve thousand men, was a complete fiasco. Both he and General Hampton were completely outgeneralled by an inferior force of the enemy, and fell back to the New York frontier without accomplishing anything. The capture and burning of the Capitol at Washington by the British General Ross at the head of four thousand English soldiers and sailors, when, as a carefully compiled report of a congressional committee shows, the American General Winder had six thousand men, principally militia, with which to defend the city, is simply incom-

prehensible. Whole volumes have been written to explain *how* it happened, but the fact remains to our lasting discredit that it *did* happen with a loss to us, at Bladensburg, of twenty-six killed and fifty-one wounded, or not quite one and three tenths per cent of our troops, while the official report of General Ross shows his loss to have been only fifty-six killed and eighty-five wounded. On the Niagara frontier during the early winter of 1813 and 1814 the British forces crossed the river into the State of New York and harried and burned that whole section of country, including Buffalo, Niagara Falls (then called Manchester), Tuscarora, Lewiston, and Youngstown. Of course, later on, these things were somewhat evened up, but all the same it was gruesome work for those of our people who lived on the Canadian frontier.

In the Southwest, though, things were different. General Andrew Jackson, while at Mobile in the month of December, 1814, became convinced that the British Government had determined to send an expedition to capture the city of New Orleans, and without the least hesitation started across the wilderness on horseback for that place. Arriving there on December 2d, he threw himself with resistless force and tireless energy into putting the city in shape for defence. He called out the Louisiana militia, appealed to the free negroes for help, accepted the services of the freebooter Lafitte and his men, assigning them to duty as artillerists, released and enrolled convicts whose term of detention was near its expiration, ordered Colonel Coffee with two thousand men to hurry to join him from Mobile, proceeded to fortify the city, and declared martial law. December 10th the British

fleet entered Lake Borgne, defeating and capturing the American gunboats, and on December 23d twenty-four hundred British troops landed on the bank of the Mississippi River, nine miles below New Orleans. Without a moment's hesitation General Jackson went down to meet them with a force of twenty-one hundred poorly armed and ill-equipped men. He came up to and boldly attacked them just at nightfall, and a bloody, hand-to-hand action ensued which, strange to say, was fought out by moonlight.

After three hours' fighting our troops fell back. Our loss was twenty-four killed, one hundred and fifteen wounded, and seventy-four missing. The British loss (official) was forty-seven killed, one hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and sixty-four missing. Heavy re-enforcements of the British troops under General Sir Edward Pakenham and General Samuel Gibbs—both able and accomplished officers—arrived on the field within a day or two. Pakenham brought up some heavy ordnance and a furnace in which to heat his shot, and drove away two of our gunboats, the Louisiana and Carolina, which were annoying his forces. The Carolina was set on fire and abandoned, and when the fire reached her magazine she blew up. After considerable sparring between the opposing forces the British general resolved on a regular siege and brought up thirty guns, and during the night mounted them in bastions built of hogsheads of sugar, opening on the fortifications of our forces at daylight. The sugar hogsheads were very vulnerable to our artillery, however, and soon crumbled away. Jackson also found the cotton bales with which he had filled in his own field fortifications easily set on fire, so he at once proceeded to con-

struct a second line of earthworks a mile and a half in his rear. In the artillery action between the two fortifications the enemy's works were almost destroyed, and they lost seventy men killed. Our works were badly shattered also, and our loss was thirty-four killed.

The ensuing week Jackson was re-enforced by three thousand Kentucky and Louisiana militia, but they had scarcely a firelock among them. The British were re-enforced by two regiments under General John Lambert. General Pakenham ordered a general attack on January 8th. His heaviest column, three thousand strong, led by General Gibbs, attacked our extreme left. It was supported by one thousand Highlanders under General Keane. The other column attacked our right. It was a splendid assault and gallantly delivered, for at that time there were no better troops in the world than those under Pakenham, who had formed part of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Peninsula, but lying quietly and coolly behind our breastworks were nearly two thousand Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen, serving immediately under the eye of General Andrew Jackson and General Coffee. The British column as it came gallantly on was simply mowed down. That is all there is to say of the fight. The Highlanders went into the battle nine hundred strong; they came out with one hundred and forty. The action was over in twenty-five minutes. General Pakenham was killed, General Gibbs mortally wounded, General Keane severely wounded. Colonel Dale, of the Highlanders, fell at the head of his regiment. Seven hundred of the enemy were killed, fourteen hundred wounded, and five hundred were made prisoners. Our losses were four killed and thirteen wounded. In the whole campaign we lost

three hundred and thirty-three. The British forces under Colonel Thornton, on the western bank of the river, carried the American works against our militia, and he was in full pursuit when the news of the defeat of the British army compelled him to fall back. He lost one hundred killed and wounded; our loss was six killed. The 9th was spent under an armistice to bury the dead and care for the wounded. General Lambert withdrew the remnant of the British forces to his shipping and abandoned the siege. When one considers what General Andrew Jackson accomplished at New Orleans with less than one quarter the resources that General Winder had at his command in Washington one marvels at the difference between men. The treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Ghent, December 14, 1814; the battle of New Orleans was fought January 8, 1815. As far as the final results of the war were concerned it did us no good whatever. It was only another instance of the "irony of fate." During this war the regulars of our army, small as were their numbers, did good work everywhere. The list of killed and wounded, though, is the only record. The militia and volunteers got most of the credit—splendid men some of them were, too—but they had ever and always the advantage of loving friends and "a local habitation and a name."

The war with Mexico, occurring as it did in 1846, was most fortunate for us in one thing at least: Those of the younger officers of the regular army who had seen much active service in 1812 and 1815 were just at the ripe age of between fifty and sixty when the campaign opened, and as they had seen a great deal of frontier service during the intervening twenty odd

years they were especially well fitted to take the field, and as nearly all of the divisions and brigades were placed under the command of officers of the regular army very few mistakes were made. In fact, few historical campaigns are so free from errors or blunders as this one. The two leaders on our side, General Zachary Taylor and General Winfield Scott, were both officers of the regular army, fine soldiers, and very able men, of large experience and sound judgment. From the opening action of the war, on the left bank of the Rio Grande, April 25, 1846, until its close, by the capture of the city of Mexico on September 14, 1847, including within those dates two sieges, eight battles, and a number of minor engagements, we were only worsted in two or three small affairs, and our advance, once it had begun, was rarely checked for any great length of time. Both Generals Taylor and Scott handled their troops with signal ability, and the splendid schooling of West Point as exhibited in the conduct of the junior officers found its recognition in the unstinted praise of both the regular and volunteer officers who at that time held high rank and command in our armies. Out of one hundred and twenty-five officers killed in this campaign, seventy-nine were regulars and forty-nine volunteers, and out of three hundred and twenty-five officers wounded, more than half were of the regular army.

Naturally enough the volunteers were highly lauded and greatly praised by the citizens of the various States from which they volunteered, and they were fully entitled to all the honours they were given, for, with very few exceptions, they behaved splendidly and won well-deserved plaudits; but it was not until the record was made up at the close of the war that the regular

army came in for its deserved share of recognition, and this was natural enough, too, owing to the fact that the regular army has comparatively no local ties, from the very nature of the service, as its men are recruited at large from the whole country and its officers are appointed to the Military Academy (on an average) once in every three years from each congressional district. The cadet then remains a student at the academy four years, with only one vacation in which to visit his home during that period of instruction, and afterward being sent out to the frontier, he soon loses touch with his boyhood companions, and, with the exception of his immediate family, is practically forgotten. The volunteer (or each company in a volunteer regiment) is generally recruited from some one county or township, and the local interest and pride in them is intense. Every movement of the regiment to which they belong is closely watched by the whole home community, every bit of information regarding them is eagerly caught up, discussed, repeated, and eventually published in the local newspaper. Not infrequently the county or village newspaper will have at least one correspondent in their local company who writes constantly, sending detailed accounts of the campaign and all sorts of personal information regarding the officers and privates of the regiment. Then, too, the duties, experiences, and discipline being new and of interest to the writer, he tells his story graphically and well; and if he is in a strange country all the better, as he can give his first impressions, which rarely fail to be of interest to the home people. But this is not the case with the regulars. The men have been recruited from the East, West, North, and South. Soldiers by profession, they have

no precise locality that is interested in them. Accustomed to the routine of drill, discipline, and guard duty and to taking care of themselves, camp life is no novelty whatever. Certainly if one of them wrote a letter home the last thing in the world that would occur to him would be that there was anything interesting to an outsider in the round of his daily life. After a sharp action or battle he will discuss the details with the men of his squad—perhaps with the members of his company for a day or two—then it is history, and he stores it up in his memory to amplify on some winter's night in barracks—if he lives to get there. He sometimes wonders if he will get back to the barracks! Well, if he does, it will be a good story. If he does not——

In glancing over some of the histories of the Mexican War I find nearly all of them, generally on the last page, pay tribute to the regulars. I quote from one of them: "The *proportion* of loss among the different arms of service—the old and new regulars and volunteers—is an interesting object of inquiry. The reader by running his eye over the columns will readily ascertain any fact of this sort he may wish to know. The general result is that much the heaviest proportional loss fell on the regulars of the old regiments. One great reason of this is that they were more continually and actively employed in the whole series of engagements in Mexico than any other class of troops."

CHAPTER IV.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ARMY ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER FROM 1846 TO 1860.

SCARCELY had General Taylor invaded Mexico on the lower Rio Grande when our regular troops then stationed on our Western frontier were at once thrown forward toward the town of Santa Fé, in Mexico, with an ulterior idea of reaching California and the Pacific coast, if possible, by an overland march across an almost unknown country. Colonel Kearny of the First United States Dragoons set out from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with about seventeen hundred men, consisting of a regiment of cavalry, six troops of dragoons, two light batteries, and two companies of infantry. It was promised that a regiment or two of volunteers should soon follow him. He was a soldier of pluck, dash, and energy, and the paucity of his force for the subjugation of what was then northwestern Mexico, occupied and garrisoned by Mexican troops, seems never to have given him a moment's doubt or caused him the slightest hesitation.

He pushed on by forced marches to Santa Fé, then the leading city of that part of the country, capturing the little towns *en route*, boldly seizing the country in the name of the Government of the United States,

swearing in the *alcaldes* (willy nilly) as officials of this new American Territorial government, as he unhesitatingly proclaimed it to be, and reached Santa Fé on August 18th, the garrison fleeing at his approach. He was now eight hundred miles from his base, his line of communication was utterly unprotected, and he had no supplies, nor money to purchase any. The Mexicans, though half stunned by the suddenness of the change he had wrought and inert in their usually placid way, were, as a matter of fact, surly and dissatisfied, and, as the outcome eventually developed, not at all in love with the new order of things and quite willing to aid any one with pluck enough to try conclusions with the Americans. Our troops were already on less than half rations (they received but nine ounces of ground wheat per day and no sugar nor coffee), and already scurvy had attacked the command. Neither was there any money with which to pay the men. The outlook was certainly not encouraging, nor particularly brilliant; but no one complained, hesitated, or looked back.

On September 5th Governor (Colonel) Kearny issued his proclamation to hold the department with its original boundaries (on both sides of the Rio Grande del Norte) as a part of the United States, and under the name of the Territory of New Mexico. But Colonel Kearny was even then looking for new worlds to conquer, and already had his eye on California and the Pacific coast—a good thousand miles away, without the shadow of a wagon road leading to it, and not even a well-defined trail to travel over, and the way barred by rugged mountains, arid deserts, and savage and warlike Indians, with a hostile Mexican population probably

by this time well prepared to meet him at the end of his proposed journey. It took more than this, however, to daunt the bold dragoon, so on September 26th he rode away from Santa Fé with "three hundred wilderness worn dragoons, in shabby and patched clothing, who had long been on short allowance of food," boldly heading for the far-off waters of the blue Pacific. On October 6th the command met the famous scout Kit Carson, with fifteen men *en route* from California with an express mail for Washington, with the startling and glorious news that Commodore Stockton and Captain Frémont had revolutionized and seized California for the United States. Colonel Kearny sent forward the mail, and then, taking Carson with him, Kearny, with only two small troops of dragoons, left the rest of his command there, under command of Major Sumner, who was ordered to remain in the Territory of New Mexico, while he pushed on as rapidly as possible for California.

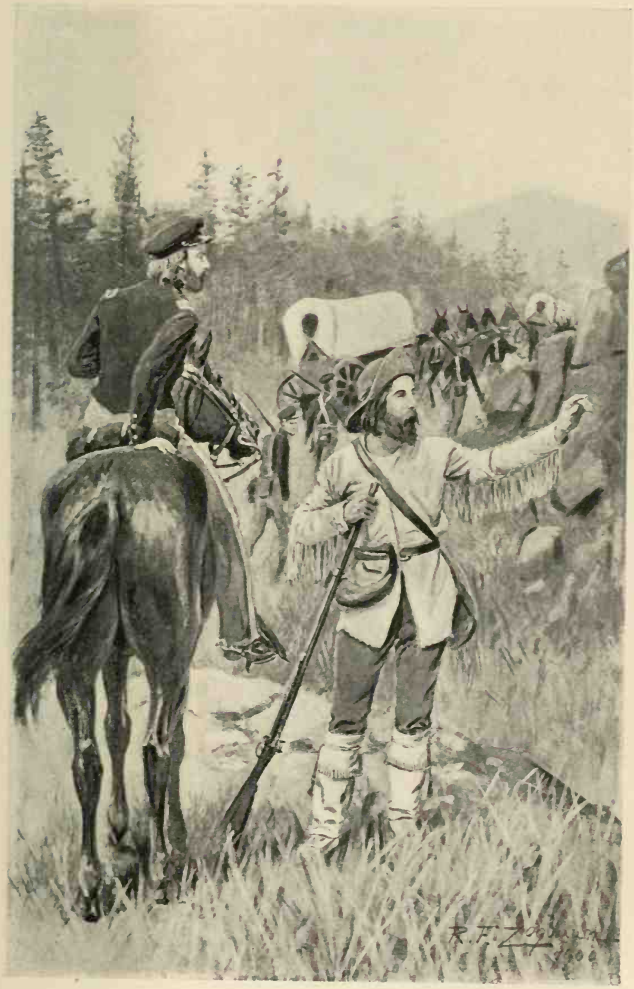
Just as Colonel Kearny left his main command for his hurried march to California he ordered Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke to go back to Santa Fé and take command of a new volunteer organization, "the Mormon battalion," soon to arrive, and to open a wagon road to California. On their arrival at Santa Fé Colonel Cooke assumed command. Let us see what sort of a volunteer regiment this was. It was enlisted too much by families; some were too old, some feeble, some too young; it was embarrassed by many women; it was undisciplined; it was much worn by travelling on foot; their clothing was very scant; there was no money to pay them or clothing to issue; their mules were utterly broken down; the quartermaster's

department was without funds and its credit bad, and, moreover, mules were scarce. Those procured were very inferior and were deteriorating every hour for lack of forage and grazing; so every preparation must be pushed. There could scarcely have been a worse outlook, but Colonel Cooke was probably as good a man as could have been found for the command. Patient, painstaking, an incessant worker, plucky and persevering, he took this battalion, after the women and older men had been weeded out, through to California. His journal is fascinating in its simplicity, pathetic in its casual mention of the most trying hardships. I quote: "January 14th. Besides being nearly starved our mules have had no water since yesterday morning. . . . January 16th. I found the march to be nineteen miles. . . . Without water for near three days for the working animals, camping two nights in succession without water, . . . the battalion made in forty-eight hours four marches—eighteen, eight, eleven, and nineteen miles. A great many of my men are wholly without shoes and use every expedient, such as rawhide moccasins and sandals and even wrapping their feet in pieces of woolen and cotton cloth. . . . January 19th. I came to the cañon and found it much worse than I had been led to expect . . . the worst was the narrow pass. Setting the example myself, there was much work done in it before the wagons came. The rock was hewn with axes to increase the opening. It was found too narrow by a foot of solid rock, and it was seven miles to the first water. I had a wagon taken to pieces and carried through. The sun was only an hour high. Meanwhile we still hewed and hammered at the mountain side. The work on the pass was perseveringly con-

tinued, and the last two wagons were pulled through by the mules with the loads undisturbed.' How well the two following remarks speak for discipline! January 20th. The battalion during the march was exercised on a prairie waiting for the wagons to come up. . . . January 21st. I descended rapidly to the lower slopes, and there drilled my battalion again while the baggage closed up." There they were, tired, worn, ragged, barefoot, and half starved, and two thousand miles from home, but discipline and training told, as it always does tell in the end, and the plucky little Mormon battalion was ready to give a good account of itself if the Spanish Californians had attacked it, as there was some expectation they might do. I quote herewith *verbatim* part of the congratulatory order issued by Colonel Cooke to his battalion:

"HEADQUARTERS MORMON BATTALION,
"MISSION OF SAN DIEGO, *January 30, 1847.*
"ORDERS No. 1.

"The lieutenant colonel commanding congratulates the battalion on their safe arrival on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and the conclusion of their march of over two thousand miles. History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found or deserts where, for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labour, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveller will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them we have ventured into trackless table-lands where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pick and axe in hand we have worked our way over mountains which seemed to defy aught save the wild goat and hewed a passage through a



The march of Cooke's command.

chasm of living rock more narrow than our wagons. To bring these first wagons to the Pacific we have preserved the strength of our mules by herding them over large tracts, which you have laboriously guarded without loss. The garrison of four presidios of Sonora concentrated within the walls of Tucson gave us no pause. We drove them out with artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice. Thus, marching half naked and half fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country."

These men certainly deserved all the praise their commander gave them. The close of the war with Mexico gave the United States, in conformity with provisions of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, an immense section of country, which has since been divided into the States of California, Utah, Nevada, a portion of Colorado, and a large part of the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, and in addition thereto the treaty also abrogated the claim of Mexico to the State of Texas, which had been admitted into the Union in 1845.

The discovery of gold in California in 1847 did more to Americanize it within two years than all the other splendid natural advantages and resources of the country would have accomplished in a generation of ordinary emigration. From an almost unknown Spanish grazing country on the far-off West Pacific coast, California sprung into existence as one of the States of the Union within less than three years after the close of the Mexican War.

Already farseeing men of the Pacific coast began to prognosticate the brilliant future in store for the country, and the British Lion, ever alert where land is to

be obtained by seizure, sought to place its paw on a part of the coast of Oregon that within its trend included landlocked bays that in the years to come might develop into ports of prominence. The excitement that followed the discovery of gold in California set many of the enlisted men of the regular army half crazy. Desertions for the mines were so numerous that in more that one instance company officers found themselves without troops. It was impossible to prevent the men from getting away. It was for the time being a mania, and had to run its course. Odd tales are told of some of the cavalry officers in San Francisco and Sacraento, Cal., being compelled for a few months to utilize their private horses as cart horses, driving themselves to earn a subsistence until Government supplies and funds should come out by vessels sailing around Cape Horn, and once more a normal condition of affairs was slowly able to reassert itself.

It took only a few years, however, for military affairs to straighten out. California and Oregon were dotted with army posts to protect the rushing tide of gold hunters coming overland from the States and keep in order the roving bands of Indians who threatened the early settlers in northern California and Oregon. During the ten years following the close of the Mexican War the rapid settlement of California and Oregon by the Americans developed much acrimony between the English residents of Oregon, especially among the employees of the Hudson Bay Fur Company and our own people, owing to the fact that, as usual, the English claimed everything in sight on that coast that was as yet unoccupied by Americans, and much of the territory that they claimed was based solely on an assump-

tion of authority. There was one episode, however, on the northwestern Pacific coast well worth recalling: San Juan Island, on the coast of Washington, is about fifteen miles long by seven or eight broad, and is well timbered and watered and fairly fertile. The great Hudson Bay Fur Company asserted a proprietary right to it and held that it was within the jurisdiction of Great Britain. At the same time a few American farmers and small merchants, twenty-five in all, who had "squatted" on it, claimed that it belonged to the United States. It will be seen that here was a fruitful source of contention, and matters did not progress smoothly on San Juan. Disagreements arose over the most trifling things, and trouble followed. The Hudson Bay people were arrogant and the Americans were resentful. One spring morning in 1859 Mr. L. E. Cutter found a pig belonging to the Hudson Bay Company rooting in his cornfield and shot it. Afterward he went to the local agent and offered to pay him the value of the animal. His offer was refused, and the superintendent, a Mr. Dallas, at Victoria, on Vancouver Island, at once repaired to San Juan and threatened to arrest Cutter and take him to Victoria for trial by British law. Cutter promptly seized his rifle and told Mr. Dallas that if he took one step toward arresting him he would shoot him. Mr. Dallas returned to Victoria. The citizens of the United States resident on the island forwarded to the commander of the department of the Columbia at Fort Vancouver, Oregon, a communication in which, after reciting all their grievances, Mr. Dallas's threat included, they called on their Government for protection. The department commander, Brigadier-General W. S. Harney, a famous

fighter and typical officer of "the old army," likewise a man of action, was the very one to have received such a document. The high-handed action of the British authorities on Vancouver Island fired his patriotism, and, without waiting to consult with his superiors, he ordered a company of infantry to proceed to San Juan Island and establish a camp there in order, first, to protect the inhabitants from the depredations of the northern Indians, who had been troubling them. Second, "to afford adequate protection to the American citizens in their rights as such. Third, to resist all attempts at interference by means of force or intimidation in the controversies of the above-mentioned parties by the British authorities residing on Vancouver Island."

Thus it came about that on July 27, 1859, Company D, Ninth Infantry, Captain George E. Pickett in command, landed on San Juan Island amid the cheers of the American portion of the population. The gallant captain, with a soldierly disdain for the *finesse* of diplomacy, at once issued a proclamation placing the island under the jurisdiction of the United States; and then, in obedience to his instructions, proceeded to select a good defensive position "with a view to the establishment of a force of five or six companies for a long stay."

The news of the company's arrival on San Juan was carried to the authorities at Victoria as fast as it was in the power of man to do so, and a great stir it caused there. The city seethed with excitement. Every one, from Governor Douglas down, declared that this occupation of territory in direct violation of treaty rights and while the title was still in dispute was a

most unheard-of proceeding. The dignity of her Majesty's Government was outraged by this Yankee presumption, which could not be tolerated. The island must be vacated at once. All this and much more to the same effect was to be heard everywhere in the little colonial capital. The Vancouver Island Government at its disposal a force strong enough to sweep the United States soldiers into the Canal de Haro without seriously exerting itself. If those deluded soldiers attempted any resistance they must bear the consequence of their action. They would not be permitted to defy the British power. On this last point the colonial governor was emphatic. Captain Pickett, however, continued to unload his stores from the steamer Massachusetts, which had transported him to the island, and to get his camp in order.

On the 30th of July his orderly told him that a ship was in sight, at the same time handing him a letter. He stepped out of his tent and saw the Tribune, a thirty-one-gun frigate from the naval station at Esquimalt, bearing down upon the island. This was a serious matter. What was intended? Were the Victorians about to carry out their threats and attempt to drive him away? He had his one six-pounder gun run by hand to where it commanded the island's single wharf, and had every one of his sixty-six men keep near their arms and ready for instant action. On came the frigate, her sails white in the sunlight, with the water parting in sparkling rolls before her prow. The muzzles of her guns showed black and threatening along her sides, and her deck was dark with men. The group on shore (for by comparison they were only a group) quietly watched her manœuvres as they stood there

uncertain what was to take place. Would a white cloud suddenly belch forth from that black side and bursting shell fall among them, or did the frigate come in peace? But let her come as she would, they were determined to stand by the flag floating from its staff. When the ship was off the camp she anchored broadside on, and evidently deemed her presence sufficient, for she contented herself with lying grim and silent at her berth.

When it was evident that no immediate trouble was to be apprehended Pickett read his letter. It was from the Hudson Bay Company's agent. It informed him that San Juan belonged to the company, and directed him to leave it immediately, threatening in the event of his refusal to do so to appeal to the civil authorities at Victoria. The captain replied that he had been placed where he was by virtue of an order from his Government, and that he would remain until he was recalled by the same authority; that he did not acknowledge the right of the Hudson Bay Company to dictate his course of action. This done, he wrote a report of what had happened to his superior, and ended it with a request for a supply of window sashes and doors, which were needed to make his men comfortable during the autumn and winter. Apparently he did not anticipate shortening his stay.

On August 3d the group on San Juan were watching again—this time, the manœuvres of two more of her Majesty's ships—the Satellite, twenty-one guns, and the Plumper, ten guns—as they came to an anchorage near the Tribune. The plucky captain probably watched from his battery of the one six-pounder already mentioned and two mountain howitzers, and afterward saw that they were so trained as to sweep the squadron ly-

ing at anchor opposite them. His adversaries, now feeling that they were in a position to open communications, invited him through Captain Hornby, the senior British naval officer present, to visit the Tribune for a conference on the San Juan matter. Pickett, not disposed to run any risks by leaving the island, declined the invitation, but invited the three naval captains to a conference in his camp. His invitation was accepted. Military men are not inclined to beat about the bush when they know what they want. Two propositions were made by the British officers, but both were refused by the American. The first one was that the United States troops be withdrawn. The second was that troops of both nations jointly occupy the island.

To his refusal of the second Pickett added the declaration that until he could communicate with his Government and receive its instructions in the matter he would oppose with force any attempt of the British to land troops on the island.

Seeing no way of arranging their differences, the four captains parted with many assurances of respect and esteem on both sides. The incidents of the day had not ended for the American captain, however. Later on the Hudson Bay Company's agent made good his threat to appeal to the civil authorities, and summoned Pickett to appear before a Victoria magistrate. The captain's remarks on receipt of the summons are not in the official correspondence.

San Juan had now been occupied for a week, and there was no sign of giving way on the part of the United States soldiers. Likewise there was no abatement of the excitement on Vancouver Island. The feeling against the Americans continued at the boiling

point, and the provincial parliament expressed the desire of the whole people when it urged the executive to take action to drive the audacious Yankees off of the island at the point of the bayonet. One fiery legislator went so far as to demand that a force large enough not only to overpower "the invaders, but to wipe the last one from the face of the earth," be sent to San Juan without delay. The Americans knew all that went on at Victoria, but they never faltered. Pickett, cool and determined, let the storm rage; he had nothing to do with it. It was his business to remain where he was and protect the Americans, and he would do it.

It may be that the British authorities never intended to go beyond threats and bluster, and the United States troops had one great advantage—they were on the defensive. The first shot fired would be a declaration of war, and the side doing so would be the aggressor.

A captain of infantry with sixty-six men and three very small guns throwing down the gauntlet to a force of over a thousand men, backed by three ships and sixty-two guns, is rather a preposterous spectacle; but at the time there was nothing humorous about the situation for the little party on the island. Not knowing when the threatened blow might fall, they were in constant apprehension of it. Presently two more ships of war joined the three already menacing the camp. And these five ships, carrying one hundred and sixty-seven guns and twenty-one hundred and forty men, six hundred of whom were marines and engineer troops, "employed every means in their power short of opening fire to intimidate this company of infantry"—and failed.

There was no lack of life and movement at this time about the hitherto deadly quiet place. Letters and orders were received and forwarded. There was no United States man-of-war available for service in those waters, but now and then the Shubrick, a small vessel with Captain Alden, United States navy, in command, came and went, usually carrying despatches. The United States boundary commissioner, one A. Campbell, appeared on the scene, but could make nothing out of the matter, so he disappeared and wrote letters about it. Away at Fort Vancouver, General Harney, believing himself in the right and fearless of consequences, sustained Pickett through thick and thin. Fierce but not very dignified communications passed between the general and Colonial Governor Douglas. Re-enforcements were ordered to get off as soon as possible. There was some slight intercourse between the camp and the ships. The officers met, though it is doubtful if any of the bluejackets were allowed on shore. One day Captain Hornby said to Pickett that he could easily land an overpowering force and drive him off the island. "Very well," replied Pickett, "whether you land fifty men or five thousand, my course will be the same. I shall open fire, and, if compelled, take to the woods fighting."

Before the second week ended—that is, on August 10th—the re-enforcements, consisting of four companies of infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Silas Casey, Ninth Infantry, commanding, and eight thirty-two-pounder guns, arrived at the island. They reached it in the morning, but a dense fog on land and sea prevented their getting up to the wharf off which the men-of-war lay. Consequently they landed on the

beach a short distance from it, and the first intimation the British had of their proximity was the sight of their tents in camp.

On the 14th three more companies arrived, and the likelihood of a conflict had passed. With the arrival of Colonel Casey the undaunted Pickett's reign of thirteen days was over. The end of the affair was a joint occupation of the island by both nations, each keeping one company of soldiers there. If the "diplomats" (?) of the United States Government of a generation ago had only had the farseeing eye of Lord Ashburton, there would have been no war, and every port on the northern Pacific coast might have been one of our own cities; but, alas! the outcome was the old, old story, for the British Lion put his paw on the land and kept it there.

From 1848 to 1860 the Indians of the Pacific coast, as well as those of Texas and of the great plains, were more or less hostile; and as the whites steadily pushed their settlements into what they naturally regarded as their own country, there were many frontier combats. It is useless, or comparatively so, at this late day to try and fix the blame where it belongs. In some cases it was undoubtedly the fault of the savages, in many others the whites were the aggressors, but in most of the bloody massacres by the Indians and the almost equally brutal and savage reprisals by the whites the awful punishment inflicted fell upon the innocent on both sides rather than upon the guilty. There is no possible excuse for the Indian outbreak and massacre of the missionaries and their families at the Chemakane mission at Waiilatpu, Oregon, in 1847, but the action of Captain Ben Wright,

of the Oregon volunteers, in 1852 was scarcely less reprehensible, although the Indians he killed were part of a band who had massacred a party of thirty-three emigrants a few months before. Forty-eight of these Indians were induced to come to Wright's camp, have a feast and make a treaty. After the feast they sat down to talk, and while the talk was going on Wright suddenly opened fire from his revolver, killing two of the principal Indians. At this prearranged signal his men began firing, and killed thirty-six more of them. Four years later the Rogue River Indians suddenly rose and massacred this same Captain Wright and twenty-three others at their agency. In 1853 a general uprising of the Indians took place in the Rogue River Valley, in Oregon, and many innocent settlers and their families were killed, their growing crops destroyed, and their houses burned. These uprisings were finally put down by the regular army and the Oregon volunteers, but again in 1855 there were attacks on the settlers by the hostile Indians, and unfortunately reprisals on the friendly ones. At the Waggoner massacre eighteen people were suddenly attacked and killed by the hostile Indians, six being women; and "thenceforward a sanguinary war was waged between whites and Indians." In 1855 a party of volunteers surrounded a camp of Indians "whom they knew to be friendly and unarmed," and killed nineteen of them, and the extermination of all neighboring Indians became the openly avowed policy of the settlers. Needless to say, this policy eventually led to many terrible massacres upon unoffending settlers, and caused border wars in which friendly Indians and white noncombatants frequently lost their lives, and the

settlement and growth of the country was greatly retarded.

The Texan border for many long years was the scene of savage combats between the settlers and the Indians, and our Northwestern frontier, from 1845 to the outbreak of our great civil war in 1860, was to a greater or less extent a series of Indian uprisings and their temporary suppression by the United States troops. Treaties were made and frequently shamelessly violated by both the white settlers and the Indians when it seemed to their interest to do so. It could not well be otherwise, as our people were constantly advancing our border line and the Indians were being steadily forced back. Many of the white and half-breed Indian traders were men of great cupidity and practically no conscience whatever. In open defiance of law they sold the Indians whisky, firearms, and ammunition, and a half-drunken Indian with a gun in his hand only needs a good opportunity to become little less than a fiend incarnate if an unarmed settler or his helpless womankind falls in his way. That the Indian has been wronged, and deeply wronged, by bad white men is true, but it must always be borne in mind that, cruel as the aphorism is, "the survival of the fittest" is a truism that can not be ignored nor gainsaid, and barbarism must necessarily give way before advancing civilization. Again, frontiersmen as a usual thing, while brave and not generally cruel, are rough, hard-headed, hard-handed, virile men of aggressive personality and great physical strength, with blunt manners and ordinarily of but little, if any, literary culture or education, who are ever fighting their way forward and forcing farther back warlike tribes of

savages in the outcoming interests of a better humanity. It would certainly be more humane to accomplish the result in some other way, but thus far our people have not succeeded in doing so, more's the pity.

One of the most unsatisfactory military campaigns, considered from the standpoint of a soldier, ever entered upon by our Government was what is now known as the Utah expedition of 1857, and it is outlined by the writer only that the reader may get a glimpse of how army movements that have frequently entailed great suffering on the part of the regular troops while campaigning on the Western frontier are always taken as a matter of course, without complaint and in the line of duty, with simply the bare "Well done" of the War Department as the sole meed of merit. The expedition was organized to compel the Mormons who were the occupants of the Territory of Utah to recognise, respect, and obey the United States Government, which authority they had from time to time deliberately and unhesitatingly flouted and defied, and also to give Government protection to small and weak parties of mining prospectors who might be engaged in hunting for precious metals within the borders of the Territory of Utah, as well as to all parties of emigrants from the East on their way through to California, Oregon, and Washington Territories while passing through the said Territory of Utah, and some of whom it was alleged (and with truth) had been attacked and ruthlessly butchered by certain of the mountain tribes of Indians, aided, abetted, and assisted by Mormons disguised as Indians. It was generally believed that if this bloody work was not directly authorized by the apostles of the Mormon Church, the leaders of that organization all

knew of it and took no steps to ferret out and punish the perpetrators. This campaign was not a move that met the hearty approval of the political party then in power, but in this instance public sentiment was so strong that it rose above party lines and compelled the Government to act.

Accordingly, an expedition was fitted out with the avowed object of punishing these people and left our western border at Fort Leavenworth in the summer of 1857. It was splendidly equipped by the War Department and started with immense trains of supplies containing nearly everything that could be thought of that the command was likely to need during the campaign. The force designated for the expedition was two regiments of infantry, the Fifth and Tenth, the Second Dragoons, and two batteries of light artillery, which it was thought would prove amply strong for the purposes supposedly intended by our Government. The free-state troubles, which were rife at the time in the then new State of Kansas, temporarily held the Second Dragoons there, and so the expedition started from Fort Leavenworth without its cavalry. General Harney, who was the officer upon whom the command would ordinarily have devolved, could not well be spared in the condition of things that then obtained, so General P. F. Smith was selected, but he suddenly fell ill and died just as the command was ready to start. Accordingly, the command devolved upon its senior officer, Colonel Alexander, of the infantry. He seems to have had no adequate instructions as to what was expected of him, and only knew that his destination was Salt Lake City, Utah. On entering the Territory of Utah he was met by a letter from its

governor, Brigham Young, forbidding his farther march, but offering him the privilege of staying in camp for the winter on Green River if he would give up his arms and ammunition to the Territorial quartermaster general, one Lewis Robinson. Of course he did not comply with the insolent demand, but halted at Ham's Fork and went into camp. It was already the end of September and winter would soon be upon him, and he was nearly out of forage. The Mormons were hostile and would not sell him anything, and he unfortunately had no cavalry with which to forage on the country, and furthermore, while he was a good officer with a fine record, he seems not to have had a strong enough personality to dominate the situation. In the meantime the Mormon Lieutenant-General D. H. Wells had issued orders to the Mormon militia "to annoy the troops in every possible way, stampede their animals, set fire to their trains, burn the whole country before them and on their flanks, and to leave no grass anywhere for their animals; also to keep them from sleeping by night surprises." One of his large supply trains which was a day's march behind him and without a guard was seized and burned by the Mormons at Simpson's Hollow, and two more were captured and burned on the Sweetwater, and a large number of the ox teams were driven off.

On the 10th of October Colonel Alexander decided to move to Salt Lake Valley by way of Soda Springs, a distance of three hundred miles. The grass had been burned along this very route according to General Wells's orders, in anticipation of this movement. The cattle were already nearly starved and soon became exhausted, and before a week had passed

three miles a day was all that the trains could possibly make. In fact, things were in a most desperate plight, when Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, the newly appointed commander of the expedition, was heard from. He had started out with the delayed cavalry column, and had full instructions, was a most splendid soldier, and a man of energy, action, and decision. It was now so late in the season that there was but one thing to do. Colonel Alexander's force was ordered back to meet Colonel Johnston at a certain given point, and began to retrace its steps, but it could only crawl, for the country was covered with snow and the animals absolutely starving. On November 3d they reached the rendezvous and met Colonel Johnston, who joined them with a small re-enforcement of cavalry and some supply trains. The command then started for Fort Bridger, where it had been decided to winter. It was only thirty-five miles distant, but it took them fifteen days to make the march. The snow was very deep, the weather bitterly cold, and many of the men were badly frostbitten. In Colonel Philip St. George Cooke's regiment of cavalry fifty-seven head of horses and mules perished of cold at a single encampment on the Sweetwater. In the camp at Black Fork on the 6th of November five hundred animals were frozen to death in one night; fifteen oxen were found frozen stiff in one bunch where they had lain down close together for mutual warmth. Two miles a day through the snowdrifts was all the train could make. On their arrival at old Fort Bridger they found nothing but the smoke-blackened walls of the post, for the Mormons had burned it as soon as they learned that the troops were *en route* for that place. However, neither the officers nor the troops

despaired; they were not men of that calibre. Tents were temporarily set up within the naked walls, and every one set about bettering their condition, and each well man did his utmost. The few oxen they had left, being too weak to haul wagons, were butchered for beef, and the men themselves hauled the wagons through the snow to the hills six miles distant, chopped down the trees for firewood, and then hauled the loaded wagons back to camp. One of the burned-out storehouses, the walls of which were still standing, was roofed over and used for storage. Sibley tents and dugouts soon dotted the old parade ground, the cavalry established a camp on Henry's Fork, and the dragoons with their horses sought such shelter as they could find among the willows and cottonwoods bordering the stream. Very soon another camp was made on Black's Fork, two miles above Fort Bridger, where General Johnston established his headquarters for the winter, naming the place Camp Scott, which fortunately was partially sheltered by the high bluffs which stood back a few hundred yards from the bank of the stream. Clumps of cottonwood were also within reaching distance, so that the men soon hutted themselves, and then routine camp life at once began, and guard mount, inspection, and parade kept the troops in their usual state of discipline.

If ever a command exhibited its splendid training this one did when doing duty uncomplainingly while plodding along two miles a day in the deep snow with the thermometer ranging from ten to forty-four degrees below zero. There was little if any complaint, the troops were generally seasoned men of the regular army, and the few new recruits took their

tone from the old soldiers. When a man could go no farther on the march he was put in one of the wagons, and what little the surgeons could do was done for him. Those of the sick who lived to get through to Fort Bridger generally recovered. The newly appointed civil governor of Utah, Governor Cumming, eventually came out from the States and established himself at Fort Bridger, and General Johnston during the winter sent out two expeditions, one to New Mexico and the other to Oregon. Both encountered terrible snowstorms and intensely cold weather, but got through and obtained all the supplies and animals they wished. As spring approached Governor Brigham Young decided that he could not successfully fight the Government, and announced that he would receive and acknowledge the authority of the newly appointed governor, and so Governor Cumming went to Salt Lake City and was duly inaugurated. On the approach of our troops, some weeks later, the Mormons generally left Salt Lake City with their families and household goods and started South. In about three months, however, most of them returned, and found, to their astonishment, that their homes and property had not been molested in the slightest degree. For burning our wagon trains, destroying our supplies, burning Fort Bridger, and stealing over a thousand head of Government cattle, thereby indirectly compassing the death of many of our men, nothing whatever was done to this people, who in the spring were in the hollow of our hand, to do with as the Government saw fit, and through the action of the newly appointed governor of Utah it saw fit not to do anything. And so for the time being the Mormons went scot free, notwithstand-

ing the murder of our miners and emigrants and the losses inflicted on our army.

Still, the eventual outcome of the expedition was not altogether fruitless, for the presence of our troops at Fort Douglas (an army post located near Salt Lake City) re-established the authority of our Government, gave safety to the gentile inhabitants of the Territory, and protected the passing emigrants. Finally, the presence of the troops enabled the United States district courts to put in motion a series of legal processes that, despite every possible obstacle thrown in its way by the Mormons, eventually ferreted out, brought to light, and secured the conviction of the Mormon leader in the awful Mountain Meadow massacre, where the Mormons, aided by their Indian allies, surrounded and attacked an emigrant train of one hundred and thirty-five persons, on its way from Arkansas to California, and when they realized that they could not capture it without great loss of life (for the emigrants corralled their wagons, and for four days made a stout resistance and stood off the attacking forces), the Mormons sent in a flag of truce, offering, "if the emigrants would lay down their arms, to protect them." Believing that they would keep their word, the emigrants surrendered. In half an hour the massacre of the unarmed emigrants began, and with the exception of seventeen young children, too young to ever be able to testify in court against them, the Mormons and Indians killed every emigrant with the train. Twenty years later the leader in this fiendish work, Major John D. Lee, a bishop in the Mormon Church, was legally executed on the very spot on which his victims perished.

CHAPTER V.

CHARACTERISTICS AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER — HIS SURROUNDINGS, PERQUISITES, AND PAY.

THERE is one element in the character of the American-born soldier that, so far as I know, is not to be found in so great a degree in any other soldier in the world. I allude to his marked individuality and splendid self-reliance under any and all circumstances, and it is developed from three sources: First, he serves his country voluntarily and of his own free will, as in order to enter the army he must seek the service, for in ordinary times military service does not seek him, and he is only accepted and enlisted when he fulfils certain well-defined mental and physical requirements. Then, again, he realizes that he is the political equal of any other citizen of the republic, which is a firm foundation on which to base his personal poise of a decent self-respect. And third, it grows out of the fact that the Government he is fighting for is his very own. He feels that he is an integral part of the nation and belongs to it, as the soldiers of other nations feel that they belong to their own country; but just here arises the difference between him and the soldiers of most other governments, for the nation belongs also to him individually,

as it can not to them, as there is no reigning family or dynasty between him and the head of the country. He does not owe allegiance to any sovereign or reigning house, but directly to the nation collectively, one of whose citizens he is. There is a vast difference between being a citizen and a subject, for if the soldier is a native of the country there is no position in the nation, however exalted, to which he may not legally aspire. If he has been born a foreigner, on becoming a citizen of the republic and a soldier in its army he is barred from but one office within the gift of the people, and it is the ever inherent knowledge of this fact that unconsciously pervades and thrills him, and holds him to his work on many a hard-fought field, when standing almost alone, with his comrades lying dead around him, he refuses to give way and retreat long after he has lost touch of his fellow-soldiers from the gaps that death has made in their ranks. And so he fights on hopefully, if desperately, for he knows and keenly feels that if defeat comes the disaster first comes directly home to him, and through him to the nation, who are his very own people, whose uniform he wears and whose flag and good faith they have a right to look to and expect him to defend and maintain on the field of battle to his last gasp, for you may rest assured that the pure patriotism and unswerving devotion of the regular soldier to his country in her hour of need will not fail the nation when the sacrifice of his life will carry its flag forward to victory.

Demagogues may, for political reasons, assail and belittle and decry the regular forces of the United States, but if they have made the subject a study they well know in their inmost hearts that by all odds, bar

none, the regular soldier of the United States army, both officer and enlisted man, is the most absolutely law-abiding, the most thoroughly devoted, and ever and always the most stanchly loyal citizen of the republic. To him the life of the nation means more than it can to the average civilian, for if occasion arises he has to sacrifice his life in its defence, and once he is a soldier by profession he has soon lost touch with localities and townships; State and county lines are to him only the limits of demarcation on the map that stand for the more convenient control of the provincial citizen. He is as much at home in South Carolina as Massachusetts, as eager for the welfare of Texas as of Maine, as proud of the record of Virginia as of New York, and as desirous for the material prosperity of the South as of the West. His ambition and his hopes are all for the nation and the happiness and best development of all of its people and every foot of its territory.

The average American lad who develops into a recruit always knows something of firearms, and whether he has been brought up in the city or country, or whether he is rich or poor, it is safe to presume that he has been bird shooting more or less during his boyhood. Firearms are so easily obtainable in our country, there being no Government license required as to possession, no game laws to forbid the shooting of game in season, and no Government license or permit required to authorize hunting, as there is in most of the civilized European countries. It is therefore only requisite for any one to borrow, hire, or own a gun and provide himself with the necessary ammunition to roam the fields at will throughout the country and shoot at his own discretion. Consequently, many of the free public school boys

in our villages and the farming country save their pennies to buy ammunition, borrow or hire a shotgun, and put in an occasional Saturday holiday during the game season in the fields among the marshes or along the rivers or shores of the lakes in their vicinity, and tramp for hours, popping away now and then at any stray bird, game or otherwise, that comes in their way. It does not, as a general thing, do the birds much harm, and really does the boys much good; as they come home tired and dirty, with wonderful appetites and big stories of the birds that fell in the river, or lake, or just out of bounds among the reeds, which they could not find, and go to bed happy and content, and sleep soundly in the serene satisfaction that they have had a day's sport and will have something great to tell their fellow-schoolmates on Monday morning. It is this general knowledge of firearms, picked up in this desultory way, that makes it easier for the average American recruit to learn and quicker to appreciate the nice points of rifle shooting than the ordinary foreign-born recruit, who has not had the same advantages in youth. Another thing is evident to the close observer, and that is the inherent turn for mechanism that Americans have. As soon as a gun is given to an American recruit he will avail himself of the earliest possible opportunity to take it apart and examine it in detail to the smallest screw, and then reassemble it, rarely making the slightest error in doing so at the first attempt. Not so the foreign-born recruit, however. His gun will generally remain as given to him until, in the course of time, he is taught to take it apart and reassemble it under the guidance of a noncommissioned officer.

Instruction in rifle practice in our army has of late

years been carried to the greatest possible proficiency, and the average soldier of a year's standing is fairly safe to be a thoroughly good shot if he has the slightest natural tendency toward a fondness for firearms, as most native-born soldiers in our army certainly do have, and so thoroughly has target practice in our army been looked after and so carefully have the men been trained at point-blank, middle-distance, and long-range, and taught to fire standing, kneeling, and lying down, both by volley and individually, that the writer does not hesitate to say that the men of the United States army two years ago—before the regiments were enlarged and recruited up to the new standard—were as a class by long odds the best riflemen in the world and infinitely superior to the Boers, who have recently been so lauded for their good shooting.

The man who enlists in our army may in the beginning enter the service for various reasons. He may be a mechanic tired of routine life, a farmer with a taste for life on the frontier, a student tired of his books, a young business man who has not made a success of his first venture, an emigrant who can not find work, or possibly owing to the simple reason that he wishes to become a soldier, or for any one of a hundred and one reasons with which we have nothing to do. If, however, he is a fairly young and active man and comes up to the physical standard set by our medical corps, he is generally accepted, duly clothed in uniform at the recruiting station, and sent to some one of the army recruiting depots, where he is put into the awkward squad and gets a few weeks of preliminary drill and something of an insight into routine army life, until an order is received from the office of the adju-

tant general of the army directing that a certain detachment of recruits be forwarded to some frontier post for assignment to the regiment on duty there. He is then sent, together with numerous other recruits, under charge of an old noncommissioned officer, to his destination. On his arrival at his post he is assigned by the commanding officer to one of the companies on duty, is duly taken upon the company roster and entered on the company books, has a cot in the barracks assigned to him by the first sergeant, is placed in the squad of a noncommissioned officer, and his military life and education begins.

He now for the first time finds himself at home in the barracks of his own regiment, and soon realizes that he is already being unconsciously looked over and an estimate of his mental and physical calibre quietly formed by all the men of his company or troop. During the first few days he is in barracks he is apt to overhear many an adverse comment regarding himself, and for a month or so has to undergo a certain amount of guying and sarcasm from the two or three chronic growlers and grumblers that infest nearly all military companies, and he may, and probably will, find a few foulmouthed and profane men in the company whose conversation in barracks grates upon him; but as he can not get rid of them he must learn to endure them. The fact that practically he is never alone is soon borne in upon him, and it is one of the actual hardships of an enlisted man which it is most difficult for him to finally accept and eventually become accustomed to. His bed is placed with say twenty or thirty others in the main room of the barracks, all standing about three or four feet from each other with an alleyway eight or ten

feet wide at the foot of them. His locker stands at the foot of his bed, and his bed, his chair, his locker, clothes, and arms are his own particular possessions. Everything else is in common with others. He can, however, go to the company reading room, where he will find newspapers and a few magazines, and nearly all companies in our service have a good library. This room is a boon to many a new and half-homesick man, for loud conversation is not permitted and habitual swearers and foul-mouthed story-tellers fight shy of it. About two or perhaps three months' daily drill and instruction will have advanced him so that he will be detailed as a supernumerary of the guard. This will soon be followed by his being detailed for guard, and when he comes off guard for the first time he is already recognised as a young soldier, with much to learn of course, but still he is away beyond the raw-recruit stage, and he soon realizes that fact. If he is an American, another one of the hardest things for him to learn after his entrance to the army is to sink his individuality and quietly accept the fact that no matter what he thinks about an order, he must unquestioningly, unhesitatingly, and promptly obey it. If a country lad or a mechanic he has probably been accustomed to debating and even arguing as to the good sense of the instructions regarding his own work. His first remark in this direction after enlisting in the army is curtly cut short by the corporal or sergeant over him, and he is sharply told to "obey, not argue." It is a really difficult thing for an American recruit to accept the fact that he is only a cog in a vast machine, but as the days go by gradually his naturally keen perceptive faculties enable him to grasp the absolute necessity of

such a state of affairs, and when he once fully realizes this before he is well into his second year's service, he is generally content to accept the situation and live strictly up to its requirements. At last he *is* a cog in the machine, but what a manly, splendid, trained, plucky, thinking cog he is, now that he has learned that it is his duty to give unquestioning obedience to lawful authority! And at length he begins to thoroughly comprehend the reason for the absolute necessity of military discipline.

Few people who have not given the subject much thought realize in any considerable degree what daily drill, steady discipline, and insistent and persistent work will in the course of time accomplish in the case of even the dullest recruit. Army regulations provide that "all persons in the military service must obey strictly and execute promptly the lawful orders of their superiors," and the recruit who has enlisted in the United States army is soon taught that the order of the youngest corporal in his company is just as emphatic and as much to be observed and as promptly to be obeyed as that of the captain of his company or the colonel of his regiment. The facts that the young corporal who is in charge of his squad wears the chevrons of a noncommissioned officer, that his appointment to that grade by his company commander has been approved by the colonel of the regiment, and a noncommissioned officer's warrant duly issued him also establish another fact, which is that the corporal has learned to appreciate and apply two other army regulations: First, that "military authority will be exercised with firmness, kindness, and justice," and second, "superiors are forbidden to injure those under their

authority by tyrannical or capricious conduct or by abusive language"; otherwise he would not have been appointed a corporal. It is this lawfully relegated authority from the regimental commander to the junior corporal that enables the colonel to enforce the necessary discipline to render his command a perfect fighting machine, and when the men of his regiment, by years of hard work in the school of the soldier, have been well set up individually and perfectly drilled in the manual of arms and squad, company, and battalion drill, and have graduated as marksmen or sharpshooters at the rifle butts, as well as learned how to take the road and march well together with a swinging route step, and how to best care for themselves on the march and in camp, the end in view has been fairly well attained, and there need be no fear but that such a regiment will prove itself a fighting machine of the very first class and amply repay all the time, work, and trouble it has taken to bring it up to the required standard.

But to attain this end each individual enlisted man has had to be steadily looked after and followed up for many months until he has become a soldier, and to have become a soldier implies much. Let us see what it is that make a good soldier. He must be an intelligent man, honest, clean in person, neat in attire, respectful and courteous in manner, prompt in obedience, healthy, active, strong, temperate and sober, and a fairly good field cook, so that he can prepare his own food or assist the company cook should occasion demand it. His arms and equipment must be kept exquisitely clean, and he is generally well set up in person. He is also quite an athlete, and thoroughly well drilled in the manual of arms as well as in company drill, and he must have made

such scores on the rifle range as entitle him to be classed a marksman, or perhaps even he has won the medal of a sharpshooter. Furthermore, by constant and reiterated instruction, example, inspection, reproof, and encouragement, he has become so thoroughly ingrained with a sense of his individual responsibility that when on post, picket, or camp guard he can be relied upon in case of attack to hold his post to the last extremity—only yielding it with his life or when shot down and incapable of further resistance. When a private soldier is equal to all these requirements he is in the best sense of the word "a regular." The earliest recruits of our regular army after the war of the Revolution were generally natives of our country; though a few of them were born in England and Germany, still the majority of them were Americans, and frontier life was an attractive one to those who cared to enter the service, in that it had in it strong elements of adventure heavily spiced with danger, and men who were fascinated with life in the woods or on the trail naturally drifted into it. They were in no general sense educated men; in truth, the surroundings of those days did not afford poor men the opportunity for even a limited education, and the old army records exhibit the fact that some of them were too illiterate to sign their names. Nevertheless they were good soldiers, and outside of books knew much of woodcraft and Indian signs, and sensed danger with an almost unerring accuracy and were rarely caught napping by their wily savage foes.

Let us take a look at the soldier of thirty years ago, and in this chapter soldier means the enlisted man. He was a cosmopolite, at least as regards nationality; for in no other army were members of so many coun-

tries together as in that of the United States. In a single post, even in a single company, the nations of the civilized world were represented. An Italian stood shoulder to shoulder with a Scandinavian; an Irishman and a Russian were "bunkies," while an Englishman would discuss with a German the merits of a Chilian comrade; occasionally there was a son of Israel; and always, general belief to the contrary, a very large percentage of Americans. Not only all nationalities, but also all occupations and stations in life were represented. In any hundred men one would find craftsmen of all kinds—clerks, tillers of the soil, roughs, etc. A bookkeeper and a farm boy, a dentist and a blacksmith, a young gentleman of position trying to gain a commission and a salesman ruined by drink, an ivory carver and a Bowery tough—were all in a detachment that one December morning in 1865 escorted a wagon train along the South Pass road. But the last thirty years has brought a change in one respect, and that is, that while, taken as a class, the enlisted men of the regular army of to-day are not one whit more brave or devoted to their country than the soldiers of the army in years gone by, they are nevertheless men of greater general intelligence and, in a certain sense, men of better tone than those who have preceded them. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that the education of the public schools has given greater opportunity to the masses, and the further fact that the use of intoxicants in both civil and military life has greatly diminished within the last forty years. Whisky as a ration in the army has entirely disappeared, and is no longer a portion of the army supplies in the commissariat. Then, again, the standard for recruits has been steadily raised for many

years past. The army recruiting officer of to-day would unhesitatingly refuse to enlist a man regarding whom forty years ago there would have been no question whatever. He must be thoroughly sound, sober, intelligent, of good character, and, unless a man of wonderfully fine physique, the fact that he could not read or write would probably be a bar to his being enrolled, notwithstanding the fact that there are fairly good schools at most of the army posts where enlisted men can easily obtain the rudiments of an English education. Many of the privates in our army are men of really good education, not infrequently college graduates, who have enlisted in the hope of winning a commission or solely from a love of military life.

The short term of service (three years) which is now the law has attracted a class of men who would not "take on" when the term was five, seven, and nine years. The enlisted man with whom we will have to do, however, was, as I have said, of a somewhat different class, and his surroundings and his duties, too, were a bit more arduous and dangerous during life on the frontier for the past fifty years than they are at present, but no matter whether enlisted as a private or commissioned as an officer a man must have certain essential characteristics in his being who is enamoured of a soldier's career and willing to stake his life and cast in his lot, for good or evil, for weal or woe, with the defenders of his country.

The qualifications of a soldier are courage, good health, implicit obedience, application, patience, and persistence. These qualifications will make any man a good average soldier. If to these you add natural military ability, or, if you please, genius, enthusiasm, quick

intelligence, untiring energy, an even temper, inflexible integrity, constant study, and a very temperate life, you will have all the elements of a great soldier, but great soldiers, like poets, are "born, not made." The pay of the enlisted man in the army of the United States in our day is better and the clothing allowance, as well as the ration, much more liberal and abundant than that of any other army in the world. The pay of a private in the cavalry, infantry, and artillery regiments is as follows: For the first and second year of enlistment, $13 per month; for the third year, $14; for the fourth year, $15; for the fifth year, $16; and thereafter, while in continuous service, $18 per month for the next five years, with an additional $1 per month for each subsequent period of five years' continuous service. The pay of corporal ranges in the same ratio from $15 to $20 per month, according to length of service, and that of duty sergeant from $18 to $23 per month. First sergeants are paid from $25 to $30 per month, according to length of service. During service in time of war Congress has authorized an increase of twenty per cent additional to the pay of all enlisted men on active service during the continuance of hostilities. After twenty-five years' continuous service with record for good character throughout the term, if he so elects, an enlisted man can apply to be placed upon the retired list of the army with two thirds pay and commuted allowances, which gives him for the rest of his life from $25 to $28 per month, according to the grade on which he was retired. The clothing allowance in our army is relatively as liberal as the pay, and, unless the soldier is recklessly careless of his clothes, more than sufficient for his comfort and his need. Each article of this cloth-

ing has its money value, and is as follows: For the first year's allowance, $66.97; second year, $29.70; third year, $38.32; total for the three years, $134.99. As each enlisted man enters the service he is permitted to draw what is absolutely necessary at the recruiting rendezvous, but does not get a full outfit until he joins his regiment. An accurate account is kept of all clothing issued him in the company clothing book, and he is obliged to receipt for every article issued him on the page of the book allotted his account, and his receipt has to be witnessed by the officer or noncommissioned officer who issues the clothing. At the end of each year of his enlistment the account is carefully made up. If he has overdrawn his allowance he has to pay the money value of what he has overdrawn—that is, it is charged against his pay and deducted by the paymaster when he is next paid. If, on the contrary, there is a balance due him, it is placed to his credit, and at the expiration of his term of service is paid him in his final settlement with the Government.* In quarters, and as far as possible in the field, the daily meat ration of

* The total allowance of clothing for a private in the army for his first enlistment of three years is: One overcoat, two uniform dress coats, three woollen blouses, three canvas fatigue blouses, seven pairs uniform trousers, seven pairs kersey trousers, three pairs canvas fatigue trousers, three pairs overalls, seven dark blue woollen shirts, nine undershirts, nine pairs drawers, thirty-six linen collars, twelve pairs cotton and twelve pairs woollen socks, nine pairs shoes for the infantry and two pairs boots and five pairs shoes for the cavalry, four fatigue caps, three campaign hats, two helmets, two pairs woollen blankets, twenty-four pairs white gloves, three pairs suspenders. In addition to the above, the cavalry have furnished them two pairs leather gauntlets and two stable frocks.

the soldier consists of a pound and a quarter of fresh beef or mutton, or three quarters of a pound of fresh pork or bacon, or one pound and six ounces of salt beef. When it is possible to furnish fish, the daily ration is fourteen ounces of dried fish, or eighteen ounces of pickled or fresh fish. The bread ration is one pound and two ounces of soft bread or one pound of hard bread (hard biscuit), or in lieu thereof one pound and two ounces of flour, or one pound and four ounces of cornmeal. For vegetables, there is an ample allowance of beans or dried peas, or rice or hominy, or fresh potatoes or onions. In winter canned tomatoes, cabbage, beets, etc., are also furnished. The allowance of roasted coffee is one ounce and seven twenty-fifths of an ounce, and of tea eight twenty-fifths of an ounce—ample to make each day three pints of strong coffee or the same amount of strong tea, and "soldier's coffee" in our army has passed into a proverb as exemplifying the best coffee that can be, or, in fact, is made. So liberal is the ration that when in barracks, where rations are issued in bulk and cooked economically, it is simply impossible for the enlisted men of any company to consume its authorized allowance, and all savings, or, in other words, all rations not used, are repurchased by the post commissary at the first cost to the Government, or, if a better price can be had from outsiders, sold to citizens, and the sum so obtained taken up and credited to the company fund, which is, under the administration of the company commander, after being duly audited by the post or regimental council, expended in purchasing luxuries, such as fruit, butter, milk, eggs, etc., to give greater variety to the company mess or for the benefit of the men in the way of

table furniture of a more æsthetic type than that furnished by the quartermaster's department.

In the cavalry arm of the service, while the troops hereafter referred to were serving in barracks on the Southwestern frontier, the writer has known of a certain particular troop of cavalry whose company fund had been very carefully looked after, who were enabled from the savings on rations and from their share of the canteen fund to supply themselves with a very complete table set of fine white china, which had their company letter placed over crossed sabres burned into each piece, forming a dainty monogram, with which decorated china their table was set out in a way that was as pleasant to look at as it was rare to see, and these men made none the less good soldiers in time of stress from the fact that when in post they were regarded as something of "swells" in barracks.* There is another source of food supply that in all well-regulated garrisons on the frontier adds greatly to the comfort of the enlisted men. I allude to the post and company gardens. These are generally under the supervision of the post adjutant or the regimental commissary. They are located at some accessible point near the post, and each company commander details one man as company gardener, who is relieved from post guard duty while acting in that capacity. From the post fund seeds of all kinds that will mature in that locality are purchased, and in due season peas, beans, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, beets, cucumbers, cabbages, radishes, and melons are produced in abundance. Occasionally post gardens

* The troop of the late Major-General Henry W. Lawton, at that time a captain in the Fourth Cavalry, stationed at Fort Huachuca, Arizona Territory.

have an oversupply of fresh vegetables, which are sold and the proceeds added to the company fund. As a matter of course, when troops are on active campaign it may be under certain adverse circumstances simply impossible that the men should at all times receive the full ration, or even half rations, and there are times in the life of the soldier that he has to suffer hunger and sometimes thirst, which is far worse than hunger, and is compelled to march until he falls absolutely exhausted by the wayside, only to be forced to his feet as soon as a few moments' rest has partially recuperated his worn-out energies and he is again compelled to push forward until he once more falls, only to be again commanded, entreated, urged, cursed, and even driven forward with blows by his officers, who themselves, staggering with exhaustion, do not dare give way for an instant, as they know full well the terrible need of re-enforcements to a beleaguered outpost, a lonely ranchman, or on a raging battlefield, where the opportune arrival of even a single regiment may be the turning weight that gives courage to despair and wrings victory from defeat; for no matter how exhausted your regular may be when he reaches the battlefield, by all the manhood in him he is safe to fight desperately for the victory of his country's arms, and if need be die gloriously for the honour of her flag.

When in barracks on the frontier most, if not all, of the companies mess by themselves. Each company has a regularly enlisted cook, who, according to the size of the company, has from one to three assistants, who are detailed from the men of the company in turn every two weeks to help in cooking. This serves a good purpose, as in time it teaches all the men how to

cook, a very necessary thing on active service. Three meals are served each day—breakfast at 7 A. M., dinner at 12.30, and supper at 6 P. M. It is part of the duty of some one of the commissioned officers of each company to inspect the kitchen, the cooking, and the food of that company each day, and the adjutant or the commanding officer of the post is liable to drop into the kitchen of any or all the companies at any time. In fact, both of them do so frequently, and woe betide the cook whose kitchen, dining tables, tableware, and culinary utensils are not clean and neat and whose food is not well and palatably prepared. Tableware consisting of an ample allowance of neat white ironstone china is furnished each company when in barracks by the quartermaster's department. Each individual enlisted man is supplied with dinner and soup plates, a bowl, cup and saucer, drinking tumbler, and silver-plated knife and fork, tablespoons and teaspoons. The table furniture consists of meat platters, gravy boats, vegetable dishes, sugar bowls, water pitchers, pickle dishes, salt cellars, syrup jugs, pepper boxes, etc. In fact, the outfit furnished for the men's tables as well as the cooking utensils for kitchen service is not only sufficient, but most liberal. No other government in the world cares for the comfort and well-being of its enlisted men in the matter of an abundance of good food and neat table service as does our own. Meals are served in the company dining rooms on neat pine or deal tables, which are carefully scrubbed several times each week until they become of astonishing whiteness and look exquisitely clean and neat. The men sit down to them on benches placed at the side and generally a corporal occupies the head of each table. The

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senior noncommissioned officers ordinarily eat in the large dining room, but at a separate table, and not infrequently, at their individual expense, their own table is set out with tablecloth and napkins. There is not the slightest difficulty in an enlisted man in our army saving money from his pay if he is inclined to do so, and most of them also have a balance due them on their clothing allowance at the end of their term of service, and the fact that they can save something in this direction is a great incentive to neatness and good care of their clothing while in barracks or on the march. It also teaches them to mend and look out for any stitches that give way or buttons that come off and makes them just so much better and smarter looking soldiers.

There is one other advantage which the enlisted men of the army have, and that is, by an especial act of Congress, they are permitted to deposit their savings at the pay table with the pay department of the army, and a pass book is given them containing the individual receipt of each army paymaster with whom they deposit. This money can not be withdrawn until their term of enlistment expires and they are discharged from the army, and their deposit draws interest at the rate of four per cent per annum. It is the earnest desire of every troop, company, and battery commander in the army to have every man of his command a depositor with the pay department, for if he can once induce a man to open a deposit account, no matter how inefficient or how good he has heretofore been, he becomes a better soldier in the course of time. He spends less at the outside saloons or in the canteen, keeps out of mischief that a court-martial may not impose a fine, is careful of his clothes, and as he can not draw his de-

posit until his discharge is safe not to be a deserter. In the light of bettering his condition and getting a start in life a young, unmarried labouring man without a trade can hardly do so well in any other capacity. He can easily save ten dollars per month of his pay, and by decent economy as much as $25 or $30 on his clothing allowance during his term of three years' service. This would give him at the expiration of his first enlistment of three years the following: $10 per month for thirty-six months, $360; saving on clothing, say $25; interest on saving deposit with the Government, $21; travel pay and allowance on discharge, $25—say $415. During this time the soldier has had over $110 to spend on himself outside of what he has saved, which, considering the fact that he is clothed, housed, and fed at the expense of the Government, and if sick well cared for in the post hospital, with no loss of time or expense to himself for medical attendance, is, or should be, ample. Say that he enlisted at eighteen and leaves the service at twenty-one, he is the possessor of a capital of over $400—possibly, if he has been a good soldier and made a corporal, $450. He has been well set up physically. Has had, too, if he has so desired, the advantage of a fairly good school, has been taught to be neat in person, prompt and obedient in the execution of orders, courteous and respectful in demeanour, and careful and considerate of speech, and if he lives to be an old man will unconsciously bear himself in a quiet, dignified, and self-possessed way that will be of distinct advantage to the end of his life. If there is any other way in which the average young labouring man without a trade can surely do as well for himself in the same time the writer does not know of it.

CHAPTER VI.

FRONTIER FORTS, OLD AND NEW, AND THEIR SOLDIER OCCUPANTS.

STRETCHING far away until it meets the horizon at some distant point, or merges into blue hazy mountains at others, is a monotonously level plain sparsely covered with dingy grass and low bushy greasewood. On the bank of a stream, which is outlined by a line of trees or high bushes and set within a stockade, you can perceive a cluster of wooden houses inclosing a plot of ground, which on approaching and entering you will find to be as neatly kept as circumstances will permit.

It is an old-time average frontier fort, built by the labour of the troops. The officers' line of quarters is on one side of the parade ground, as the inclosed space is named. It consists of a row of small cottages containing from three to four rooms. On the opposite side are the enlisted men's barracks, several long, low, one-storied, solid-looking log buildings with porches in front, and behind them are the mess houses, similar in design, but smaller. In the centre of the parade ground a somewhat imposing structure is known as the post commander's house. On the third side is the neat little administration building contain-

ing the various administrative offices, flanked by warehouses in which are stored quartermaster and subsistence stores. On the fourth is the sombre-looking guardhouse, small but strong. On an open space between the guardhouse and the end of the officers' row an old field piece or two, rotting with rust and dust, point at the horizon.

A little distance off on the plateau, standing by itself, is the hospital; and likewise apart, in an unobtrusive manner, is the trader's or sutler's store, which, until the establishment of the canteen a few years ago, was the soldier's lounging place. Down under the bank near to the water's edge the cavalry and quartermaster's stables stand in a row, and not far from them are the wagon sheds and the various shops where the manual labour of the garrison is performed. Somewhere between the stream and the bluff is a group of two-roomed cabins, commonly eked out by tents. They are the quarters of the married enlisted men. In regions where hostile Indians are formidable the fort was generally partly or completely inclosed by a log stockade. In the North, army posts were usually built of logs, in the South of adobes, which are sun-dried bricks. From the head of a staff, rising straight and white from the parade, was a garrison flag proclaiming to all the presence of the soldier.

Picture the foregoing and you will have an idea, faint perhaps, of what the average old frontier fort was like forty or fifty years ago.

The soldier, it may be said, took possession of the West beyond the Missouri River when early in the nineteenth century he began to establish posts there for a permanent stay. Before then he had explored and

surveyed its vague wastes, with no ultimate intention, however, of making them his home; and had escorted caravans on their way to and from Mexico over the Santa Fé trail, thankful, no doubt, that he was only an escort, and prophesying, after the fashion of that day, that the land now teeming with varied industries would never boast a white population.

But the trend of advancing civilization was westward, and the mysterious region beyond the Rocky Mountains ever attracted the restless, and eventually the discovery of gold caused a stampede toward the setting sun. New conditions arose, Fort Leavenworth, on the bank of the Missouri, and the few other forts in the South and West were no longer equal to the demands upon them, and in the Northwest the thousands who were struggling along the Oregon trail had to be protected from both the Indian and the white marauder. For this purpose Congress decreed the establishment of a line of posts. Fort Kearney, at Grand Island, on the Platte River, about three hundred miles northwest of Fort Leavenworth, led the way in 1847. Fort Laramie, located in Wyoming and purchased from a fur company, was the second, a year later. Fort Bridger was soon selected as the third station on the route, and at the time of the Mormon expedition became an important point. Fort Hall, in Idaho, was the fourth, and the chain stretched across half a continent. In 1851, under the torrid sun of Arizona, Major Heintzelman built Fort Yuma on the site of the old Spanish mission on the Gila River, in order to protect gold seekers and emigrants from Mexico and the South from Indians. From these humble beginnings grew the great system of posts, hundreds in number by 1874,

which covered the West and took an important part in its settlement.

A military necessity for the soldier's presence at a certain point arose, and orders were issued for a post to be built. A command was marched out, say on to the wide plain far from every one else, and halted beside a stream. It had been told to "build a post," and a post was built. All the labour of constructing it was done by the command, and with the few supplies procurable wonders were accomplished. There was no time to wait for the slow processes of acts of Congress and appropriation bills. And so small frontier forts were created in this manner all over the West.

These posts were badly needed, and needed at once, for many purposes. There were settlements to be protected until they were able to take care of themselves, roads to be opened, and travellers to be guarded. Indians were to be held in check and compelled to remain on their reserves, and depots maintained at favourable points. So these stations were constructed by the soldiers on wind-swept plains, in lonely mountain passes, on desolate hillsides, in groves on the banks of swift-flowing rivers, and in sunny valleys at the foot of snow-clad mountain peaks.

For the time being, and until the necessity for their existence had passed away, they were the soldier's home. From them he went out to the labours and the dangers of the field; he brought his bride to them; his children were born in them; and often he was buried in the cemetery just outside of them. A thousand memories cluster about the oldest of these frontier forts, and the life there is looked back to by many a white-haired man on the retired list of the army "with

a feeling of sadness and longing that is hardly akin to pain." It was a life of many deprivations, but also of many simple pleasures, and it bred men who gave a good account of themselves on both sides when our great civil war came.

At the depots of military supplies and in the large posts on the railway lines of travel affairs were conducted as they generally are at all military stations. The routine went on day after day, and the only evidence of the frontier was the distance from the homes "back East." It was different in the posts on the Indian reservations, or at lonely points far out on the plains, or in the mountains beyond all the usual routes of travel and outside of the abodes of civilization. They were garrisoned by from one to four companies, usually by two companies, and life in them was one long season of watching and waiting. Either the hard hand of monotony weighed heavily or an ever present danger and the need of unceasing vigilance kept every sense alert.

The necessity that created many of them has ceased to exist. Old Fort Kearney, Fort Bridger, Fort Hall, and Fort Laramie of the West and South were abandoned years ago. Out of ninety-three army posts and cantonments that were occupied by the army along the Southwestern, the Northwestern, and California and Oregon frontier in 1868 but forty are garrisoned today, and some of these are only temporarily held by a sergeant's guard. Of the others, they are mostly ruins where towns do not flourish on their sites, and in some cases the ploughshare has obliterated every vestige of them. If they can yet be distinguished, one finds near at hand pathetic little graveyards with their rows of

mounds. The headboards marked with a name and the date and the cause of death, which once stood at the top of each grave, have gone the way of the crumbling bodies below. Perhaps a man whose heroic death, if known, would have made his memory famous, moulders here, and if one remembering him should seek his grave, it would be found unmarked, if found at all.

These cemeteries tell their own story. There was one at a post, long since abandoned, where the epitaph "Killed by Indians" was on all but three of over one hundred headboards.

The commandant of this post died one May morning, and the next afternoon his funeral *cortége* moved out across the bare prairie to the burying ground, five hundred yards from the stockade. Dark clouds pressed heavily on the black hills in front, relieved only now and again by a few sickly rays of sunlight, which served to heighten the darkness of the scene. The wind as it swept by carried with it the smoke from the grasslands to the west, fired by the "hostiles" a day or two before. Raindrops fell at intervals as the procession moved at common time. All the garrison except the post guard was there, mourning the dead officer. The open grave reached, the young adjutant read the burial service, and the coffin was lowered into the grave. But meanwhile sharp eyes kept a lookout to see that no surprise was sprung, and that the Indians did not avail themselves of the ravines and breaks in the river bank to creep up, deliver their fire, and get away before harm could reach them. Every rifle had its bullet, for signal smoke was curling up from the high butte at the rear, as well as the low hills in front. All the while dark specks could be seen moving about in the distance,

and occasionally a little white signal cloud would show against the gray sky. When the companies reformed to return the dark specks swiftly changed into objects, and after the little clouds appeared dull reports were heard. The specks were Indian scouts watching the whites and signalling to their friends. Before the stockade was reached a large body of warriors, in all the glory of battle array, rode out upon the plain from the river bottom and made as if they would attack the soldiers, who with the promptness of eager desire suddenly halted without orders to allow them to come on. They did not dare to venture within range, however, but contented themselves with hurling defiant signs at their enemies and riding away. The next morning at dawn the sentry on post nearest the graveyard saw what he thought were animals of some kind moving about the fence surrounding it, and called for the corporal of the guard to report the fact to him, but when the corporal came it was light enough to see that the animals were savages tearing down the pickets to get inside of the inclosure. In a few minutes a band of mounted men from the fort bore down upon them and scattered them before they had time to carry out their purpose, whatever it was. Thus did the living at times have to fight for the dead.

Of course there was a lighter side to the old frontier garrison life, in which alarms and funeral *cortéges* had no part. Soldiers the world over have faced life gaily. Theirs would be a dull lot indeed if they permitted its dangerous possibilities to lie upon it like a shadow. On the frontier they made the most of their opportunities, which, to be sure, were not great. There were dances, dinner and card parties, private theat-

ricals, and anything else that ingenuity could devise to banish tedium and relieve monotony. Social intercourse, on account of their isolation and peculiar experiences, was without formality; companionship begot friendship and affection. To have lived a season together in a frontier post weaves a bond that is never loosened. The heart did not dry up in the thin air of the plains. Help and sympathy were always ready when needed. Hospitality was a virtue that exercise never tired; it was practised in a way that gave to the wanderers from the haunts of civilization a new meaning to the word. The door was always open, whether it was an entrance to a house or a cabin, and once inside of it only the choicest it could produce was good enough for the unexpected guest.

Although a great deal of monotony existed in frontier life, yet at unexpected times in unexpected places there would occur an excitement that added zest to all undertakings, no matter how commonplace in the beginning, and it was the chief charm of an existence that will end before the coming century is fairly begun. As it is, not much of it remains except its legends. Oh, the tales those old abandoned forts could tell if they might only step forth from the past and take on shape and substance—tales of love, tales of war, tales of the hunt, of red men and of white men, tales of danger and of death, of peace and of life! They know them all. Romance, chivalry, and heroism once lived within the walls that are now shapeless mounds, above which the sunflowers bloom in riotous luxuriance.

To-day, however, the name fort as applied to the army stations still in existence on the frontier is distinctly a misnomer, which has obtained from co-

lonial days, and even much later, when our troops, just after the Revolution, were contending against the French and Spanish colonists, who with their Indian allies not only would not abandon the land we had wrested from the English, but sought to enlarge their boundaries at the expense of our territory, and we were compelled to fortify all border stations by erecting forts in the shape of blockhouses or stockades. In those days the forests were generally thick, as clearings and openings were rare, and a cantonment established in the timber that was likely to be occupied for any length of time would probably have been approached, crept up to, and most likely attacked under cover of the woods, through its dense undergrowth, before the soldiers stationed there were fully aware of the presence of the enemy.

Such conditions do not obtain, however, on the Western plains, and the civilian who for the first time visits a frontier fort is usually surprised at what he sees and apt to be somewhat disappointed in his expectations. Instead of bastioned walls, deep ditches, and grassy ramparts, from which frown deep-throated cannon, he sees before him, as he leisurely approaches, what at first sight appears to be a small village set well out in the plain or possibly at its edge near an outlying mountain generally embowered in shade trees, with a tall flagstaff in its centre, from which floats the flag of his country. As he reaches the spot he will probably encounter an armed sentry, quietly pacing up and down before an open-gated roadway, but who, if he is a reputable-looking person, says nothing and offers no objection to his entering the fenced inclosure. The roadway has on one side of it a planked sidewalk, and following this

he soon finds himself in the interior of the fort, or, strictly speaking, he is taking his first view of a frontier army post, for in most cases it has not the sign of a fortification in its vicinity. Looking around him, he realizes that he is within a well-fenced, large, and ordinarily level parallelogram. Before him stretches a neatly kept roadway which is edged by a board sidewalk, upon which he is standing. Fronting this road, but set well back from it and neatly fenced in from the road and from each other, is a long line of detached two-storied houses, each with a deep porch covering its front and with a flight of two or three steps leading up its centre to the front door. On the opposite side of the road from these houses, which are the officers' quarters, is the parade ground, a large, well-grassed, and generally splendidly kept greensward. About the middle of the line of officers' quarters and opposite the flagstaff, which is set back a hundred feet or thereabout within the parade ground, is a larger and rather more imposing house than the others, which to the initiated signifies that it is the residence of the commanding officer. At the foot of the flagstaff is a neat band stand, and a few yards away is ordinarily a twelve-pounder field piece, usually one of the old Napoleon brass guns, now out of date, but still available for use as a morning and evening gun, and as a general thing it is about the only piece of heavy ordnance at the average frontier post.

The officers' quarters all front the parade ground, and opposite them and at the other side of the garrison, also facing the parade ground and several hundred yards away, are the company barracks, usually two stories in height, about two hundred feet in length,

and with a wide porch covering the front, occupied by the enlisted men, which quarters are aligned and equidistant from each other upon a road that runs directly in front of them. Sometimes a small officelike building divides two of the barrack buildings about the centre of the line, which is known as the administration building or adjutant's office, and is the business office of the commanding officer, and not far distant is the solid-looking guardhouse. Ordinarily one end of the garrison is occupied by a large two-storied building surrounded by wide porches well fenced in, and in the midst of shade trees, which is the post hospital. Usually the side of the post that is toward the main travelled road, through which supplies are brought, is unguarded during the daytime, and the gate is always kept open.

Back of the barracks are the quartermaster's and commissary storehouses, the post bakery, and the blacksmith and wagon shops, and to the rear of them, generally along the bank of the stream that flows through the post, for most army posts are established on a stream of running water, are located the long piles of cord wood, the sheds, the cavalry stables, and the quartermaster's corral. While here and there in sheltered nooks back of, or on one side of, the barracks are small houses occupied as quarters by the married noncommissioned officers and privates of the regiment on duty at the post, a few of whom may generally be found in each company. For, notwithstanding the fact that married men are not desired as recruits, nevertheless enlisted men are permitted to marry now and then, and despite the fact that laundresses are not officially recognised by army regulations and are no

longer carried on the strength of the company nor entitled to rations, nevertheless they do exist, and in a semiofficial way, in a certain sense, are recognised as acceptable adjuncts to a garrison in post, and are of no little service outside of the strict letter of the law, for these women actually are the laundresses for the troops, do the men's laundry work neatly, and at most reasonable rates, are most dependable in cases of epidemic sickness, and almost without exception are kind-hearted, honest, upright, and most thoroughly reputable and respectable women in all the relations of life.

The parade ground as well as the fences, officers' quarters, men's barracks, storehouses, stables, quartermaster's shops, and outlying buildings, and all the roads and paths are as neat as it is possible to make them. As a usual thing, the officers' quarters and barracks are painted white, and the windows of the officers' quarters shaded by green blinds, and all the fences, sheds, shops, and stables are neatly whitewashed. Nothing more thoroughly exemplifies the old saying "a place for everything and everything in its place" than an army post, and the one thing that more than any other idea first impresses a visiting civilian is the exquisite neatness that prevails everywhere. If the post is one of a few years' standing, it is safe to say that the dooryards and porches of the officers' quarters, and frequently the barracks of the enlisted men, will be embowered in vines and flowers. It is a rare exception when the wives of military men at frontier posts are not fond of trees and flowers, and do not spend a few moments each day during the summer season in personally caring for them, with the result that garrisons frequently present a very homelike and restful appearance.

While in former years some of the old barracks at posts on the frontier were too small, poorly constructed, illy ventilated, frequently overcrowded, generally cold in winter, hot in summer, and despite all possible attempts at cleanliness the inmates at times were "badly bug bitten and bedevilled," to-day, in almost every fairly modern frontier station now occupied by our troops, especially in all recently built army posts, the barracks are models in their way, and every possible attention has been paid to comfort, health, and sanitation in their construction. Each man is provided with a neat iron bedstead, a good mattress, pillow, sheets, pillow cases, and blankets, a bag for soiled linen, a neat box for his clothes, and has a reasonable amount of space in which to dress, as well as hundreds of cubic feet of air space in which to breathe, and each dormitory is provided with neat and comfortable chairs, and is well lighted, heated, and properly ventilated. The wash rooms are generally furnished with running water in abundance and with plenty of neat tin basins and an abundance of soap. Each man has his own towels, and, if practicable, there are in each set of barracks one or more bathrooms, so that there is no reasonable excuse for any man not being thoroughly clean, and to his credit, be it said, the American soldier is almost invariably neat and clean in person both inside and out. In fact, he could not long remain otherwise, for inspection in our army means not only clean arms, equipment, and uniform, but underclothing, socks, and skin as well, so that if a man should succeed in passing muster with the sergeant of his squad, and the first sergeant as well (which, by the bye, in ordinary times would be almost an impossibility), the weekly company inspection by the

company commander would bring him up with a round turn, and if unclean in person or underclothing he would be apt to come to grief very quickly.

As a general thing, our new barracks are of two stories, the upper room being the dormitory, while the first story is used for noncommissioned officers' rooms, the company library or reading room, and the company dining room, as well as the kitchen, pantry, etc. Let us imagine ourselves looking in at one of the ordinary frontier posts, say in the far West or in the far Southwest. It is generally made up of infantry and cavalry, artillery service on the frontier being rare. So, if you please, we will take the headquarters of some cavalry regiment, with say eight troops of cavalry, the regimental band, and four companies of infantry as the garrison, which will very fairly represent some one of our best frontier posts during the past ten or fifteen years.

Now the routine duties of a military post go far toward the making of a good soldier, and as a matter of fact they are much more arduous and wearing than the casual observer who strolls into garrison and idly watches the evening dress parade is apt to consider them. That the music is good, the whole command exquisitely neat and smart in appearance, the manual of arms delivered with snap, energy, and clocklike precision, the company wheelings the very perfection of steadiness and almost automatically correct, and the march past executed in perfect time and step, with correct company distance and splendid alignment, is, where the United States regulars are concerned, always expected as a matter of course, and yet there are only three other nations in the world who begin to do the

thing approximately well. As a matter of fact, all this is in the day's work, but it takes a good average day's work to lead up to it, therefore suppose we search out what an average day's work at a frontier post consists in. It begins at 4.30 A. M., when the sergeant of the guard wakes up the cooks and kitchen police at the various sets of barracks along the men's line. At 5.45 A. M. the first call for the trumpeters is sounded by the orderly trumpeter, who is detailed each succeeding day from among the regimental trumpeters, and is for this tour of duty especially under the instruction of the post adjutant and the officer of the day.

At 6 A. M. the first call for reveille by all the trumpeters takes place, and is followed by reveille at 6.10 A. M., at the first note of which the garrison flag is raised and flung to the breeze by the sergeant of the guard. The trumpeters are usually formed at the foot of the flagstaff on this occasion, and the post adjutant stands near them to receive the company reports after roll call. As the last notes of reveille die away all of the enlisted men of the post not on guard duty or especially excused may be seen standing in two lines faced to the right in front of the middle of each set of their respective barracks. While all the post guard not on duty at this time is drawn up in the same manner in front of the guardhouse, together with all the prisoners confined in the guardhouse who are under the immediate charge of one of the sergeants of the guard, the first sergeant of each company first fronts, then dresses the line, and proceeds to call the roll. At its conclusion he turns, faces the commissioned officer who is attending the roll call, salutes, and makes his report that the company is present or accounted for, or, if oth-

erwise, as the case may be. The officer acknowledges this salute, and the sergeant then turns again and faces the company to the right and dismisses it to barracks. The officer in turn now proceeds toward the post adjutant, halts at a proper distance, salutes, and reports. On the acknowledgment of his report he goes back to his quarters.

The post adjutant may or may not make a report to the commanding officer at this time, according to the instructions he may have received, but, generally speaking, unless something unusual has occurred during the night, he does not do so, but goes back to his quarters. Mess call (breakfast) is sounded at 6.30, the intervening time between reveille and mess call being devoted by the enlisted men to scrubbing themselves, shaking out and folding up their bedding, and tidying up their barracks.

After breakfast, at 7.10, comes stable call, and the men of the cavalry go to stables, clean them up, give the horses a slight dusting only, and take them to water —the stable guard having already fed them immediately at the first note of reveille.

If there is to be mounted drill during the morning the horses are taken back to the stables; otherwise, they are sent out under a mounted guard to graze at some selected spot within the reservation and within trumpet call from post headquarters. A few years since at each one of the cavalry stables (if the post was in an Indian country) could be seen tied near each stable door two or three horses saddled and bridled with a loaded carbine in the carbine socket of each saddle, so that if a sneaking war party of Sioux or Cheyenne should attempt to cut out the herd the stable guard could mount

and dash on a dead run to the herder's assistance at the first warning note of some one of the company buglers, who was always detailed as a member of the herd guard for this especial purpose.

At 7.30 sick call is sounded, and all men who are ailing in any one of the companies are sent by order of the first sergeant of each company to the post hospital under charge of one of its noncommissioned officers.

Here they are examined by the surgeon and treated according to the degree of their ailments.

If the symptoms are serious, the men are placed in hospital; if otherwise, they are given medicine, sent back to their quarters, and excused from guard duty, or if there is only a very slight trouble that will easily yield to treatment they are given the necessary medicine and ordered to report to the first sergeant for light duty. Of course now and then some inefficient soldier is a malingerer, but the army surgeons soon detect such cases, and an unusually bitter dose of medicine, taken on the spot in the presence of the surgeon, together with a sharp order to report at once for duty, usually prevents a recurrence of the experiment by the outwitted shirk.

Fatigue call is at 7.30, and the men detailed from each company for fatigue—that is, cleaning up the post, including the parade ground, roads, sidewalks, rear of quarters and barracks, etc.—assemble at the guardhouse, and then, together with the prisoners, all under charge of two good noncommissioned officers, proceed to put the post in order for the day. They usually have a couple of carts or an army wagon in which to place the *débris*, and policing—as sweeping and cleaning up the post is called in army parlance—

is looked upon as one of the most undesirable duties a soldier has to perform, but all the same it has to be done, and well done, too, unless the detail wishes to fall foul of the post adjutant or the officer of the day. A dirty post is not tolerated in the United States army. *À propos* of which, the writer heard an amusing story of a well-known captain of the Fifth United States Infantry who has since joined the silent majority. He was present, together with other visitors, at a Sunday morning inspection of a certain crack regiment in one of the well-known cities of Continental Europe. After the troops had been passed in review the visitors were invited to inspect the barracks, and especially the kitchens. A number of American ladies were of the party, to whom the captain had just been presented. It was, naturally enough, a new and unusual sight to the ladies, and they were very enthusiastic. One of them turned to the captain, saying: "O Captain Blank, what neatness everywhere! Why can not our soldiers keep their barracks and kitchens like this?" "Like this!" was the startled answer. "I should hope not. Have you ever been at a Sunday morning inspection at one of our posts?" "Why, no," was the hesitating reply; "I have never even seen an army post in our own country. Do we do as well?" "Madam," replied the straightforward and half-indignant captain, "the regiment to which I have the honour to belong is serving on the far Western frontier. Should I find my barracks and kitchen and kitchen utensils in as dirty a condition as these are, on *any* Sunday morning inspection, my first sergeant would be disrated and my cook and the kitchen police sent to the guardhouse."

At eight o'clock the first call for guard mounting is sounded. The details from the various companies, always made on the preceding day, are formed in front of their respective barracks and carefully inspected by the first sergeant of the company as well as the senior noncommissioned officer of the same company who happens to be on the detail. At 8.10 comes the second call, and the details are marched to the place of assembly by the first sergeant of each company, where, under the direction of the adjutant, each detail is formed on the left of the one that preceded it. When all the guard has reported, the sergeant major dresses the ranks, verifies the details, has the guard count fours, divides it into platoons, and reports the detail as correct to the adjutant, and then takes his proper post. And now begins the routine work of the new day, for guard mounting is practically the most important of all the average daily regimental details, and under a good and militarily smart adjutant it is a matter of close inspection and much ceremony, so while the regimental band plays he proceeds to inspect the guard.

And what an inspection it is!

Every gun is taken in hand and carefully examined, both inside and out, every screw is looked to, every breech block opened and closed, and a sharp eye kept for the slightest particle of dust that may have found its way to any part of the weapon inside or out, and as a final test the adjutant passes his white glove up and down the outside of the barrel and along the butt, and then pokes one finger of it into the muzzle, glances carefully over the glove, and if it is still of immaculate whiteness he returns the gun without comment and

passes to the next soldier. When the arms are inspected, he goes carefully up and down the line inspecting the accoutrements, ammunition, and clothing. Every piece of brass must be neatly polished, every belt buckle and strap as clean as possible, every shoe well blacked, and all clothing clean and carefully brushed. Having satisfied himself as to the general condition of his guard, he glances over it again to pick out the neatest and smartest soldier for the commanding officer's orderly for the day. On more than one occasion this duty is something of a puzzle to a conscientious adjutant, for there are generally in each company, troop, or battery serving at the same post one or two men whose ambition it is to always take orderly, and the exquisite appearance and soldierly bearing of these privates is something astonishing. The perfect fit of their uniform, the absolute cleanliness of their clothing and person, their neatly brushed shoes, clean shaven faces, closely cut hair, polished buckles and belt plates, and perfectly immaculate arms and equipments make them living models for the new recruits.

Sometimes the adjutant can not easily decide between them, and he has to tell two or three, or sometimes even four men, if he is mounting a very large guard, to fall out. He then forms them in squad, and is perhaps able to designate the most perfect by close individual comparison, but occasionally there will be two or more where there is no perceptible choice. So the adjutant steps back and gives the command: Attention! Shoulder arms! and then begins a drill at the manual of arms well worth seeing, for each man is sure to be a splendidly drilled soldier and does his very best. In two or three minutes, however, some one of the men

is either slightly too slow, or too quick, or deflects his piece, or commits (to an outsider) some almost imperceptible error, and is told to drop out, and generally the decision is soon reached, but there have been occasions of this sort when the contest was decided by drawing lots, it being impossible for the adjutant to satisfactorily decide between two of his guard. The advantage of being the orderly for the commanding officer consists in the fact that the soldier so selected is for the day the messenger for the commanding officer, does not stand guard, and thereby gets an unbroken night's rest, nor does he have to sleep at the guardhouse with the rest of the guard, but occupies his own bed in barracks, and furthermore the fact that he is so selected gives him a certain prestige as an intelligent, neat, natty, and well-drilled soldier, and, what is better than all, if he wishes a pass and a day's leave on the next day he is almost certain to get it. Having duly selected the commanding officer's orderly and finished his inspection, and the noncommissioned officers having taken their proper post, and the old and new officers of the day assumed their places in front, the adjutant puts his guard at parade rest and orders the music to beat off. The band marches down the line to the left, back to the right, and assumes its position on the right of the line. The adjutant then brings the guard to a carry arms, forms it in close order, orders it to present arms, and then turns and salutes the new officer of the day with the hackneyed but ever military words, "Sir, the guard is formed."

With great punctiliousness the officer of the day most dignifiedly acknowledges the salute and either orders the adjutant to march the guard in review, al-

ways saluting it as it passes, or else, in case of inclement weather, orders it marched directly to its post. What it is that makes guard mount so absolutely fascinating to both the oldest officer and soldier as well as to the raw recruit of soldierly instincts it is hard to say, but that it is so, the frequent attendance of both officers and enlisted men in ordinary times when nothing but routine work is going on in garrison fully confirms.

Presuming that my reader is a civilian, we will follow the new guard for a few moments and see what becomes of it.

Its post is the guardhouse, where all the old guard who are not on post (the guard mounted on the preceding day) is already formed, together with all the prisoners who are confined in the guardhouse, who are formed on the left of the old guard. As the new guard passes in front of the old guard the officers salute.

The new guard now forms on the right of the old guard, and on being aligned on it both guards present arms. The old and new officers of the day having duly saluted each other, the old officer of the day delivers the standing orders of the post and both officers proceed to post headquarters, where, on reporting to the commanding officer of the post, the old officer is relieved and the new officer of the day given any instructions other than routine orders that may be necessary. In the meantime the two senior noncommissioned officers of both the old and new guard have called the roll of the prisoners, verified their presence, and receipted in the guard book for both them and all implements, such as shovels, rakes, brooms, and whatever it is necessary for the prisoners to use in policing (or cleaning) the post. The first detail of the new guard

now relieves the last detail of the old, and the old guard is dismissed and marched to barracks.

Guard duty is always hard, inasmuch as it breaks the hours of rest. Army surgeons have given it as their opinion that the principal reason why an enlisted man of thirty or forty years' service is as a general thing more of a broken man than an officer of the same length of service arises from the fact that the officer does not, save on comparatively rare occasions, have his rest broken anywhere near as often as the average enlisted man. Still guard duty is one of the most important things either an officer or enlisted man has to learn, and the keenly trained acuteness of an enlisted man on guard has more than once prevented a surprise and saved a post or detachment, both in civilized and savage warfare.

Guard mounting over, the adjutant proceeds to the administration building, which is the office of the commanding officer as well as his own. If the day's mail has arrived he finds the commanding officer already through with his own official mail and awaiting the adjutant's arrival, that the adjutant may open that portion of the regimental mail addressed to him as adjutant. These letters are carefully scanned, and if there is anything outside of the usual routine matters he takes the colonel's orders thereon. The regimental records for the preceding day are brought in by the sergeant major, and all official letters, which have been carefully copied in the letter book, are signed by the colonel or the adjutant, as the case may be. The daily morning report is gone over carefully by both the colonel and the adjutant. All necessary orders are issued, letters written, and details made.

The countersign (or password) for the next day is selected, and most likely the regimental quartermaster and commissary are both sent for and given orders, or perhaps taken into consultation.

Then comes adjutant's call, and all the first sergeants of the various companies report to the sergeant major for the next day's details. If there is no regimental drill the colonel will quietly walk around the post, with an eye to everything going, and then go to his quarters; otherwise he will mount his horse and attend drill.

In the meantime the adjutant has to look over and examine reports of all kinds—boards of survey, garrison court-martial records, inspection reports, regimental and company rosters; inspect the regimental band; and dispose of many other items in the day's work.

From 5.30 A. M. to 11 P. M. the post bugler is kept on the alert, and perhaps the quickest way to show the routine work of a large post would be to copy the list of service call of one at which the writer formerly served. Here it is:

Bugler to awaken cooks at 5 A. M. First call for reveille, 5.45. Reveille, 5.55. Assembly, 6. Mess call (breakfast), 6.15. Stable call, 7. Sick call, 7.05. Fatigue call, 8. Drill call (boots and saddles), 8.05. Assembly, 8.10. Recall from fatigue, 11.45. First sergeant call, 11.50. Mess call (dinner), 12 M. Fatigue call, 1 P. M. Drill call, 2. Recall from drill, 3. Recall from fatigue, 4.30. Stable call, 4.40. Assembly, 5.25. Dress parade, 5.40. Mess call (supper), 6.30. Tattoo, 9. Call to quarters, 10.40. Taps, 11.

Dress parade ends the working day, and looking back at the service on the frontier, it was, during the

summer months, a pretty sight. The vine-covered porches of the officers' quarters would be bright with the gay dresses of the officers' wives and daughters, and frequently the board sidewalk opposite the flagstaff would be lined with visitors watching the parade, and on the conclusion of the ceremony the young children would come running and shouting to meet their respective fathers and carry them into dinner, and so sometimes with a youngster mounted on each shoulder a good-natured, laughing, and happy father, in his full-dress uniform, would stroll up the board sidewalk to his quarters and his dinner.

It must not be supposed that the list of calls was always the same. On certain days, Saturday especially, part of the day was devoted to thoroughly policing the post by nearly the whole command, and the afternoon set aside for the men to put themselves in shape for the regular Sunday morning inspection; but Sunday inspection has now been superseded by a Saturday inspection, and on Sunday the least possible amount of military work is done.

During certain months a great deal of time is devoted to target practice, and both officers and men spend hours a day at the rifle range, with the result that our army contains the best rifle shots to be found anywhere, and its average is far and away beyond that of the troops of any other army in the world.

The spirit of cohesion is always strong in companies and troops, and the members of one seldom seek associates outside of it. Two regiments in the same command are often comparative strangers to each other, the cavalry going its way, the infantry its way. Not because there are unkindly feelings between them, but

because each is sufficient to itself. With the members of his own company or troop the enlisted man plays his games of cards in its quarters or skylarks on its parade.

The barrack room, in which the men are quartered, is their most important room; the others, such as the orderly room, the storeroom, and the library, are merely adjuncts to it. Room orderlies keep it as clean as a Dutch housewife's kitchen, and highly polished lamps suspended from ceiling or rafter shed a cheerful light at night. This room, then, becomes the centre of the soldier's life in garrison. Here he is seen at his ease, free from official oversight, with his belts off, so to speak. However, the glance of authority still reaches him, for in the barrack room he is always under some sergeant's eye; hence his standing with his company commander depends to a certain extent upon his good conduct there. His aptitude for special kinds of duty is determined there; also his qualifications for promotion other than his efficiency on drill, on guard, etc. The "youngster" learns many things in and about a barrack room which are not in the drill book or the regulations, but which go to make him the resolute, resourceful soldier he in time becomes. He listens to simple tales of sacrifice or heroism told without vaunting, which arouse in him a spirit of emulation and desire. He sees a ready acceptance and a cheerful execution of all duties, no matter how hard or disagreeable, and he is taught thereby to do likewise when his turn comes. Conversation takes a wide range on the barrack porch or around the stove inside, and the neophyte hears and sees a good many things that he would be better without knowing. However, that lowering dis-

content with existing conditions which tells of ill treatment, neglect, and injustice, and which leads to revolt and mutiny, so prevalent in other countries, is never heard there. There is never the slightest fear about the way the United States soldier will act upon any given occasion. When he is despatched on duty others are not sent after him to shoot him down if he falters, nor is he ever truckled to in times of disorder, and he has never been called upon to bring his guns to bear upon his comrades. The barrack is the barometer of the post. When all goes well it is gay and lively, jests fly to and fro to the sound of laughter, the company wit sends his shafts in all directions, while his practical jokes and antics keep the room in a roar. But when quiet reigns there and the men pass each other without remark, when there are no games to the fore and the wit is sarcastic, then there is something amiss; either duty is hard, fatigue onerous, or rations are scant, and discontent is abroad.

Sometimes, in uneventful days, the monotony of barrack life slowly breeds discontent, no matter how comfortably housed nor how well fed the troops may be. If the summer practice marches are not near at hand a shrewd commanding officer will find some field duty for all the men who can be safely spared from garrison. He will make details of companies or smaller detachments that will take them many miles away. If practicable, over rough mountains, by unused trails, or along unexplored mountain streams. The result is that in two or three weeks the men return to the post bronzed by the sun, covered with dust, and as hard as nails, perfectly content and glad to get back to the comforts of barrack life once more.

Deserters from the army at frontier posts are not uncommon, but they are generally men who have enlisted with the deliberate intention of deserting as soon as they reached that portion of the West or South or the Pacific coast that they were unable to pay their way to. They take the chances as to arrest, and enlist under an assumed name, giving a false residence, nativity, and age. Of late years, however, the recruiting officers are particularly careful whom they enlist, and generally refuse men who can not show a good record as a citizen, and as a result the yearly average of desertions in the army is rapidly decreasing.

Hunting at frontier posts is very popular, and it is encouraged on account of the knowledge of the country gained by the men and the experience in taking care of themselves which it gives. Parties are formed, a wagon and mules are furnished by the quartermaster, and away they go afield or into the mountains for a week, a fortnight, and sometimes a month. The hunters rarely return without game, which is distributed to the entire command as widely as the amount brought in will permit, and it is always a welcome change in a rather monotonous diet.

Athletic games of all sorts are frequently indulged in by the enlisted men, and always encouraged to the utmost by all of the officers. Nearly every company or troop in the army has its boxing gloves, baseball club, ropes for the tug of war, sets of parallel bars, and a good shotgun or two for those who wish to go bird shooting. If located in the vicinity of trout streams, the first sergeant's room generally contains an ample supply of fishing tackle that belongs to the company

for the use of such members of it as may be disciples of quaint old Izaak Walton.

Life passed smoothly and quietly enough in times of order at all the many stations on the frontier, whether under the burning sun of Arizona one day or amid the arctic cold of Dakota the next. It did not matter much what went on outside, for inside life was always the same. Whether danger lurked just beyond the sally port or Peace was monarch of all the routine was strictly kept up, and it is important to appreciate it, as it formed a large part of the soldier's existence. It was not all campaigning and field work, the ever present risk and the wild clash of arms, although there was plenty of that, too, but it was in these posts in quiet seasons that the Western soldier was formed—a strong, brave man of many resources and vast endurance, loyal to his country and his officers, willing to follow not only where they led, but to stay with them to the end, no matter how hopeless the end looked.

The veteran of "the old army" was always the library's steadiest patron. He was often found there, or else stretched at full length on his bunk, intent upon a book relating to that part of the civil war in which he was an actor. Regardless of the noise and movement all around him, he lived over again that glorious time, one year of which to him was worth a lifetime of this period of peace. If one listened to these old fellows talking to the youngsters, or questioned them, he found that they had a knowledge of that great conflict wide enough and minute enough to humble many a one who plumed himself upon his information. They had not lived beyond it and were completely enveloped in its memories.

They are mostly gone now, more's the pity. There were one or two in almost every troop and company a few years ago, sturdy old fellows wearing four to six service chevrons on their arms. They had taken life as it came: Mexico, the plains, the war between the States, and then the plains again. They had looked on them all and were proud of themselves and their records, as they had a right to be.

"*How* long have you been a noncommissioned officer?" a lieutenant of two-and-twenty demanded reprovingly of his sergeant of the guard, whom he thought needed a little instruction in his duties.

"Twenty-four years the 17th of last month, sir," was the answer.

Stiff and artificial in their movements, faithful in the highest degree, wedded to old times and old things, contemptuous and distrustful of innovations, these old fellows were disdainful of the young men, who were always taking "rises" out of them and the methods they were taught. It is even to be feared they were inclined to look down on the alert young gentlemen whose first commissions needed the salt of usage. They were well cared for and looked out for by their officers, who liked and respected them. On account of their records they had special rights and privileges which they understood perfectly were no more than their due, and, if the undiluted truth must be told, they occasionally presumed upon them.

It was a fine sight to see one of these old men on muster or monthly inspection. Erect and soldierly, with his red face glistening, his white hair cut close, his arms and accoutrements shining, not a wrinkle in his neat-fitting uniform, nor a speck of dust about him,

his corps badge, and it may be a medal, on his breast, he stood in the ranks among the others like an oak tree in a grove of cottonwood saplings. Then the gray-haired colonel with whom he had served in "the long ago," and whom as a general he had followed into more than one "close corner" during the great war, would come down the line and stop in front of him.

"Well, Blank, how are you getting along?" asks the colonel.

Blank's hand in salute slaps against his rifle sharply enough to make the bands rattle, while his chin rises two inches.

"Fairly well, sir," he answers.

"They use you pretty well, do they?"

"I can't complain. The hash, mornings, has got a sight 'more potatoes than meat in it.'" The honour of the cloth forbids an unqualified approval of treatment.

"Well this is different from Camp Floyd in '57, isn't it?" the colonel continues.

"Yes, sir. There *was* soldiering in those days."

Sometimes it was the general in whose corps he had served, now a department commander, who caught sight of the badge as he went along the line and stopped to question him. In either case the old fellow's eye would brighten, his chest swell out, and a poker would be limp compared with him, and his contempt for those not so honoured would become painfully intense, and apt to be expressed, sad to say, more or less incoherently toward nightfall.

The soldier in the West, even in the fifties, was not entirely beyond the influences of the fairer sex. The group of laundresses' cabins were known as "Soapsuds

Row," in delicate allusion to the vocation of the wives of the married men, three or four in each company, who occupied them. These laundresses and the women servants of the officers' families, when there were such, furnished the female element in the enlisted bachelors' social circle. They were good, honest, industrious wives, usually well on in years, minutely familiar with their rights (for in those days they were practically on the muster roll of the company), which they dared to maintain with acrimonious volubility, as became the martially inclined, and they were ever ready for a fight, yet they were kind at heart if rough in manner, always ready to assist in times of distress. Often and often the officers' wives would have found a hard life harder if they had not been at hand, and they were ever ready with a help that can not be paid for with money. More than one army officer whose birthplace was some remote frontier fort was taken care of in life's earliest hour by a good-hearted old soul who at other times was something of a thorn in the father's side.

They had children of their own, plenty of them, and it was no rare sight to see the mother doing her share of the company washing, with a big soldier contentedly taking care of the children, sitting by the kitchen stove, or helping to hang out the clothes. When there happened to be a well-favoured young woman in the family, what a belle she was, and how the offers of marriage rained on her, from the self-conscious dandy sergeant major down to a cook's police, and how she commonly selected the worthless but showy fellow! The laundresses and women servants were the honoured guests at the dances, theatricals, and other entertainments given by the men, and the former responded

with merrymaking in their own quarters, where the space was small but the enjoyment huge. The women servants attended these affairs with a lover apiece, for let it be known that no woman, old or young, beautiful or homely, has ever yet entered a garrison without having a wooer at her feet if her stay was reasonably long.

The enlisted man of the United States army, whether he be white or black, is not one bit of a boy, as the good people at home are wont to designate the volunteer, but, on the contrary, he is a very level-headed manly man. From the moment he joins his regiment as a new recruit he is taught that he is a man, and a man's full duty as a soldier is expected of him, and nothing less will be tolerated. No matter what his individual ideas may have been prior to enlisting in the army, two years' service generally renders him a strong, well-trained, self-reliant, vigorous, virile man. He may not be, and frequently is not, in a general sense a well-educated man, nay, more, occasionally he is not even intellectually strong, but when a crisis arises the careful training he has received, together with the ideas he has almost unconsciously imbibed in his daily life of routine garrison duty, will surely enable him to do his whole duty on the field of battle even under the most desperate circumstances. As he increases in years and in length of service he is apt to become quiet and reserved in manner, though not at all taciturn, and is almost invariably pleasant in his intercourse with all his fellow-soldiers, but while he says very little at any time, he usually exhibits a broad tolerance for the high spirits of the younger men, and especially for the new recruits. His bearing is courteous and his manners good, and he is apt to be a bit shy, but he can be

safely depended upon to do his best under all circumstances and at all times. It was a source of no little satisfaction to his officers to know that the sisters of charity and the gentlewomen hospital nurses in the late Spanish war, without exception, pronounced the regular soldiers to be the least troublesome and the most considerate and polite of all the wounded and sick soldiers whom they had to wait upon and nurse. His manners have certainly undergone one admirable change. I allude to the old custom or habit of swearing. Now swearing was a common enough thing in the army of thirty-five years ago, but to-day it is as rare among regular soldiers as it used to be common, and so also of drinking alcoholic liquors to excess, especially on pay day. Both of these former habits of the army have steadily become less in each succeeding year since 1870, so that the enlisted men who swear or habitually drink alcoholic liquors form only a very small percentage of our regular regiments. The disuse of liquor among enlisted men was greatly accelerated by the steady development of rifle practice in the army. After the system was thoroughly organized it became the ambition of many of the older men to become marksmen or sharpshooters. This they soon realized that they could not do if they continued to habitually use strong liquors, and so most of the remaining whisky drinkers in the army gradually abandoned the habit, so that our target practice not only gave us the best shots of any army in the world, but it helped to reform most of the few habitual hard drinkers then remaining in our service.

The post canteen of to-day, which seems to have so much excited the ire of some of the most uncompro-

mising of the advocates of teetotalism, is an outgrowth of the experience of the English army in India. All men need an outlet in the way of comradeship and society, and if they can not get it in a good and legitimate way, they will seek it in a bad and illegitimate direction. Some place must be had for social intercourse, and some enjoyment must be obtainable in the way of a slight stimulant to good fellowship. This the post canteen affords the enlisted man, and it is so regulated and looked after that it offers the maximum of simple and legitimate enjoyment at the minimum of cost, and is entirely debarred from everything that in any way tends to degrade or lower the status of a good, respectable man. It is, in fact, the enlisted man's club, and out of it he gets, in the opinion of the writer, nothing but good. The principle upon which it is established is very simple, and is this:

An officer of the post where one is to be established is detailed to take charge of it beside and in addition to his other duties. A vacant building at the post as suitable as may be that happens to be unoccupied at the time and can be spared is turned over to him for this purpose. The post commander authorizes him, under Article XXXIX of Army Regulations in regard to Post Exchanges, to sell beer and light wines to the enlisted men to the exclusion of any outsiders now that post traders or sutlers are no longer recognised by law. He has the building put in order, at no cost to the Government, by the enlisted men, purchases entirely on credit from the leading brewers all the beer he requires, procures in the same way beer glasses (always the largest to be found in the market), and hires a bartender, who is always a civilian, and opens the canteen.

The men are each given credit (so many tickets at five cents each) to the amount of one dollar a week—no more—during the month. At the first monthly payment thereafter this amount is collected from the men at the pay table. This is the beginning. In six or eight months the canteen possesses what is practically a good store, well stocked with the kind of goods that the men may desire to buy—a billiard table, a restaurant, and any other thing that the men may desire, such as checkerboards, dominoes, chess, and card tables (the men are not allowed to play for money or stakes of any sort). They are now the possessors of a neat, roomy, and pleasant place where they can get a good glass of beer at low cost, a good pipe, good tobacco, all kinds of mineral waters, soda water, and good and substantial lunches at about half the price ordinarily charged at saloons and eating houses. In order to test this the writer recently inspected, by permission of the post commander, the post canteen at Fort Myer, Virginia. Four troops of the Third United States Cavalry garrison the post. Within a year the post canteen was started without a dollar of capital in just the manner above described. It now consists of an officers' room, a large room for the enlisted men, a large half-inclosed veranda, a perfectly appointed bar, a large restaurant, where one can obtain anything furnished by any ordinary restaurant, a well-stocked store well patronized by both officers as well as the enlisted men, and is in independent circumstances, having paid its way from the start. In May its sales were from beer $1,226.05, from the restaurant $1,185.60, from the store $812.96, making a total of $3,224.61. It employs seven civilians, whose pay roll amounts to $266.57 monthly. The net

profit for the month of May, which is divided between the post fund and the company fund of the four troops of cavalry, was $645.89. "How much wine do you sell?" was asked of the head clerk, who, by the bye, holds a certificate of the civil-service examining board. "Practically none," was the reply; "a little light wine to the officers for an extra occasion, when they are entertaining guests." "Do you have any drunken men at the post?" "I have only seen one man under the influence of liquor in the last three months." As the writer passed through the rooms, out of say ten or more men who were quietly sitting and chatting at the tables, three were drinking beer and the others were being served from the restaurant. The fact is that the post canteen is the old-time sutler's store, shorn of all its bad features, with the profits going to better the condition of the enlisted man by giving him certain luxuries at his table and helping pay for good reading matter in the company library, instead of going to swell the private fortune of perhaps some unscrupulous post trader, whose only interest was to sell poor whisky and inferior goods at high prices. The writer does not wish to convey the idea that all post traders and sutlers of old were bad men. In fact, some of them were very fine men and most honourable traders; but others were not.

Just here the writer proposes to digress for a few moments to say a kindly word of warning to the advocates of temperance, or rather teetotalism, who are once again, with the best intentions in the world, seeking, unconsciously to themselves, a second time to inflict a great injury upon the enlisted men of the army, especially those upon the frontier, and to again demor-

alize it more than any one but an officer of practical experience can tell them.

During the administration of President Hayes, owing to the persistent efforts of the teetotal party, an order was issued by the War Department forbidding the sale of alcoholic liquors at the sutler's or trader's store at all army posts. It was promptly complied with, as a matter of course, and the post trader had to, and in all instances did, confine himself to the sale of malt liquors. Now, as a general thing, for the last twenty years beer has been what the average private in the army preferred to drink when he could get it, and it is by all odds his favourite drink to-day, as it is that of the privates in the English, Prussian, Austrian, and Bavarian armies. Therefore, the order mentioned was thought by many of the army officers to be a good one, and met their hearty approval for the first few months after it went into operation, but long before the first year had passed they had to meet a new condition of things arising out of the enforcement of the said order that put a few unlooked-for gray hairs in the head of more than one conscientious frontier post commander.

Now, as I have heretofore written, the enlisted man of the United States army is, as a class, the most thoroughly law-abiding of all the men of any profession in the whole country, and there is little trouble in enforcing any lawful military order issued by the War Department. Still he is anything but a fool, and in this case ninety per cent of the men promptly set this order down as neither military nor, in their opinion, lawful.

In the first place, the soldier is not a child nor an insane person; consequently there was no good reason

why he should be placed in that category. Old soldiers could remember when whisky was a part of the Government ration. Of course, if the authorities saw fit to dispense with it in the commissariat he had no fault to find, but for the authorities to say how he should spend the money he had honestly earned was quite another thing. Whisky was not a poison, and quite a large part of the Government revenue came from its manufacture. It was used largely by many thousand good citizens, and if he chose to buy it, pay for it with his own money, and drink it in moderation, what legal right had the War Department to interfere with him? In his opinion, the order was neither right, a military necessity, nor lawful. The men who so argued were as a class temperate—that is, they now and then took a glass of beer when it was sold at a price within their means, and rarely, but very rarely, a drink of whisky.

In other words, it could not be truly said of them that they were what is denominated drinking men.

Within three months from the enforcement of said order just outside of the post reservations (and beyond the jurisdiction of the post commander) all over the whole country little shacks or shanties began to make their appearance.

These shacks soon became known as "hog ranches," and at first consisted of a lean-to (a long room), one man, two or three tin cups, and one or two four-gallon jugs of vile whisky.

Within three months they were enlarged to two or more rooms, held a bar that had behind it whisky by the barrel, and in the room outside of the bar were two or three card tables, and possibly a faro layout.

Within the next three months there were two or

three bedrooms built on to the ranch and two or three of the most wretched and lowest class of abandoned women (for none other could be induced to come out to such surroundings) could be seen standing in the doorway or heard singing and shouting at the bar. It was the development of the order forbidding the sale of whisky to enlisted men.

As a class, the men did not wish whisky—they preferred beer; but they determined that they would not be deprived of their legal right to purchase whisky with their own money if they wished to do so.

Now they had within reach whisky, cards, faro, women, and the vilest frontier company.

The writer was ordered to take command of Fort Cummings, New Mexico, when this was the state of affairs.

It was probably the most undesirable post at that time in the whole country. The garrison consisted of three troops of cavalry (one colored) and two companies of infantry. The soldiers were in tents, the officers generally had a room each in an old formerly abandoned adobe building, although some of them occupied tents.

It was located on the great runway of the Apaches, who generally came up North through Cook's Cañon—just beyond the post. The place had been abandoned by the army no less than three consecutive times, and yet it had been always found necessary to reoccupy it.

The officers were thoroughly capable men, and the troops as a general thing exceedingly good soldiers. The weekly inspection of the post hospital, however, developed the fact that a certain heavy percentage of the men were suffering from infectious diseases. Inquiry

established another fact, and that was that, on the outskirts of the reservation and outside of and beyond military jurisdiction, within a radius of from three to six miles of the post, were a number of "hog ranches" of the vilest sort.

Between taps (10 P. M.) and reveille (4.30 A. M.) the men would steal out of camp, run the post guard in the dark, visit these places, and return before daylight. As a matter of course, they were heavy-eyed, stupid, and not up to their work the next day, but this could have been borne if the result had not been that in the course of time they were on the sick list, and possibly infected for life, to say nothing of having to be discharged the service as incapable of further duty in the army. My surgeon was one of the oldest acting assistant surgeons of the army, a most capable man and a man of sound sense, whom I had known for many years. After a conversation with him on the subject, I sent for my post trader, Mr. Carpenter, and told him I wished him to send to Kentucky for some good whisky for sale to the men. "But the Secretary of War will cancel my appointment as post trader!" was his reply. "Send," was my response. "I will stand between you and harm. I wish to try an experiment." In due time three barrels of whisky arrived from Louisville, Ky. It was analyzed by the surgeon and pronounced pure. "What can you sell it for?" was asked of the post trader. "Two drinks for twenty-five cents, single drinks fifteen cents." "Very well, place it on sale." Which accordingly was done. I had during the first ten days to punish two men for drunkenness; that was all. In six weeks one of the "hog ranches" disappeared, in three months two others pulled up

stakes and left. Inside of five months the last one, the one over at the railway station, from which the women had departed weeks before, was for sale with no bidders.

"Mr. Carpenter," said the surgeon one day at monthly inspection, "how much whisky do the men buy?" "Mighty little," was the reply; "they drink beer. The miners are about my only whisky customers. Why, blank it, soldiers don't really care for whisky when they can get it! They prefer beer."

It is a prevalent idea among many civilians that the army officer, like the soldier, is armed, clothed, housed, and fed at the expense of the Government, and it comes as a surprise to some of the unthinking ones to ascertain that just exactly the contrary is the fact. The pay of the officer of the army is fairly good, and were he, as some people think, furnished with his living outside of it, it would be very liberal; but, unfortunately for the officer, such is not the fact. An officer is entitled to the quarters in which he resides in garrison free of rent, but he has to furnish, heat, and light them at his own expense, as well as purchase his own food and pay for his servants, his uniform, sword, and side arms out of his own pocket. If he is an officer of cavalry, light artillery, or one of the general staff he has also to buy his own horses, saddles, bridles, and horse clothing. If his horses are killed in action he can recover their cost, if it is not beyond the fair average price paid for troopers' horses. If they die of disease, however, he must stand the loss himself. So that holding a commission in the army is not the rapid road to wealth some people seem to think. Outside of his pay the only perquisite he has is the occupation of his quar-

ters rent free when serving in garrison and forage for his horses.

As for the army officers of to-day, a large percentage never use alcoholic stimulants at all, and those who do so usually confine their drinking to strictly social occasions, such as dinners and army reunions, or when meeting some old friend whom they have not seen for a long time. In fact, habitual drinking or gambling as a general thing among army officers no longer exists. You will not infrequently find both whisky and sherry on the sideboard in an officer's quarters, but unless some especial occasion warrants using it, it remains untouched for weeks at a time. Most of our officers on the frontier are habitual smokers, but very few smoke to excess. With many of them a brierwood pipe is used instead of a cigar, as it is easily carried on a march, is quite as good a smoke, and costs less, while the cigarette has comparatively little standing. If an officer is married and has a growing family and is dependent for their welfare and good support upon his pay alone he has to be most economical in his habits to keep out of debt. The education of his children as they grow up, which requires their absence from his post at some good school or college in the East, is a heavy drain upon his limited resources, and both he and his wife strain every nerve and deny themselves many a luxury to accomplish that end, and do it most cheerfully and uncomplainingly, too.

Life in garrison among the officers and their families is very similar to life among all well-bred people of moderate means. In proportion to his income the average officer is most liberal, but if he has no financial resources outside of his pay he is compelled to calculate

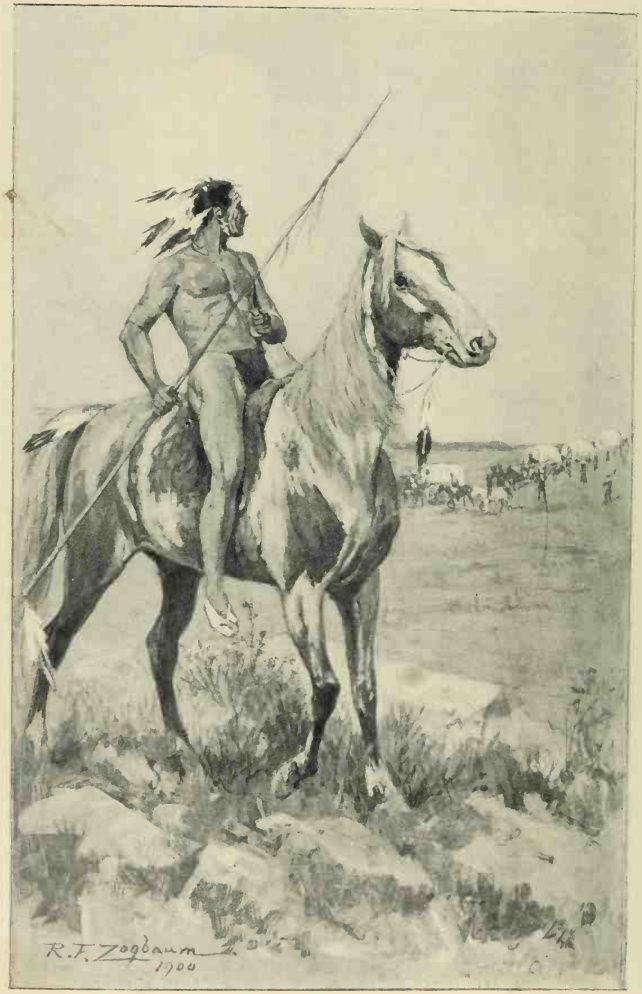
his expenses carefully, especially if he is a married man. As a class, the officers are men of brain, and most of them are close students of their profession. The average officer is studious, patient, sober, conscientious, tolerant, and upright, and his sense of duty is almost abnormally developed. As a general thing he believes that no other government, ancient or modern, combines as much that is in itself good, and for the best interests of all its people, as does that of the United States.

CHAPTER VII.

ESCORT DUTY AND ROUTINE WORK ON THE ROAD.

THE advance of civilization into any portion of our territory that had hitherto been exclusively occupied by wild Indians was in most cases made over and along the original Indian trail, which experience had shown to be, as a usual thing, the shortest available route across country between navigable rivers and the Great Lakes.

First came the wily fur trapper, who followed in single file the tread of the aborigine. The trapper learned the lay of the land, but he never widened the trail. Then came an exploring party of white adventurers or mayhap treasure seekers in the guise of miners, who were apt to widen it slightly, as they generally rode or walked abreast of one another for company's sake. Later on followed two or three adventurous frontiersmen with a wagon or two who moved carefully and cautiously over it and widened it still more, but here and there they were compelled to leave it and make wide detours to get around belts of thick timber or to find safe fords across the intersecting streams and to avoid deep ravines and swampy bottom lands, and then, in time, came a marching column of soldiers, with heavy wagon trains well fitted out with



The wagon train.

axe, pick, shovel, and spade, who held steadily the direct line of the trail and did not turn aside for any ordinary obstacle.

They moved slowly but surely, filling up quagmires, corduroying swamps, bridging the ravines and smaller streams, cutting down the steep approaches to the bottom lands and to the river fords, chopping down the forest trees standing in the path, and opened a free highway for those who should follow. When they had reached their destination the trail had developed into a road, which usually remained an open one for all time to come, and it was recognised as civilization's first seal of a permanent occupation of an unsettled country by newcomers. From the earliest settlement of our country this was practically the gradual way in which it was opened up to occupation. In the course of time when the Indians grew troublesome and attacked the solitary wagon of the new settler and his family who followed on after the soldiers, seeking for new and cheap lands somewhere in the vicinity of the frontier army posts, then the settlers armed themselves and travelled in trains organized for self-defence, and later, if experience established the fact that these precautions were not sufficient for their protection, emigrant trains were carefully organized within the settlements and sent out into the new country guarded by soldiers. It was not looked upon as a desirable duty, but nevertheless in early days it helped to develop many a good soldier.

This same method of guarding commercial supply trains and looking after emigrants was quietly kept up for scores of years—in fact, from almost the foundation of our Government until it finally culminated in guard-

ing the surveyors and builders of the Pacific Railroad from 1865 to 1870. It had many a hardship and many a forgotten and almost unrecorded hard fight to mark its lapse of years, and even at this late day there is little doubt but one could find plenty of material for popular romance should he search carefully and delve deep enough into the older manuscripts filed carefully away among the records of the War Department.

A development of this early duty eventuated in soldiers being used to guard the Santa Fé trail, which is worth at least a passing notice. Overland trade between the United States and northern Mexico was a gradual development which primarily was the outcome of the curiosity of a fur trapper, one James Pursley, who, listening to the stories of some Indians whom he had in his employ about the wealth of certain northern Mexican towns, journeyed on horseback from the Platte River to Santa Fé in 1805, and liked the place and people so well that he took up his residence there. About the same time a merchant of Kaskaskia, Ill., named Morrison sent a man named La Lande with a stock of goods to Santa Fé by pack train as a venture. He (La Lande) also reached Santa Fé, sold his goods, forgot to remit the proceeds to Morrison, and also became a permanent resident of Santa Fé. It was not, however, until the return of Captain Pike from his Southern exploring expedition in 1808 with his glowing account of Santa Fé that trade between the Southwest and northern Mexico began to take on sufficient importance to attract the attention of some of the Southwestern traders and merchants. Several small caravans composed of pack horses and mules were started across the plains and reached Santa Fé and the venture paid very

well, but in 1812 a large and most elaborate caravan was seized by the Mexican authorities, all of the goods confiscated, and the owners imprisoned for nearly nine years, or until a revolution gained them their liberty. In 1821 one Glenn, of Ohio, set out with a trading party, and in due time reached Santa Fé in safety. He did so well that on his return his reports fired the ambition of nearly all the Indian traders on the Southwestern frontier, and the next spring saw extensive preparations under way for Santa Fé by many of the most venturesome of the frontier merchants. For the first eighteen years of this trade everything in the shape of goods was, as a matter of course, packed upon horses and mules, and the trail was across the plains over mountains and through deep cañons by the most direct route to the point of destination. In 1824 a company of traders from Missouri started out with twenty-five stout, well-loaded road wagons, and after many interesting and exciting incidents reached Santa Fé in safety, thus demonstrating the fact that an open and practical roadway for wagons existed from the Missouri River to Santa Fé, a thing which up to this time would have been scouted and jeered at by any of the old packers on the Santa Fé trail.

Naturally enough, as a great part of this new route passed through Indian country, in the course of time trouble developed with the Indians. It probably grew up from faults upon both sides.

The Indians demanded toll in the shape of presents from the large and well-armed trains, and took what they wished from the weaker ones. Again the records show that the white men on more than one occasion were overbearing and insolent to the squaws and unjust

in their dealings with the Indians. At any rate a state of war eventually ensued, and the Santa Fé trail became a dangerous one, and the trains were liable to attack from the Lipans, Comanches, and Arapahoes at almost any point between the Missouri and the Arkansas Rivers. In 1826 a caravan composed of twelve men with but four rifles between them, who with their wagons were encamped on the Cimarron River, were visited by a party of Indians who professed friendship. Perceiving their comparatively defenceless condition, they went away, but soon returned with thirty dismounted Indians, each with a lasso. The chief demanded a horse for each of these men, and as resistance was out of the question they were told to each catch one of the caravan's herd. This they did, and then demanded a second mount. The men had to acquiesce in this new robbery, and then the band dashed into their herd of over five hundred horses, mules, and asses and drove them all off, leaving the traders completely stranded.

In 1828 two young men named Monroe and McNees, having fallen asleep on the bank of a little stream within sight of their caravan, were discovered by prowling Indians and shot to death with their own guns that lay by their side.

From this time forward trouble constantly ensued, so that in the spring of 1829 the United States Government gave both cavalry and infantry escorts from Independence, Mo., the point from which these caravans started, to as far as Choteau Island on the Arkansas River—that is, through the Comanche country.

This Western overland trade to Mexico reached its climax in 1843, when the caravan consisted of nearly

three hundred wagons carrying merchandise valued at nearly half a million dollars.

About that time, however, supplies began to come into northern Mexico from Vera Cruz on the Mexican coast, and heavy duties laid and enforced by the Mexicans left no adequate margin of profit for the overland traders, so that it steadily decreased until after the Mexican War, when it revived again for a few years; but in time the Santa Fé Railway absorbed it all, and to-day the great Santa Fé trail is simply a matter of half-forgotten story.

Escort duty was always distasteful, and of all escort duty that with a "bull" or "ox train" was the worst. Man was subordinated to the beast, because the distance made, the time of starting, the length of the stops, the situation of camps, everything connected with travelling, depended upon grass, the animal's sole food. If a fine grazing place was reached a halt was called and the stock turned out with a blissful indifference to everything else, even to water. The stock did not require it, and the men must be satisfied with the water kept in little kegs which were fastened to the wagons. These kegs were supposed to be freshly filled at the streams upon which the command had last encamped, though this important detail might possibly have been forgotten. It was kept only for cooking and drinking, lavation not being the "bull whackers'" strong point.

Oh, the tedium of it all! The starting twice a day in the small hours of both meridians; the diurnal journey of from seven to twelve miles in a trip of one or two hundred miles and return. The train, numbering from twenty to fifty wagons, rolled out in the matutinal twilight to an accompaniment of cracking whips,

of yells and teamsters' oaths, the officer commanding the escort, bored and sleepy, riding a few yards ahead of the leading wagon, the escort scattered about where it could do the most good in the event of sudden need. At the end of the first mile up gallops a wagon master. "Leftenant," he says, "Hunk Hansen has shed a tire, and we'll have to put it back." Everything stops, for it will not do to separate the train. The tire is put on and a fresh start made. Half an hour later a wagon master is at the escort commander's side again. "That idiot Doby Dave," he exclaims, "never told me he had a split yoke before we left camp, and now it comes apart, blast him! and I've got to go through the wagons or band the yoke." "Which can you do more quickly," asks the lieutenant patiently. "Band her." "Do it, then." Another halt, another half hour or hour lost, and so it goes through the day, day after day, in rain and shine, always in heat, for freighting is possible only when the grass is green. And there is ever a steady strain of responsibility on the officer. He well knows that he is followed and watched, and should he be caught napping he will surely have to pay the penalty, for the stock is a prize that the Indians will risk much to secure. They know his route, the length of time he will be on the road, and his destination, and he must act accordingly. The men, naturally enough, become weary of the slow progress, the short halts, and the nightly hard guard duty. They do not care to affiliate with the teamsters, and get tired of each other, and, in fact, it is a dreary business all around. As the train is groaning and creaking its slow way over a bit of rolling country a cry of "Indians, Indians!" suddenly comes from the flankers, and a band of Indians dash

rapidly forward out of a hollow toward the wagons, yelling and firing as they advance. The soldiers spring quickly to their stations and promptly return the fire, and the drivers instantly begin to form a park by turning their teams. So the Indians, seeing that the attempted stampede is a failure, fire a parting volley and disappear. They had hoped to surprise the train and run off some of the cattle. A day or two later an attempt will be made to wile away the herd while it is grazing, but the guard will be on the alert, and, expecting such an effort, will frustrate it. However, the Indians were not always unsuccessful; wagon trains were bereft by them of every animal they possessed, and the mortified losers compelled to wait ingloriously for relief to arrive from some adjacent post or else go after it on foot.

Another unpopular duty was escorting Government and contractors' mule trains. It was similar in many ways to escorting ox trains, but free from the tediousness incident to the slow daily progress. The mule trains travelled from twenty to thirty miles a day without a break. The escorts were larger and the work harder on account of the greatly increased responsibility. A herd of horses or mules was to the Indian freebooters of the plains what the gold-laden galleons of Spain were to Howard and his cutthroats on the Pacific. From the moment a mule train entered a hostile Indian country until it left it there raged a contest of wits between the officer in charge and the wiliest, shrewdest, most cunning horse thieves that ever the sun shone on. The Indians, more eager than when on the track of an ox train, were untiring in the pursuit of their prey. The careful commandant had his

escort posted before daybreak, the most dangerous time of all, in readiness for whatever might happen; and afterward, during the preparations for the early start, he exercised great care and vigilance against surprise from any quarter. Getting away from camp was the first and almost the greatest of the day's anxieties. The train moved with advance and rear guards, while the rest of the escort were distributed along the sides of the wagons. This formation was regularly maintained while the train was on the road except when crossing wide open reaches. It did not prevent the making of sudden dashes by the Indians, but it kept them as a rule from being successful. Camp reached, the animals were watered and turned out to graze. A number of mounted "mule skinners," as the drivers were called, went with them as herders, and always all the soldiers except the cooks were sent out with the herd also. A good commanding officer took no unnecessary risks.

After dinner the camp was at rest. Toward sunset guard mounting caused a flurry of excitement, and shortly afterward retreat ended the day. By the time the evening was fairly under way back in the East, "at home," the camp was asleep.

Such work as this was easy enough. There was no great hardship about it; rather the contrary. One would be difficult to please if he could not find enjoyment in travelling with a column of soldiers. But there were marches of all sorts. It is one thing to cross a country leisurely, knowing that every night's rest will be comfortable; it is another to struggle through the deadly cold of midwinter with a rampant blizzard driving the snow in one's face, knowing that when the

entire journey is ended a bit of canvas will be the only shelter for the remainder of the intensely cold weather till spring comes.

A column going to the relief of others in dire straits or making forced marches in a pressing emergency travels in much the usual manner, except that there is no camping from noon to daybreak, but a constant pressing onward, stopping only for food and when necessity compels a halt to keep the command from giving out.

But the highways of Western commerce no longer resound with the crack, loud as a pistol shot, of the "bull whacker's" lash. In far-off corners of the land a few relics of his former greatness lumber on the back dirt roads, but their glory has departed; a little longer and they will disappear entirely before the utilitarian railway. In the same manner there is now and then a stage running in benighted regions beyond the locomotive's reach, but both must soon be sought for by the curious. Yet within a lifetime's span all the roads beyond the Missouri were covered with these huge clumsy, but strongly built wagons, and the supplies of all kinds were transported in them. One met them everywhere proceeding tortoise fashion, with the tortoise certainty of arriving at last. They plied between the towns in the settled districts and they carried freight to the remotest army outposts, and when doing the latter they were always escorted by soldiers.

From 1865 to 1870 on the great plains the railroad construction parties at the end of the tracks of the Pacific Railroad, which was steadily pushed forward from day to day, were not infrequently attacked by war parties of the Sioux and Cheyennes, who, having

concealed themselves in some near-by *arroyo* or swale in the apparently flat plain, would seem to start out of the earth, swoop suddenly down upon the foremost labourers, kill and scalp one or two of them, and dash away on their fleet ponies almost before the men in their immediate vicinity could grasp their arms or were fully aware that they were being attacked. This led to the employment of our infantry as a guard, and as some of our officers and men were equally as good as the Indians at ambuscades, the enemy now and then paid dearly for his temerity, losing some of his best warriors in these assaults, with no adequate return in casualties upon our side. Little could be done except by keeping close watch to avert these attacks, and gradually the workmen grew to accept them as something that had to be grimly and patiently borne.

Now and then after the Indians had not shown themselves for days the railroad men would grow careless, or perhaps the word reckless would best express their actions. On one occasion, while the Kansas Pacific road was in course of construction in the vicinity of the Smoky Hill River in Colorado, five or six of the teamsters during nooning hour on a hot midsummer day, despite positive orders to the contrary, strayed over toward the river bank, a good quarter of a mile away, and dropped down in the shade of a solitary cottonwood tree that grew there. In a few moments a well-mounted war party of eight or ten Cheyennes, who were lying concealed in the river bottom just under a cut bank on this side of the river, suddenly dashed out and made for them. But one of the party had any arms, and he had only a revolver. In a moment the Indians were upon them, and the men, running for their lives, started

toward the railroad, while the soldiers, grasping their rifles, ran to their rescue, opening fire on the Indians as they ran. Two of the teamsters were shot down and scalped, but the man with the revolver kept his head, and by threatening the nearest warriors caused them to sheer off as they closed on him, and the soldiers getting within range soon made it so hot for them that they fled. One of the men, however, a long-legged Missourian teamster, had been headed off on his way to the track by an enterprising warrior, who sought to run him down and transfix him with a spear after he had failed to hit him with a rifle shot. This teamster happened to have had a new leather-thonged bull whip issued to him that day, and, having some misgivings as to whether he would find it in his wagon on his return from his dinner, had, fortunately for himself, taken it with him when he and his companions sought their noon siesta under the cottonwood tree. Running for dear life, he unconsciously held the whip in his hand, and just as the Indian was upon him, and about to transfix him by hurling his spear, he glanced over his shoulder and almost instinctively made a backward cut with his whip at the Indian's pony, the lash striking the animal full in the face. The horse swerved so suddenly as to derange the warrior's aim, and, though he hurled the missile, the spear missed its mark, and as the pony dashed close by him our teamster saw his only chance.

Grasping the tail of the now frightened and fleeing animal, he began a hail of strokes on the bare back of the Indian that only one who has seen the way in which a Western bull whacker can handle a blacksnake whip can fully appreciate. Every stroke drew blood,

and the teamster rained down the lashes unsparingly and savagely.

In vain did the Indian cower to his pony's back and dig his heels into his sides and lash the animal desperately with his quirt, for the teamster held on like grim death as he ran and plied his strokes swiftly and unerringly, and it was not until he was exhausted with running and stumbled over a hillock that the Indian's pony broke loose and with a parting cut of the teamster's whip across his hind legs tore madly away toward his companions, where the other mounted warriors, fearing the aim of the soldiers and not daring to come to his rider's rescue, were galloping wildly around just out of rifle range, whooping, laughing, and yelling with delight at the absurd plight of the discomfited warrior, who, it is safe to say, from henceforth until he had managed to rehabilitate himself by some daring deed of blood, would be dubbed and held only a squaw in the Indian's camp. As for our long-legged Missouri teamster, he was the hero of the hour, and, considering the circumstances, he well deserved to be.

Orders to march differ materially. Sometimes ample time is given for preparation, as, for instance, when commands are notified months in advance that they will be required for certain purposes. Occasionally a horseman dashes up to the quarters of the commanding officer of a remote post with a letter from department headquarters ordering a part of the garrison into the field at once on account of an Indian outbreak or raid. In such a case the troops will be *en route* within an hour or two. They may be absent for any length of time, from a week to six months, and they may not return at all to the post they leave, but take station

elsewhere when the emergency that called them out is past. That, however, is an incident of service of which no account is taken at the time except by the lonely women who are left behind.

At stations on the frontier a command of no matter what size is expected to be always ready to take up arms at a moment's notice. Each troop and company has a field equipment, which is kept complete and serviceable. It is often inspected and frequently overhauled, and all missing parts and those unfit for immediate use are at once replaced. When an order comes all that is necessary is to draw rations, load the wagons, and be off. If time is allowed the barrack is dismantled and the dress uniforms, furniture, and mess ware are packed in the large cases kept on hand for the purpose. Otherwise the noncommissioned officer and the one or two privates detailed to remain behind in charge of the property do the packing after the men have gone. It is relatively the same with the officers. They all have their field equipage in perfect order and in good condition for instant use, and when an order to take the field comes the blankets, valise, and mess chest are quickly piled on the board walk before the officers' quarters all ready for the quartermaster sergeant to pack with the other baggage.

There are occasional drills in preparing for the field. A captain, sitting at his breakfast table, receives an order to fit his company, as soon as practicable, for a thirty days' tour of detached service. It is the first intimation he has received, and he at once sends directions to the first sergeant. A lively movement ensues in the quarters, although everything proceeds systematically; there is no useless excitement nor loss of

time through aimless haste. Each man has long beforehand had his share of the work allotted to him, and in what would seem to civilians an incredibly short time wagons are packed and the company is paraded, ready to march out, and everything awaits the post commander's inspection. Practice of this sort enables wonders in the way of quick movements to be performed when an imperative order for urgent service is received.

There are few more attractive sights than a camp asleep far out on the lonely plains. The lines and rows of tents gleam like spectres in the shadowy moonlight, relieved only by the glimmer of a lantern in the guard tent; or where, at the end of a company street, a dying cook fire, flashing up in a last effort, throws a yellow glare on the tents near it and perhaps upon a wakeful man or two hovering over the embers. The only sound that breaks the profound stillness is the soft tread of an alert sentry pacing the inside beat, the rattle of a halter chain as a mule in the wagon park searches for grain in his feed box, or a cavalry horse on the picket line impatiently paws the ground, while the scarcely to be distinguished forms of the sentinels slowly marching back and forth on the borders of the limits of the camp are the only evidences of life and motion in sight. As one looks on the scene and feels its influence it is hard to believe that lying there in the soft moonlight, as if carved in silver and marble, is nothing but the commonplace camp of the afternoon, and that before dawn it will awake, throw off the midnight spell, and once more take on again its ordinary commonplace aspect.

It is still dark, and the sentry on Post No. 3, wishing

for morning, looks eagerly toward the east, where as yet he sees no sign of daybreak, but even as he looks the flap of the guard tent behind him rises and falls, the orderly trumpeter steps forth, and an instant later the notes of the first call for reveille ring clearly out and cut the startled air. In a moment muffled sounds are heard all over camp, and the tents on the company streets become faintly luminous, followed quickly by those on the officers' line. Spots of deeper darkness appear, dart to and fro, and then congregate in front of the tents for roll call. Here and there low gruff tones are heard and a lantern bobs about in each street. Oaths come volleying up from the corral, where the teamsters are already feeding and grooming their mules. Ten minutes pass, and the trumpets blare out the reveille and the work of the day has begun. The company cooks, who have been quietly at work for some time, now serve breakfast to the men, who stand waiting with tin plates in their hands. That over, packing begins. Everything is being loaded on the company wagons, which have driven up, except the tents, which have not yet been taken down, and a few belated rolls of bedding. About the time this is completed the trumpets sound the "general," and down go the tents simultaneously, having been struck by the waiting camp guard, whether their occupants are ready to leave them or not. If they are not, they crawl from under the overthrown canvas in a fine state of rage with a voluble flow of indignant language. But no notice is taken of that; most likely it is unheeded in the rush to fold the tents and put them on the wagons before the assembly sounds. Not much time is given for the final preparations, and very soon after the general the assembly

"goes," and the battalion is formed and the march begins, just as broad bands of light athwart the eastern sky give the earliest indications of the coming sunrise.

When they can be fairly distinguished through the early morning mists the commanding officer and staff, riding at the head of the column, have a weird and ghostly look, and the long line behind them appears gray and indistinct. If the country is a hostile one the column moves with both advance and rear guards, as well as with flankers, the latter well out on each side of the main body, watching eagerly for the slightest evidence of the foe's proximity.

Marching on the plains does not mean passing from one camp ground to another over a road at so many miles an hour. More than likely a command must depend on a guide to show it the way and make its road as it goes along. When leaving camp in the morning no one can tell what work the day may develop. Deep ravines may have to be made fit with pick and spade for the passage of the wagons, streams bridged, or a ford with a quicksand bottom hardened. If it is springtime swampy places may have to be corduroyed; these things cause delays of hours, even of days, and the expenditure of much labour. Accidents happen to the wagon train, always a care and an impediment; parts of it frequently have to be dragged up a steep hill or lowered by guy ropes down one. These and many other vexations come in the day's journey, but are always surmounted. It is at such times that the ingenuity and resource of the soldier in the West are displayed in their versatility. No matter how great the obstacle to further progress may be there is always some one at hand,

officer or man, ready and able to overcome it. It is not too much to say that no exigency of service on the plains has arisen that has not been dealt with and successfully met. Guides, generally old-time fur trappers, being human, sometimes, though rarely, miss the way, and of all trials that is the greatest. The having to double on one's self takes the heart out of the command, and while all other mishaps are faced cheerfully, this one always causes bitterness and anger. Even the length of a day's march can not be determined beforehand. On the plains water puts in such infrequent appearances that it regulates all travel, and a day's march is commonly from water to water, and that may be anywhere from eight to eight-and-twenty miles.

But instead of lingering over the laborious and vexatious side of field work, it will be pleasanter to learn something about how a march is conducted when there are no hostile Indians hovering around. During the first hour, or until the sun is well up, the command plods along slowly, the men's legs are not limbered up, and sleep still hovers about their eyelids; but gradually a hum of talk and laughter rises, and in time every one strikes his regular pace, the company officers get together at the head of their organizations, and the distance between the column and the wagon train which followed it out of camp increases. During the ten-minute halts in each hour the men skylark and everything is cheerful and merry. Later, as the total of miles travelled grows large, the hum and buzz dies down; during the halts the men lie on their backs instead of skylarking; and when the march is resumed it takes a minute or two to fall into the regular gait, and the head

of the wagon train, out of sight a little while ago, is seen to draw steadily nearer. The battalion slowly drags itself to the top of a rise as the head of the column gains it, and the music boys see on the plain far ahead a dark line, which they know to be bushes or trees, and it shows the next camp ground, for they mark the location of water. A thrill runs through the command. The talk begins again, the feet grow lighter, and the last two or three miles are dashed off at a rattling pace. Camp is reached, and it is about twelve o'clock. The cavalry, which left the last camp half an hour after the infantry, has, by passing it on the way, arrived an hour earlier, and is already comfortably settled for the night.

As the company wagons come within two or three miles of the night's camp ground sundry privates, who have been riding on them all day, dart down on any dead branches or sticks they see in the road or on its border and toss them into the feed box. If it happens to be in a sparsely wooded district, the competition is eager, and several claimants for the same piece frequently dispute as to its rightful ownership, even going so far as to have a free fight. These men are the company cooks anxious to insure the starting of their fires immediately after reaching camp without having to wait for the fuel that the wood party will bring in after the tents are pitched. Before the wagons have been backed into position for unloading at the bottom of the company streets these same wood pickers are hauling and pushing about them, each searching in the wagons for a spade or shovel in order to cut a fire trench. One is soon found, and the fires are blazing merrily under the filled camp kettles ere the canvas walls are raised. It is well for them

that the cooks do move quickly, for long marches and keen air, purified on mountain tops, give good appetites. No sooner are the canvas walls raised, a matter of a very few moments, than sharp inquiries as to the condition of supper pour rapidly in, followed by indignant remonstrances if the answers are not satisfactory, but fortunately they usually are so, and in a surprisingly short time the men, each with his tin plate and cup, receives his evening meal. It is not an elaborate one, the bill of fare being the same as for breakfast—namely, coffee, bacon, and hard bread. Each one after he is served goes where he pleases and eats his meal in the manner that suits him best. In old days variety could not be maintained when storage space was small and frequent replenishing impossible, so only the staple articles were carried in the company mess kits. Potatoes and onions, if obtainable, were taken; but, although used most sparingly, they did not last long. A stoppage of a day or so permitted bean soup, beans, dried apples or peaches, biscuits, and fresh bread to grace the board. Generally, however, the fare while *en route* was about that given above. Game used to be abundant, and there were hunters always ready to take advantage of any opportunities, and consequently it was not a rarity. Nowadays prepared and tinned foods have greatly enlarged and improved the travelling ration.

The officers' messes were of course more elaborate, as they furnished their own supplies, and they had dining tents and table furniture, and maintained, as far as practicable, the customs of the garrison, although until the advent of the multitude of tinned things many times the fare had to be almost identical with that of the enlisted men.

The number and style of tents carried depended on the nature of the duty to be performed and the amount of wagon transportation. When the latter was limited or the need for haste urgent each man carried half of a shelter tent. Two halves buttoned together and held upright by twigs cut from near-by trees made a covering for two men to sleep under, and looked something like this: . Ordinarily the enlisted men were supplied with common or A tents ( ), so called from their resemblance to the capital letter. On a pinch four were assigned to one; commonly, however, two were told off. When A tents were carried the officers used wall tents ( ), one officer in a tent. At other times they used the A tents. There was also the Sibley tent, fashioned on the lines of an Indian tepee. It is the largest of all field tents, accommodating fifteen to twenty men. There were many occasions when no tents were issued and every one bivouacked with a rolled-up overcoat or a saddle for a pillow and a blanket or two for cover, while the star-studded sky made a gorgeous if cool canopy in lieu of the ordinary bit of white canvas.

Sometimes at night, when the weather was clear and not overcold, the men would lie wide awake upon their backs for hours at a stretch, looking straight up at the wonderful beauty of the heavens, talking to each other in low tones, and enjoying to their hearts' content the awe-inspiring sight of a starlight night far out on the plains, where the air is so pure that the stars seem to shine with a lustre unknown to those of moun-

tains and cities, and to swing lower in the blue vault of heaven than anywhere else.

It is such hours as these that help to lend the nameless fascination to a soldier's life on the plains that never entirely leaves him and often stirs his blood even years after he has left the service and is a gray-haired man with a growing family around him that safely anchors him to civil life.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER IN 1866 AND 1867.

SCARCELY had the echoes of the guns at Appomattox Courthouse died away when the demands of the West for protection from the warlike Indians on the great plains forced themselves upon the attention of Congress, and the urgent needs of the Western frontier, which had necessarily been neglected during the civil war, became once again one of the absorbing questions of the hour. The massacre of the whites in upper Minnesota and Dakota by the Sioux in 1862, in which scores of unoffending settlers were ruthlessly slaughtered, their wives and daughters first outraged then killed, or else with their little children carried into a captivity worse than death, while their houses were given to the flames and their growing crops destroyed, was to many of our people who believed that the Indian troubles were a thing of the past a new and startling revelation.

These Indians were generally regarded as well on the way toward civilization. Missions had been established among them, and some of them had apparently abandoned the lodge and tepee for fairly well-constructed houses, adopted the clothing of the whites,

and had ceased to be generally looked upon as wild or blanket Indians. Yet many of these same semicivilized savages aided the wild tribes and helped them massacre six hundred and forty-four people before the Minnesota volunteers under General Sibley finally overcame and put down the uprising. At the close of our civil war the entire line of the advanced frontier settlements on our Northern, Southern, and Western borders had been slowly driven in and back upon the well-settled and populous communities by the various tribes who had learned the use of firearms, abandoned the bow and arrow, save for use in hunting game, and through the cupidity of the fur traders supplied themselves with rifles and ammunition of the most modern invention.

The fact that our Government had been compelled to withdraw the regular army and abandon some of its frontier posts during the Southern campaign of 1861 and 1865 seemed to the Indians an evidence of weakness of which the savages were quick to avail themselves, and when the army was sent to reoccupy the old frontier line and re-establish and protect the settlers on it, their wrath was intense, and nearly all of the wild tribes soon became allied against the whites.

In the year 1865 the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railroads were being steadily pushed onward through the West toward the Central Pacific Railroad, which was being built east from California, all three roads having been subsidized by the United States Government, which was anxious on both financial and political grounds to connect the Atlantic and Pacific States by rail. These roads ran directly through the hunting grounds of the Indians, and almost without exception every wild tribe within our borders was bitterly opposed

to their construction. In many ways the Indian intuitively recognises danger, even when he is not able to intellectually grasp the reason why, and in this especial case his premonitions were more than warranted by the eventual outcome. The construction of these railroads was the entering wedge that finally split up the tribal alliances, destroyed the wild game, and forced the several tribes to abandon the great plains in order to seek sustenance at the hands of the Government on reservations especially allotted and set aside for them. The thousands of labourers that were employed in building these two iron tracks saw the possibilities that these railroads afforded this undeveloped West in the way of transportation to Eastern markets, and accordingly took up Government or railway land and became settlers, and numerous small villages sprang into existence along both of the lines of railroad. An army of travellers rushed through to and from California as soon as the connection was made with the Union Pacific to San Francisco, and the never-ending stream of immigrants took advantage of it to enter and occupy the country immediately adjacent to the two lines of railroad, and each and all helped to swell the rising tide of settlers who sought to seize upon the virgin soil, and in their own interest, or, as they said, "in the interest of civilization and humanity," to occupy and possess it.

In those days it was full of wild game, and the Indians could roam at will with a full commissariat always within reach. Deer, antelope, bear, and buffalo were ever within a few hours' range, but with the advent of the railroads came the settler and the white pot hunter, who killed all game remorselessly and with

criminal recklessness. In a few years some one discovered that buffalo hide made splendid sole, harness, and especially belt leather for machinery. Heretofore buffalo had only been killed for food or for their fur and their hides, which were tanned by the Indians for buffalo robes, that were used as sleigh robes by our people, and twenty thousand annually were more than could be sold, but now every idle loafer in the towns, every impecunious farmer on the plains who had a gun and a wagon, set out to work this unexpected bonanza at their doors. The buffalo fell by thousands, their hides were stripped from the carcasses, which were left to rot where they lay, and each little railway station soon had its buyer of hides for the Eastern and foreign tanneries. Two men could easily load a wagon with forty or fifty hides in three or four days' work. They sold these for from $1.75 to $2.25 each, and the slaughter continued until the buffalo were swept forever from the plains. One railway station in southern Kansas shipped nearly two hundred thousand hides to the Eastern markets in less than eighteen consecutive months. Within six years from the time it became generally known that buffalo hide would make good leather the vast herds of buffalo that for years had blackened the Northern plains in summer and the Southern savannas in winter had ceased to exist. Five years later their bones were gathered and shipped East by the thousands of tons to be ground into phosphates.

The destruction of the buffalo was the outcome of cheap transportation by rail to the East, and their extinction deprived the Indians of their principal source of supplies and rendered an extended campaign by large bands of the savages almost an im-

possibility, but between the years 1865 and 1879, when this was finally accomplished, our Northwestern border was the scene of many a hard-fought field and witnessed the death of scores of hardy frontiersmen and hundreds of brave and gallant soldiers. In the year 1865 nearly all of that portion of the Northwest beyond the States of Kansas on the south and Minnesota on the north, as far west as to, and including, the Rocky Mountains up to the Pacific slope, was occupied by roving bands of various Indians, known as Sioux, Northern and Southern Cheyennes, Crows, Chippewas, Poncas, Assiniboines, Flatheads, Piegans, Gros Ventres, Bannocks, Snakes or Shoshones, Utes, Arapahoes, Pawnees, Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies, Omahas, Kickapoos, Miamis, Poncas, Otoes, Kiowas, and Comanches.

Of these tribes, the Sioux, Northern Cheyennes, Southern Cheyennes, Piegans, Assiniboines, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches were the most numerous, least civilized, and by all odds the wildest and most fierce and warlike of all the Indians of the great plains, and, notwithstanding that for years past they had been on bad terms and almost constantly at war with the Crows, Bannocks, Snakes or Shoshones, and other small tribes, in every council looking to an alliance by and between all the plains tribes against the whites these Sioux and Cheyennes, by force of numbers, able leaders, and set purpose, completely dominated and controlled all the other tribes, overbore their arguments and objections to a general war against the advancing line of settlers on the frontier, and finally in the spring these tribes became allied under the leadership of a Sioux chief, Red Cloud, a

very able and astute Indian leader,* and positively refused to agree to, or sign a treaty urged upon them at a council held at Fort Laramie between United States commissioners and certain representative chiefs, which gave the United States Government the right of way for a railroad through what they claimed as their country, and accordingly they withdrew in anger from the council.

Some of the minor Indian chiefs afterward signed this treaty, but they were not powerful enough to control even their own tribes, and as soon as the Indians saw that the Government intended to protect the builders of a railroad within the limits of the disputed territory all, or nearly all the wild Indians in the Northwest began a series of raids upon the people of the exposed frontier, with the avowed determination of driving them back and compelling the Government to abandon all the country between the one hundred and fourth meridian and the Big Horn Mountains and the North Platte and Yellowstone Rivers, and to give them in perpetuity this immense stretch of country of between two and three hundred thousand square miles,

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* Red Cloud was not an hereditary chief of the Sioux. He rose from the ranks by his great personal bravery in the field and his sheer ability in council as a political leader. The writer regards him as a far more able and astute politician than Sitting Bull, who, as a matter of fact, was nothing else but an Indian politician, and not at all a prominent warrior. In truth, on more than one occasion Sitting Bull was accused by leading Sioux warriors of being a personal laggard when the fighting was desperate, while Red Cloud, as a warrior, was regarded as a close second to Roman Nose, the ablest Cheyenne warrior of modern times. Red Cloud was still living two years ago, but was said to be much broken by age in both mind and body.

for a hunting ground for themselves and their heirs forever; thus damming up the advancing waves of Anglo-Saxon civilization and allowing seventy thousand wild Indians to control and occupy a region which held within its borders ample room for the happy homes of millions of the landless citizens of our republic.

That these Indians had a good natural claim, and even beyond that a quasi-legal one to a portion of this territory was indisputable. They were the aboriginal occupants, and two years later, after a series of bloody encounters between these tribes and the United States troops, Congress weakly and inconsiderately allowed itself, under pressure from many good and philanthropic citizens, who could not and did not appreciate the true situation, to hastily confirm a treaty weakly entered into by certain duly and legally appointed United States commissioners and the leading chiefs of the allied Indian tribes, conveying to the Indians nearly all of this territory—part to be used in the establishment of Indian agencies and model farms and schools in the interests of the civilization of the said Indians, and part to be kept as an exclusive hunting ground for the wild tribes, within which limits no white man was to be permitted to enter save by special permission of the Indians themselves.

Had this treaty received due consideration it would never have been confirmed, for Congress would have foreseen that it was not possible to enforce its provisions, as the country ceded was infinitely too large to be held against settlement by our own people.

Another terrible blunder in ceding this country by treaty was made in abandoning and dismantling the military posts of Fort Reno, Fort Phil Kearny,

and Fort C. F. Smith on the east side of the Big Horn Mountains, for it confirmed the Sioux in their idea that they were stronger than the Government, and that the soldiers feared them; consequently they grew arrogant, defied the Government, and opened war on our frontiersmen. It was a colossal blunder on the part of Congress, and dearly we had to pay for it.

Two years prior to the confirmation of this treaty our troops had been sent to occupy the Big Horn country in direct defiance of the threats of the Sioux and the Northern and Southern Cheyennes, and Fort Phil Kearny, a stockaded quadrangle of log huts, was established by the second battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry under command of Colonel Carrington. Up to the advent of these troops no permanent occupation of this portion of our Western territory had been attempted by the Government, but the continued and repeated raids of the Sioux and Cheyennes upon the outlying settlements, their attacks upon overland emigrant trains along the Bozeman road in Montana and on the railway surveying parties as well as their frequent ambuscades and murder of mining prospectors had so incensed the inhabitants of the Northern border that the military authorities were compelled to act decisively, and they wisely decided to occupy the Sioux country by a series of army posts that would eventually so hem in the savages that it would be too dangerous for their raiding parties to venture east of them on the war path.

These posts were built by the labour of the troops themselves, and a hard and dangerous experience they found it to be. Marching into this comparatively unknown and almost unoccupied country Colo-

nel Carrington was informed by the Sioux on July 14, 1866, that he must abandon any idea of its permanent occupation, and leave it immediately. The next day, July 15th, he located the new post, afterward named Fort Phil Kearny, on the banks of Big Piney Creek. It stood on a little plateau about sixty feet above the surrounding bottom lands, and was sixteen hundred feet in length, but only eight hundred feet square of it was stockaded. It was situated not far from the Big Horn Mountains and almost within the shadow of Cloud Peak, whose white-capped cone glittered in the summer sun thousands of feet above it. Strategically it sat at the gateway of the beautiful valley of Tongue River, and was a perpetual menace to the war parties of the Sioux should they attempt a far-away raid on the eastern settlements, for when first established it was quite three hundred miles from the nearest mining camp and nearly five hundred from Julesburg, the then rushing and riotous town that marked the temporary terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad. After staking out the limits of the post, Colonel Carrington pitched the tents of his command, numbering about six hundred men, and without more ado proceeded to organize fatigue parties for the construction of the fort. Large details were made to cut and bring in timber from a pinery located in the hills nearly seven miles distant. Sawmills were set up and at work as soon as the first logs were available. Other details squared the timber for the stockade and set it up; others were employed building the barracks, the officers' huts, the storehouses, stables, and corral; while still others were set at work cutting and putting up hay for the quartermaster's mules and the horses of the

cavalry that it was vainly hoped would arrive during the coming winter. To accomplish what they had before them was no easy task and meant incessant labour for every officer and man from daylight until dark.

At such times laggards are not tolerated, and every member of the garrison must bend all his energies to the end in view, but in this case it meant infinitely more than protection from the icy blasts of a rigorous winter, for it would be the salvation of the command, which at the time numbered less than six hundred men, and which both officers and men well knew would not be able to withstand the assault of the Sioux and Cheyennes in the open once the united tribes should be rallied to their extermination. Occupying the Sioux country by detached posts was a bold move, and in some respects a dangerous one, but it was the true solution of the difficulty, had the army been left alone to carry it out as was originally intended.

To build this post, however, was no ordinary task. The Sioux were fairly wild over the occupation of their especial country, and the attempt to establish what they at once saw was to be a permanent post almost in the middle of it filled them with ungovernable rage, and they determined at all hazards to drive out this command. From the very first fatigue party that escorted the wood train to the pineries in the outlying hills, seven miles distant, early in July, to bring in timber, to the final one, that brought out the last load of logs in the following year, the troops that guarded the trains had to be ready to fight their way both in and out of the post, for, as I have before said, the Sioux in a council held at Fort Laramie in the spring of this same year (1866) had absolutely refused the right of

way through their country and went back to their villages angry and determined on war in case it was attempted.

These troops had marched from old Fort Kearny to Fort Reno, at the crossing of Powder River, a distance of more than six hundred miles through Sioux country, without seeing a hostile Indian, but every step of their way had been watched by Sioux spies and scouts, every man in the battalion counted, every wagon and mule numbered, and each night's camp carefully located and examined a few hours after their departure on each succeeding day. The whole Sioux nation as well as the Northern and Southern Cheyennes already knew of their advance, and now that there was no longer any possible doubt of the determination of the Government to occupy their country and protect the railroads and settlers they began open hostilities and attacked and annoyed the command unceasingly, and lay in ambush at every available place along the wagon road to and from the pineries, and it was safe to say that at some point going or coming from the post the strong escort sent out to protect the wagons would have its work cut out for it, to successfully drive off the savages who swarmed out of *coulees* or dashed up through the woods to effect their capture.

In the pineries small blockhouses were built for defence, and soldiers chopped down the trees with their rifles always within reaching distance, while an ample guard posted well out among the trees kept watch and ward over them against the assaults of the Indians; but despite all precautions every now and then both at the pineries and along the road our

men were picked off by the bullets of the Sioux, and added one more mound to the thickening ranks of freshly rounded graves that were fast filling the little post graveyard at the foot of Pilot Hill. Not that our troops failed to give the Indians as good as they sent, for many a Sioux warrior found his way to the happy hunting ground in these attacks, and the desperate red men grew more and more wary of attacking both the trains and the men at the pinery as the long summer days wore slowly into fall, and the fall days steadily shortened in the face of winter, as the tall trees in the pinery fell thickly beneath the sturdy strokes of the armed soldier choppers, and the loaded trains passed safely, if slowly, through the woods and over the hills to and from the post under convoy of their plucky guard, and all the troops in garrison toiled early and late on the barracks save when repelling an Indian attack or when sent suddenly out to succour some quartermaster's supply train from Fort Laramie, which the guard had been obliged to corral for defence, and then send in to the fort for additional help to get through.

It was absolutely necessary that they should complete their barracks and stockade the post before the winter's snow should descend upon them, and every officer and man knew it, and they worked and fought alternately without complaint and an energy born of desperation. In vain did the commanding officer ask for additional troops, stating the bare truth, when he said that his little force of six hundred men was doing the work of a brigade, for every soldier in this department had all that he could do elsewhere, and re-enforcements could not then be had.

On the 31st of October the troops were fairly under

cover, and although the post was far from completion the last log was placed in the stockade, a flagstaff erected, a garrison flag flung to the breeze, and a national salute told the hordes of exasperated Sioux that looked down on the post from the side of Cloud Peak that Fort Phil Kearny was an established fact and had been erected in defiance of their threats and despite their repeated attacks.

Now began one of the most remarkable experiences had by any of our troops in an Indian country since the foundation of our Government; for almost from the day of its completion until it was finally evacuated two years later in compliance with the provisions of the illy considered and blundering treaty made between the Sioux and our Government this post was constantly invested if not in a state of actual siege by the enemy. Time and again the Indians swarmed up and around it, only to be driven back once more, and nearly every supply train that reached it from the East had to fight its way through. Twice the Indians succeeded in capturing the post herd, which was grazing under guard almost within rifle shot of the stockade, and once they succeeded in stampeding and running off every horse in the troop of one of the best cavalry captains in the army, who was guarding a supply train on its return from this post and had incautiously allowed his men to unsaddle and graze their tired horses within a few yards of the road, the result being that greatly to their chagrin the escort made the rest of the journey as infantry.

On the 6th of December the wood train was attacked two miles from the post and went into corral for defence. Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Fetterman, a particularly active and dashing officer with a fine war

record, was ordered to its relief with a detachment of cavalry and mounted infantry, numbering about forty men, with orders to relieve the wood party and, if possible, drive the Indians across Lodge Trail Ridge, while Colonel Carrington, with twenty-five mounted infantry, crossed Big Piney Creek, hoping to outflank this war party near Peno Creek. Fetterman relieved the wood train and drove the Indians four miles, when, evidently having been re-enforced, they turned and attacked his command. It is said that the cavalry suddenly gave way, leaving Fetterman with Captain Brown and Lieutenant Wands with only fourteen men to face a war party of Sioux of five times their strength. They stood the Indians off, however, until the arrival of Colonel Carrington's force, when the Sioux retreated, but in this affair Lieutenant Bingham and Sergeant Bowers were both killed.

It has since been ascertained from the Indians themselves that Red Cloud, the supreme chief of the Sioux, was now commanding in person the allied Sioux, Cheyennes, and other tribes, who it seems were lying in the mountains within striking distance of the fort, and was present at this encounter, although not in immediate command of the attacking war party.

A little more than two weeks after this episode—that is, on the 21st of December—it became necessary to send out to the pinery for more lumber, as there was much unfinished work on the post buildings, so the train, numbering ninety men, with its escort and drivers, who were all armed, started on its seven-mile journey. About eleven o'clock the lookout on Sullivant's Hill signalled, "Many Indians on wood road, train corralled and fighting."

In a few moments eighty men were detailed to go to the rescue. Colonel Fetterman asked for the command, and as he was the senior officer present, notwithstanding it was not his turn for detail, it was, as a matter of courtesy, given him. He was accompanied by Captain F. H. Brown, the regimental quartermaster, who was an enthusiastic Indian fighter, and who promptly volunteered to accompany the rescuing party. Lieutenant Grummond was another volunteer, and was placed in charge of the cavalry portion of the detail, which was hurriedly made up from the different companies on duty at the post. Two frontiersmen, Fisher and Wheatly, who happened to be in the post, and who were armed with the then newly invented Henry repeating rifle, also volunteered their services, which Colonel Fetterman accepted. About fifty of the soldiers were armed with Spencer repeating carbines, the rest with Springfield muzzle-loading rifles.

Great expedition had been used in making up the detail, but while it was forming quite a number of Indians could be seen careering on horseback over the nearest hills, while a small body of twenty or more were seen at the crossing of Big Piney Creek on the Montana road. A few well-directed shells sent closely in among them scattered them with a wild rush in all directions, and they quickly disappeared.

Leaving the post, Colonel Fetterman marched his command rapidly upon the Montana road, crossed Big Piney Creek, and moved a little to the southwest of Lodge Trail Ridge, evidently with intention of cutting off the Indians, who had corralled and were holding the train just south of Sullivant's Hill, which is south of and parallel to Lodge Trail Ridge, but on the

other side of the Big Piney. As Fetterman's command reached the foothills leading to the crest Indians appeared on his front and flank; so forming his men as skirmishers he moved steadily up the hill to the ridge, the Indians keeping out of range and slowly retiring before him. He reached the crest a little before twelve o'clock and occupied it with his skirmish line.

About this time the picket on Sullivant's Hill signalled that the Indians had left the wood train and it had broken corral and was moving toward the pinery. After a short halt on the crest of Lodge Trail Ridge Colonel Fetterman and his command in line of skirmishers were seen to advance, cross the apex of the ridge, and disappear down its farther side. In a few moments dropping shots were heard, and then a scattering fire, which soon after grew more and more rapid, until it suddenly developed into a steady roar of musketry, telling to the anxious listeners at the fort the tale of desperate and savage fighting over beyond the ridge, presumably somewhere in Peno Creek Valley. Assistant-Surgeon Hines with one man galloped full speed to the wood train, with instructions, if it were possible, to join Colonel Fetterman, for most assuredly his services as surgeon must be badly needed. He found the train undisturbed, and then started across the country to Peno Creek, hoping to reach Colonel Fetterman's command that way, but found Lodge Trail Ridge occupied by the Indians. He dashed back to the fort and reported the situation, and Captain Ten Eyck with seventy-six men, all the men who could be safely spared from the post, were hurriedly mounted on every cavalry horse or quartermaster's mule that could be found, and started back with him for Lodge Trail Ridge.

The relief party left the road and galloped across the country straight to the ridge and ascended it. The volume of firing had gradually become less and less in sound, and now nothing but an occasional dropping shot could be heard, and before they reached the crest the firing had almost entirely died away. Just as they mounted the summit of the ridge they heard a few scattering shots well over in the valley beyond, and then no more. It was now nearly one o'clock, there was an inch or two of snow on the hills, and they could see here and there from the footprints where Colonel Fetterman's command had advanced down the ridge; but while their anxious eyes searched the valley in vain for a trace of the soldiers, they saw it was filled with hundreds of savage warriors, both mounted and dismounted, who galloped wildly up and down or else stood in their tracks and brandished their weapons, leaping and shouting in wild frenzy, taunting and cursing them, and daring them to come down and fight them. Although he had altogether nearly eighty good men and true, Captain Ten Eyck recognised the fact that his force was no match for these well-armed hordes, but he held his ground and sent back to the fort for a howitzer. In a few moments, however, the Indians seemed to suspect something, and began to withdraw. They probably feared a flank attack from the train guard, and they well knew, too, that this second force from the fort would not make the terrible mistake of Colonel Fetterman's command *in not carrying plenty of ammunition.*

In line of battle and moving cautiously, fearing an ambuscade, the relief party slowly descended into the valley to Peno Creek, and, crossing it, advanced

to a little ridge about half a mile distant from Lodge Trail Ridge, and at a point around which they had seen large numbers of the Indians massed. Just as they reached the top of Lodge Trail Ridge they came upon a sickening sight. Here, within a space of less than fifty feet square, lay the bodies of Colonel Fetterman, Captain Brown, and sixty-five enlisted men. Each body was stripped naked, hacked, and scalped, the skulls beaten in with war clubs, and the bodies gashed with knives almost beyond recognition, with other ghastly mutilations that the civilized pen hesitates to record. There was no indication of a great struggle just at this especial point; nothing gave evidence of a protracted defence. Four or five empty cartridge shells lay on the ground, but there were no great number of empty shells to show that here they had made a determined stand; on the contrary, everything went to emphasize the fact that just at this spot the savages, apparently for the first time, realized that nearly every man in the whole command was entirely out of ammunition and practically defenceless, and so, instantly surrounding them, the now frenzied warriors, both horse and foot, suddenly hurled themselves in a dense mass upon the retreating troops, riding them down, shooting, spearing, and clubbing them to death.

The short December day was now beginning to wane, and although Lieutenant Grummond and a number of the enlisted men of Colonel Fetterman's force were still unaccounted for, Captain Ten Eyck thought it unadvisable to make a farther advance at that time. An orderly was despatched to the fort, two wagons were at once sent back with him, and shortly after dark Captain Ten Eyck with his command came slowly into the

post, escorting the bodies of forty-nine dead men (all that could be placed upon the wagons) who had left the fort blithe and strong at eleven o'clock in the morning of that dreary December day.

The next morning the bodies of Lieutenant Grummond and ten or twelve of the missing enlisted men were found at a point near the Montana road, about a quarter of a mile in advance of where the main portion of the command had been found the previous day, but here there were evidences of a most desperate fight. In every direction dead ponies and great gouts of blood in the snow told where the Sioux had paid dearly for their victory, and the ground around where the men lay was strewed with empty cartridge shells. Fisher and Wheatly, the two frontiersmen, had ensconced themselves in a little pile of rocks close by where the soldiers lay, and sixty separate gouts of blood and ten dead Indian ponies a few hundred feet from their position, as well as more than fifty empty cartridge shells that lay close to their dead bodies, told that they had made their lives a costly bargain to their foes.

In this action, which it is a misnomer to designate as a massacre, for the Indians do not take prisoners, or, if they do, it is only to kill them by torture, our loss was three officers, seventy-nine enlisted men, and two citizens. A careful inquiry developed the fact that when this command hurriedly left the fort it had considerably less than an average of fifty rounds of cartridges to the man. Five years after this action it was ascertained that the Indians engaged in this affair numbered over two thousand warriors, being made up of the following bands of Sioux, Minneconjous, Upper Brulé, Ogallalla, Sans Arcs, and Blackfeet,

as well as the Northern Cheyennes and the Arapahoes. It was undoubtedly their intention to lure the whole command outside of the stockade and get between them and the fort and attack and, if possible, capture or burn it.

However, the next summer, another day came to Fort Phil Kearny, and it came about in this wise: Captain James Powell, brevet major in the army, "had been ordered to take station at Piney Island, five miles from the post of Fort Phil Kearny, to protect the wood contractor in cutting and hauling fuel to the post." His command consisted of one company of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, numbering fifty-one enlisted men, together with his lieutenant and himself.

Now, if on some rainy day when you are prowling discontentedly about your club and have nothing better to do, you will look up the Army Register for 1900 and turn to page 274, under the list of Retired from Active Service (unlimited list), you will find recorded under the grade of captain, near the bottom of the page, the following name: "Powell, James, September 9, 1864; brevet lieutenant colonel, August 2, 1867; wounds in line of duty (action), August 3, 1861." And then opposite this name, under the heading Service in the Army, "in permanent establishment," you may read as follows: "Private, Company H, Second Infantry, February 11, 1848; discharged, August 15, 1848; private, Company I, Second Dragoons, March 26, 1851; discharged, March 26, 1856; private, corporal, sergeant, and first sergeant, Company I, First Cavalry, November 17 to August 6, 1861; second lieutenant, Eighteenth Infantry, May 14, 1861; accepted, August 6, 1861; first lieutenant, October 24, 1861; cap-

tain, September 9, 1864; transferred to Twenty-seventh Infantry, September 21, 1866; retired, January 8, 1868." You will also see noted in the next two columns, "Born in Maryland," "Appointed from the army," and if you cared to go and see personally or to write to the adjutant general of the army for further information regarding this old retired officer, he would inform you that he had been brevetted captain in 1863 for gallant and meritorious services during the Atlanta campaign where he was badly wounded at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., and brevetted major, September 1, 1864, for gallant services at the battle of Chickamauga, these two brevets in addition to his brevet of lieutenant colonel for gallant conduct in a fight with Indians at Fort Phil Kearny, August 2, 1867. It is the story of the way in which this soldier, promoted from the ranks, won his last brevet, which I heard years ago from the lips of one of the men who took part in it, together with what I have since been able to glean from official reports and the narratives of well-known writers upon stirring events in border life on the Northwestern frontier that I now essay to tell.

In his official report of the action Major Powell says: "I found the train divided; one part encamped on a plateau, and, with one exception, the position was well selected for defence, and the best security that the country afforded for stock; . . . the other part was encamped about one mile distant," etc. Twelve men were detailed to protect the working parties of both trains and thirteen men to act as escort to the trains in and out of the post. It was a difficult problem to guard these two trains and protect both camps with the small force at his disposal, so the major wisely determined

in case of attack to defend the plateau only, and made his dispositions accordingly. He had rifles not only for the equipment of his own company, but enough additional to arm and equip every one of the contractor's workmen (civilian employees) and any quantity of fixed ammunition, the awful blunder of the past year having made it certain that no armed force would ever again leave Fort Phil Kearny lacking anything in that respect, and then, again, as the Sioux soon learned by bitter experience, it was one thing to attack a force partially armed with muzzle loaders and insufficient ammunition and quite another thing to fall foul of the new Allen alteration of the old Springfield rifle, one of the safest and best single breech-loading guns (if not the very best) ever issued any troops, especially when the troops using them had fixed ammunition in reserve by the thousand cartridges, lying in open boxes within easy reaching distance of every man engaged in action.

For the better protection of the men comprising the guard to their trains in the Indian country the quartermaster's department of the army had lined some of their wagon bodies with boiler iron, and loopholed them as well (thereby rendering them bullet proof against rifle shots).* This forethought now came into splendid play, for, as the boxes were not needed for the work in hand, Major Powell utilized them by taking them off of the running gear, placing them on the

* Wagon bodies of boiler iron sufficiently thick to withstand a rifle bullet had been furnished by the quartermaster's department to some of the most exposed frontier posts. I can not assert positively that the sixteen wagon bodies forming Major Powell's defensive work were of iron, but the disposition made of them by him and the statement that they were "loopholed" are suffi-

ground, and building a corral out of sixteen of them by arranging the wagon bodies, as near as he could do so, in a circle and filling up the interstices between them with logs or anything else available that could stop a bullet. On the side especially exposed to attack by mounted men he put two such wagon beds on wheels, just outside those upon the ground, thus enabling those within the corral to fire under them at a mounted foe and preventing them from riding close up and getting a plunging fire on the occupants of the wagon bodies that were placed on the ground. All the extra rifles were laid handy within this little extemporized fortification, and the extra boxes of ammunition laid within easy reach.

An unceasing watch was kept up by his small reserve at this corral, and full and explicit instructions were given every enlisted man and every one of the contractor's employees in case of attack to fall back at once and concentrate at this point without further orders. "At nine o'clock on the morning of August 2, 1867, two hundred dismounted Indians attacked the herders in charge of the mule herd, but it was scarcely a surprise, for the guard at the corral was on the alert, and gave the alarm and also signalled the wood train, which was at the other camp across the valley at the foot of the mountain." The herders repulsed the first attack and prevented a stampede, but sixty mounted Indians immediately afterward dashed into the herd,

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cient evidence that they were so. Indeed, the few casualties can be accounted for under no other hypothesis, the thin sides of an ordinary wooden wagon bed offering to a bullet scarcely more resistance than paper.—From Our Wild Indians, by Colonel R. I. Dodge, page 481.

driving the herd guard back toward the other camp, and at the same moment five hundred more Indians appeared between the two camps and attacked the wood train and the choppers at the other camp. The train guard and the wood choppers were compelled to abandon the train and take to the woods fighting, retreating up the side of the mountain opposite the fortified corral, and then the Indians captured and fired the train.

In the meantime Major Powell's command, consisting of himself, one lieutenant, twenty-six enlisted men, and four citizens (thirty-two in all) had concentrated at the corral and were straining every nerve in hastily adding whatever they could to render their refuge stronger and more safe against the attack which they knew was about to be made in overwhelming numbers. The preceding day a wagon load of clothing and blankets had been brought to the camp for issue to the troops, but had not been unloaded. This clothing, still in baled packages, was utilized to stop up all open cracks in the corral, while the baled blankets were opened and placed over the wagon bodies to conceal their occupants. Boxes of extra ammunition were cut open and placed in all the wagon bodies. Revolvers, axes, and hatchets were laid close at hand, pails of water were hastily put inside the corral within reach of all the occupants, and everything that could be thought of by experienced men and brave and competent soldiers was done to enable them to make a desperate and determined fight for their lives. If they had to die, well and good—it was a soldier's fate—but they would die fighting, and fighting, too, to the last gasp.

In the meantime the herders, having been cut off

from the corral by the Indians, were making an attempt to join the train guard, who with the wood choppers had taken up a position among the rocks on the side of the mountain. This the Indians tried to prevent by cutting the herders off, but Major Powell, perceiving their peril, made a sudden dash from the corral with a part of his little command and attacked these Indians in the rear, killing a number of them. This unexpected sortie compelled them to turn and defend themselves, which afforded the herders the desired opportunity, and they safely effected a junction, and they, together with the train guard and the wood choppers, slowly fell back fighting to the fort, having three soldiers and three citizens killed before reaching it. On returning to the corral Major Powell rapidly but carefully made his disposition for the expected attack, which he knew was soon to burst with savage fury upon his little command. Each man was assigned his place in the wagon beds and given his especial loophole out of which he was to fire. In several cases where the men were not particularly good shots they were ordered to load and pass up the rifles to those who were, so that a steady fire could be kept up during a close attack and no time be lost in reloading, and just here the extra rifles and thousands of rounds of reserve ammunition were of the greatest possible service, for three or even four loaded rifles were laid by the side of the best rifle shots, and during the whole action kept constantly reloaded for their use.

Major Powell and his little command had ample evidence that the surrounding hills were fairly swarming with Indian warriors, and as each man peered out from his loophole he knew that he had not long to wait

for the shock of battle, and then while the hillsides and valleys rang with the exultant war whoops of more than two thousand onlooking savages under the great war chief Red Cloud about five hundred mounted Cheyennes and Arapahoes with their rifles in their hands suddenly dashed out of the woods less than half a mile away and in a dense mass made straight for the corral. On they came, shouting their war cry with a reckless confidence as to the result born of their own inherent strength, together with their absolute knowledge of the weakness of their enemies. They have quickly covered nearly half the distance, but the corral is absolutely silent and shows no sign of life. Fifty yards farther, and it suddenly seems ablaze, and the next instant the sharp crack of thirty rifles sets the echoes ringing far up the mountain side. On dash the warriors, though death shrieks now mingle with their war cry and warriors and horses go down together; still the onrushing mass never hesitates nor halts in its mad whirl and recklessly sweeps over the fallen warriors as it dashes onward in a vain endeavour to hurl its weight on the little fire-vomiting corral, for so rapid and destructive is its fire that before they are within ten yards of it the horses recoil. In vain do the warriors sweep out and surround it. From every segment of the circle rifles send forth death-dealing bullets, and not for an instant does the fire slacken or cease. The desperate warriors dash up as closely as they can urge their frightened ponies and surround the corral and pour in a galling fire from the backs of their horses, but it seems to have no effect. Their savage war cry is answered only by the steady and unceasing crack of rifles from the corral, and it is gradually borne in upon them that as

it is impossible to force their horses farther into the withering circle of fire, it is death to stay, so with a wild cry of baffled rage they suddenly turn and gallop madly back to the woods, while the soldiers send well-aimed bullets after them that dot the open with fallen men and horses until they are out of range. But, alas! the defenders of the corral had not escaped unscathed. The gallant Lieutenant Jenness and two of the soldiers had been killed, but there was no time then to mourn their death; rather, if anything, a savage determination to avenge it. So every man sprang to work to strengthen the weak points of defence which the attack had developed and which were at once built up with the unused clothing, chains, ox yokes, stones, and anything else readily obtainable.

Red Cloud and his warriors were not only terribly exasperated at this repulse, but they were sorely puzzled. To them it was incomprehensible, but they had yet many lessons to learn of the killing qualities of the (then) new breech-loading Springfield rifle. An attack by the whole force of Indians on foot was now determined upon, so, quickly stripping themselves of everything except their arms and ammunition, about six or seven hundred of the Indians armed with Winchester, Spencer, and other repeating rifles as well as muzzle loaders, stole well out in the woods and surrounded the corral, and then from every direction crawled up through the ravines and grass just outside of range of their unseen foes and lay quietly awaiting orders. At a given signal they stealthily advanced within long range and suddenly opened a terrific concentric fire on the corral. But the iron boiler plate placed in the wagon beds by the quartermaster's department

was put there to turn bullets, and turn bullets it did, and not one found its way through the plates, though hundreds struck them, so the little fortified corral lay grim and silent and expectant.

All at once the adjacent hills seemed covered by Indians, and more than two thousand warriors with a wild war chant, under the leadership of Red Cloud's nephew (a gallant young warrior who aspired to be his uncle's successor) began a steady advance in a vast semicircle prepared to rush in and overwhelm the defenders of the corral as soon as their own skirmishers should draw their fire and silence it. The Indian skirmishers now redoubled their fire, and then, shouting their war cry, rushed bravely forward, but the instant they came within short range every portion of the little corral was once more belching rifle shots, and the men behind the guns seemed to actually pour bullets into the advancing hordes, and not for a single instant during the assault did the fire slacken or become less in volume.

In vain did the now desperate and enraged Indian braves try time after time to swarm up to and annihilate their invisible foe concealed in the little work. Once in a desperate and united rush they actually came within a few feet of the corral, but at the very crucial moment, when it seemed that they were about to overwhelm it, the aim of its defenders became so true and deadly and the slaughter so appalling that almost as one man they suddenly broke and fled out of range, wildly demoralized and panic-stricken. For three long hours, with greater or less intensity as the different subchiefs led the various assaults, was this desperate contest waged by these Indians against their still unseen foe, until at length it became whispered about among

the chiefs with bated breath that there was something uncanny behind the wagon beds and the concealed whites were making "big medicine" against them, and finally, worn out by their repeated charges, shattered, demoralized, and beaten, the baffled savages turned and fled in consternation to the hills well beyond range of the deadly rifles of the besieged soldiers.

Red Cloud and some of the older chiefs, who had been watching this fight from the hills, could not comprehend how it was possible that such a continuous and destructive fire could come from the few men which the little corral was able to hold, and they, too, finally came to the conclusion that the white men had "medicine guns" that could fire continuously. Accordingly, Red Cloud gave orders to secure the dead and carry back the wounded, and once more the Indians opened fire upon the corral that this might be successfully accomplished. There is nothing so disheartening to the Indian warrior as being compelled to abandon his dead on the field of battle, and he will run great risks to avoid leaving them. In this case it was especially difficult to get off such of the dead as had fallen close to the corral, but by crawling up through the little inequalities of the ground, thereby getting as near the dead bodies of their comrades as they could without being discovered, and then crouching beneath their buffalo-hide shields and rushing quickly forward and fastening around the leg of the dead warrior a slip noose placed at the end of half a dozen horsehair lariats tied together, and dropping prone on the ground and crawling back, while the Indians out of range drew the body back to them, they managed to get possession

of a large number of their dead with comparatively few casualties.

While the Indians were doing this the sound of a field piece near at hand and the bursting of a shell among the savages told the little band in the corral that succour was at hand. Answering the loud report of the field piece with a ringing cheer to let their friends know that they were still in the land of the living, they laid low until the arrival of Major Smith with one hundred men with a mountain howitzer from the fort assured them of safety. Lieutenant Jenness and two enlisted men killed and two wounded was the extent of the casualties among the little band of heroes.

Major Powell modestly put the Indian loss at sixty killed and twice that number wounded, but every man of his force said that he had not stated a quarter of their casualties. He also gave it as his opinion that but for the arrival of Major Smith the Indians would have renewed the attack and eventually annihilated his command; but a few months later the truth leaked out. Red Cloud was thoroughly whipped, and was only threatening the corral to recover his dead. There was no thought on his part of a further attack. His whole force was demoralized and stampeded, and on the arrival of Major Smith he fell back as rapidly as possible and retreated as fast as carrying his dead and wounded would permit him. And well he might be glad to get away, for a wounded Sioux chief who visited the post of Colonel R. I. Dodge at North Platte late in the fall of 1867 told him that the number of Indians in the fight was over three thousand, and a prominent medicine man of the Sioux told him (the Sioux chief) that " the total loss in killed and wounded

of Indians of all tribes and bands" at that fight was *eleven hundred and thirty-seven.* The Sioux had paid dearly for the dead of the previous December. The next spring this post, as well as two others, was abandoned in pursuance of the provisions of a treaty of peace entered into with the Sioux and Cheyennes, who burned them to the ground as soon as the troops had left them. Another chapter will show how well they kept it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SIOUX CAMPAIGN OF 1868 AND 1869.

So many criticisms have been passed on the army's Indian campaigns on the Western plains since the civil war by really good and philanthropic people, unfortunately with no adequate knowledge of the facts that brought it about, that it may be well to give my readers a few extracts from the official reports of two of our best-known generals to disabuse their minds of the idea that the army incited them, but before I do so I wish to quote for their benefit the opinion of these Indians by the late Colonel Richard I. Dodge, who was by far the ablest writer and best-informed man in regard to their mode of life, habits, and character who has lived in recent times. He spent the best portion of his life on the great plains, frequently living among them, for he was a mighty hunter and loved wild life, and he made these people a painstaking study. He has written of their good and bad qualities without a shadow of partiality, and ever and always with a desire to do them justice, and he sums up tersely and accurately the reason why an Indian develops into what he actually becomes in the following words:

"Eastern people, . . . misled by the traveller's tales of enthusiastic missionaries or the more inter-

ested statements of [Indian] agents and professional humanitarians, and indulging in a philanthropy safe because distant and sincere because ignorant, are ready to believe all impossible good and nothing bad of the noble savage, . . . while the Western man who has lost his horses, had his house burned, or his wife violated or murdered finds a whole lifetime of hatred and revenge too little to devote to his side of the question.

"The conception of Indian character is almost impossible to a man who has passed the greater portion of his life surrounded by the influences of a cultivated, refined, and moral society. . . . The truth is simply too shocking, and the revolted mind takes refuge in disbelief as the less painful horn of the dilemma. As a first step toward an understanding of his character we must get at his standpoint of morality. As a child he is not brought up. . . . From the dawn of intelligence his own will is his law. There is no right and no wrong to him. . . . No dread of punishment restrains him from any act that boyish fun or fury may prompt. No lessons inculcating the beauty and sure reward of goodness or the hideousness and certain pnishment of vice are ever wasted on him. The men by whom he is surrounded, and to whom he looks as models for his future life, are great and renowned just in proportion to their ferocity, to the scalps they have taken, or the thefts they have committed. His earliest boyish memory is probably a dance of rejoicing over the scalps of strangers, all of whom he is taught to regard as enemies. The lessons of his mother awaken only a desire to take his place as soon as possible in fight and foray. The instruction of his father is only such as is calculated to fit him best to act a prominent part in the chase, in theft, and in murder. . . . Virtue, morality, generosity, honour, are words not only absolutely without signifi-

cance to him, but are not accurately translatable into any Indian language on the plains." *

That people of this peculiar training should break treaties at will was only to be expected, especially when they deemed themselves the stronger party, as they certainly did after the abandonment by the Government of the posts of Forts Phil Kearny, Reno, and C. F. Smith at their imperative demand. The Indian accedes to a demand only from one consideration—fear. Nothing else will move him; and the fact that we had given up these posts on their threat of war at once settled the question in their minds of the strength of the relative forces. The condition of affairs on the border that grew out of this act upon the part of the Government is perhaps best shown in the following extracts from the annual reports of Generals Sherman and Sheridan submitted to the Secretary of War in 1868:

"REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
"ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *November 1, 1868.*

"GENERAL: The military division of the Missouri is still composed of the departments of Missouri, Platte, and Dakota, embracing substantially the country west of the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico, Utah, and Montana.

"These departments are commanded by Generals Sheridan, Augur, and Terry.

"You will observe that while the country generally has been at peace, the people on the plains and the troops of my command have been constantly at war, en-

* The Plains of the Great West, by Richard Irving Dodge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pages 255–257.

during all its dangers and hardships, with none of its honours or rewards.

. . . . . .

"It has always been most difficult to discover the exact truth concerning the cause of a rupture with any Indians. They never give notice beforehand of a warlike intention, and the first notice comes after their rifles and lances have done much bloody work. All intercourse then necessarily ceases, and the original cause soon becomes buried in after events. The present Indian war in General Sheridan's department is no exception, and, as near as I can gather it, the truth is about this:

"Last year, in the several councils held at North Platte and Fort Laramie by the peace commission with fragmentary bands of Sioux, the Indians asserted that they were then, and had been always, anxious to live at peace with their white neighbours, provided we kept faith with them. They claimed that the building of the Powder River road, and the establishment of military posts along it, drove away the game from the only hunting grounds they had left after our occupation of Montana and Nebraska; that this road had been built in the face of their protest and in violation of some old treaty which guaranteed them that country forever. That road and the posts along it had been constructed in 1865 and 1866, for the benefit of the people of Montana, but had almost ceased to be of any practical use to them by reason of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, whose terminus west of the Black Hills made it easier for the wagons to travel by an older and better road west of the mountains.

"For this reason, and because the farther extension of this railroad, under rapid progress, would each year make the Powder River road less and less used, the commission yielded to the earnest entreaty of the Sioux,

and recommended the abandonment for the time of this road. On the second day of last March, General Grant gave the necessary orders for breaking up the posts Forts Reno, Phil Kearny, and C. F. Smith; but it was well toward August before the stores and material could all be hauled away. As we had reason to apprehend, some of the Sioux, attributing our action to fear, followed up our withdrawal by raids to the line of the Pacific road, and to the south of it into Colorado. Others of them doubtless reached the camps of the Arapahoes on Beaver Creek and the Cheyenne camps on Pawnee Fork, near Fort Larned, and told them what had occurred, and made them believe that by war, or threats of war, they too could compel us to abandon the Smoky Hill line, which passes through the very heart of the buffalo region, the best hunting grounds of America.

"About this time—viz., August 3d or 4th—a party of Indians, composed of two hundred Cheyennes, four Arapahoes, and twenty Sioux, are known to have started from their camp on Pawnee Fork on a war expedition, nominally to fight the Pawnees. On the 10th they appeared on the Saline north of Fort Harker, where the settlers received them kindly; they were given food and coffee, but, pretending to be offended because it was in 'tin cups,' they threw it back in the faces of the women and began at once to break up furniture and set fire to the houses. They seized the women and ravished them, perpetrating atrocities which could only have been the result of premeditated crime. Here they killed two men. Thence they crossed over to the settlements on the Solomon, where they continued to destroy houses and property, to ravish all females, and killed thirteen men. Going on to the Republican, they killed two more men and committed other acts of similar brutal atrocity. As soon as intelligence of this could be car-

ried to Fort Harker troops were sent in pursuit, who succeeded in driving them away, rescuing some captive children, and killing but few Indians, by reason of their fast ponies and familiarity with the country.

"I recite these facts with some precision, because they are proved beyond dispute, and up to the very moment of their departure from Pawnee Fork no Indian alleges any but the kindest treatment on the part of the agents of the General Government, of our soldiers, or of the frontier people.

. . . . . .

"On the 4th of September Governor Hunt telegraphed me from Denver: 'Just returned. Fearful condition of things here. Nine persons murdered by Indians yesterday within a radius of sixty miles,' etc. And on the 24th of September, Acting-Governor Hall again telegraphed from Denver: 'The Indians have again attacked our settlements in strong force, obtaining possession of the country to within twelve miles of Denver. They are more bold, fierce, and desperate in their assaults than ever before. It is impossible to drive them out and protect the families at the same time, for they are better armed, mounted, disciplined, and better officered than our men. Each hour brings intelligence of fresh barbarities, and more extensive robberies,' etc.

"On the 4th of September Governor Crawford, of Kansas, telegraphed from Topeka: 'Have just received a despatch from Hays, stating that Indians attacked, captured, and burned a train at Pawnee Fork, killed, scalped, and burned sixteen men; also attacked another train at Cimarron crossing, which was defended until ammunition was exhausted, when the men abandoned the train, saving what stock they could. Similar attacks are of almost daily occurrence. These things must cease. I can not disregard constant and persistent ap-

peals for help. I can not sit idly by and see our people butchered, but as a last resort will be obliged to call upon the State forces to take the field and end these outrages.'

. . . . . .

"All this time General Sheridan in person was labouring with every soldier of his command to give all possible protection to the scattered people in that wide range of country from Kansas to Colorado and New Mexico. But the very necessity of guarding interests so widely scattered made it impossible to spare enough troops to go in search of the Indians in their remote camps.

. . . . . .

"This double process of peace *within* their reservations and war *without* must soon bring this matter to a conclusion.

"With great respect, your obedient servant,

"W. T. SHERMAN,
"*Lieutenant General.*

"Brevet Major-General E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant General, Washington, D. C."

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
"IN THE FIELD, FORT HAYS, *September 26, 1868.*

"GENERAL: In reply to your letter of September 17, 1868, asking for a report of the facts touching the beginning of the present Indian troubles, I have the honour to respectfully submit the following:

"Early in the spring, after assuming command of the Department of the Missouri, I visited the line of military posts on the Arkansas. About Fort Dodge, Kansas, I found many Indians there encamped, embracing Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes. They asked me to have an interview with them,

which I declined, stating to them that I was simply visiting the military posts to learn their condition and that of the soldiers, and that I was not authorized to talk with them.

"From all I could learn at Dodge there appeared to be outspoken dissatisfaction on the part of all these Indians to removing to the reservations assigned to them by the treaty of Medicine Lodge Creek of the previous fall. I learned from officers and others that all the tribes considered the treaty of no importance, save to get the annuities promised them in it, and that they did not intend to move to their reservations.

"The manner of the Indians, so far as I saw, was insolent and overbearing, and so manifest as to cause me to take all the precautions in my power to protect railroad and other lines of travel in the district of the upper Arkansas.

"The difficulty of maintaining peace for the summer was then so apparent, and my desire to maintain friendly relations so great, that I thought I would engage three good men familiar with Indian language and well known in the tribes, so that any misunderstanding or accidental circumstance might be explained at once and under my own immediate directions. In carrying out this intention I employed Mr. William Comstock, Mr. Grover, and Mr. Parr, giving to Comstock and Grover all Indians west of Wallace and on the head waters of Walnut and Pawnee Creeks, and to Mr. Parr all Indians on the Solomon and Saline, placing in charge of these scouts Lieutenant F. H. Beecher, Third Infantry, a very intelligent and trustworthy officer, with directions to communicate to me every week, or oftener, and to use every effort to maintain peace. Much good was accomplished by Beecher and his three men, who travelled constantly and kept me well posted on the location of the Indians and their movements.

Lieutenant Beecher and these scouts were under my own especial orders.

"Matters went on pretty well until the arrival of the Kiowas and Comanches at Fort Larned, about the 4th of July, except occasionally trains would be stopped on the roads, and coffee, sugar, and food demanded and obtained before they were allowed to go on. Previous to their arrival the most threatening reports reached me of their intentions.

. . . . . .

"On the 3d or 4th of August a party of about two hundred Cheyennes, four Arapahoes, and twenty Siouxs, then visiting the Cheyennes, organized and left their camps on Pawnee Creek and proceeded first to the Saline Valley, north of Fort Harker. They were kindly received by two farmers living in the advanced settlements, and given coffee, etc. After throwing the coffee in the faces of the women serving it to them, because it was given to them in tin cups, they then commenced the robbery of the houses, and violated the women until they were insensible from brutal treatment. This was on the 10th of August. They then crossed to the settlements on the Solomon, approaching them on the 12th, where they were again kindly received and served with coffee; after which they commenced robbing the house, taking the stock, ravishing the women, and murdering thirteen men. Two of the women outraged were also shot and badly wounded. A small party then crossed to the Republican and killed two persons there; but the main party returned to the Saline, carrying with them as captives two children named Bell. After arriving at the Saline they commenced attacking the settlers, evidently with the intention of cleaning out the whole valley; but while Mr. Schermerhorn was defending his house, Colonel Benteen with his company of

the Seventh Cavalry, which had marched swiftly from Zarah, arrived, and, hearing the firing, went to the relief of the house which was being attacked, and ran the Indians about ten miles. Lieutenant Beecher, who was with his scouts on Walnut Creek, hearing there was trouble on the Solomon and Saline, but without knowing its nature, despatched Comstock and Grover to the camp of Turkey Leg, on the Solomon, to be ready to explain in case the white people were at fault. They were ordered out of Turkey Leg camp, and were followed by a party of seven Indians, professing friendship; and while conversing with them were both shot in the back—Comstock killed instantly and Grover badly wounded; but by lying on the ground, making a defence of Comstock's body, he kept the Indians off and made his escape in the darkness of the night. From this time out, and almost before information could be communicated by Indian runners, people were killed and scalped from the Cimarron River, south of the Arkansas, to the Republican, and from the settlements on the Solomon and Saline west to the Rocky Mountains; stock run off, trains burned, and those accompanying them in some cases thrown into the flames and consumed. The most horrible barbarities were perpetrated on the dead bodies of these victims of savage ferocity.

"There was no provocation on the part of the white people during the whole summer, although some of them had to abandon their ranches. Friendly issues were made at the military posts to the Indians visiting them, and large issues made by the Indian Department of rations and goods.

. . . . . .

"I respectfully append a list of casualties and depredations reported to me from the 10th of August to

the 17th of September. This report does not cover all the murders or the amount of damage done. The total number murdered on this list is sixty-four.

"I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"P. H. SHERIDAN,
"*Major General, U. S. A.*

"Lieutenant-General W. T. SHERMAN,
"*Commanding Military Division of the Missouri, St. Louis, Mo.*

"A true copy:

"J. SCHUYLER CROSBY,
"*Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, A. D. C., A. A. A. G.*"

The moment it became evident that war with the Indians could be no longer avoided, General Sheridan, who was then commanding the Department of the Missouri, with his headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, at once took the field in person. I was at that time a major of the Ninth Regiment of United States cavalry and serving upon his staff as an acting inspector general, and, as a matter of course, I accompanied my chief to the field. He had an unusually able and competent staff, and I felt that I could be easily spared and, under the circumstances, render more efficient service if placed directly in command of troops; still I could not see how I could be given a command, as I was junior to most of the field officers then serving in the department. However, I finally ventured to state my wishes to the general. He said that he would be glad to give me a command that was commensurate with my rank if he had the troops, but that as things were it was impossible to justly do so; still there was a way in which I might have an independent command

in case I was willing to waive rank. I gladly accepted his offer, and it resulted in the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
"FORT HARKER, *August 24, 1868.*

"*Brevet Colonel George A. Forsyth, A. A. Inspector General, Department of the Missouri:*

"COLONEL: The general commanding directs that you, without delay, employ fifty first-class hardy frontiersmen to be used as scouts against the hostile Indians, to be commanded by yourself, with Lieutenant Beecher, Third Infantry, as your subordinate. You can enter into such articles of agreement with these men as will compel obedience.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,
"Your obedient servant,
"(Signed) J. SCHUYLER CROSBY,
"*A. D. C. and A. A. Adjutant General.*"

As there was no legal authority to enlist scouts as a part of the regular army nor as volunteers, I was given authority to enrol my company as quartermaster's employees, agreeing to pay them a stipulated sum per day while so employed. They were, however, to mount themselves, but the Government was to allow them thirty cents a day for the use of their horses, and in case the horses were worn out or killed in service they were to receive full value for them. Arms, horse equipments, and rations were furnished by the Government. The military organization was that of a troop of cavalry. Five days from the time I received the order I had enrolled the fifty men called for, and in compliance with instruction contained in the following note we took the field:

"FORT HAYS, KANSAS, *August 29, 1868.*

"*Brevet Colonel George A. Forsyth, Commanding Detachment of Scouts:*

"I would suggest that you move across the head waters of Solomon (River) to Beaver Creek, thence down that creek to Fort Wallace. On arrival at Wallace report to me by telegraph at this place.

"Yours truly,

"P. H. SHERIDAN,

"*Major General.*"

Our equipment was simple: A blanket apiece, saddle and bridle, a lariat and picket pin, a canteen, a haversack, butcher knife, tin plate, tin cup, a Spencer repeating rifle (carrying six shots in the magazine besides the one in the barrel), a Colt's revolver (army size), and a hundred and forty rounds of rifle and thirty rounds of revolver ammunition per man—this carried on the person. In addition, we had a pack train of four mules, carrying camp kettles and picks and shovels, in case it became necessary to dig for water, together with four thousand extra rounds of ammunition, some medical supplies, and extra rations of salt and coffee. Each man, officers included, carried seven days' cooked rations in his haversack.

This troop of scouts was in many respects a most remarkable one. Lieutenant Frederick H. Beecher, my subordinate, was a man of marked ability, a son of the Rev. Charles Beecher, and a nephew of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. He had a fine war record, and was lame for life from the effect of a bullet received at the battle of Gettysburg. Cool, quiet, self-possessed, and of undaunted bravery, he had in him all the elements of an officer and a gentleman. Dr.

J. H. Mooers, my acting assistant surgeon, had been a major and surgeon in one of the New York volunteer regiments during the civil war. My acting post sergeant was William H. H. McCall, who had commanded a Pennsylvania regiment in front of Petersburg, Va., and was brevetted a brigadier general for his splendid handling of his troops when General J. B. Gordon, of the Confederate army, attacked and carried Fort Stedman one spring morning in 1865 during the siege of Petersburg. My guide, Sharpe Grover, was one of the ablest plainsmen of his day, a man about forty years of age, and has already been mentioned in General Sheridan's report, quoted above.

The soldiers as a class were wonderfully good men; many of them had been soldiers in either the regular, volunteer, or Confederate service, and their individual histories, drifting as they had to the frontier after our civil war, must have been worth hearing and recording. They were of many different occupations, trades, and professions, and among them were farmers, drovers, teachers, lawyers, mechanics, and merchants, with, as I have said before, a large percentage of old soldiers, and with one or two exceptions they were accustomed to the use of firearms and good average marksmen, some few of them being exceedingly good shots, although in those days rifle practice in or out of the army was not by any comparative degree equal to the proficiency since attained.

Following out the line indicated in the instructions of the commanding general, I moved straight for the Saline River, crossed it and the south fork of the Solomon River, and reached Beaver Creek at its junction with Short Nose Creek. Here there had evidently been

a very large camp of Indians, and there were all the indications of their having held a great sun dance at this place, probably just before or after they had decided to go upon the war path. I scouted up this creek beyond timber line, but did not find any fresh trails, so I moved directly across country to Fort Wallace, arriving there on the night of the 5th of September. I found here a despatch from the Governor of the State of Kansas urging me to go to the protection of the exposed settlers near Bison Basin. I should have done so had not word reached me at daylight the next morning from the town of Sheridan, then located at the end of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, thirteen miles distant, that a freighter's train had been attacked by Indians near there on the preceding evening and two teamsters killed, although the Indians had been driven off by the other teamsters, who, fortunately, were well armed.

Leaving two of my men sick in hospital at Fort Wallace, I moved immediately to the scene of the attack. It had evidently been made by a war party, probably not more than twenty strong. We followed the trail until nightfall, camped on it, and resumed the march at daylight. By nine o'clock it had disappeared. The Indians had scattered, with, in all probability, an agreement to meet at a given point many miles distant.

After a brief consultation with Lieutenant Beecher, my chief scout Grover, and McCall, I decided to circle until we could pick up the trail somewhere and follow it to its junction with the main body of Indians to which it belonged. Circling out and steadily seeking for the trail, with a general trend toward Short Nose Creek, in which direction I expected to find the Indians, on the fifth day out from Fort Wallace we reached the north bank of

the Republican River. As one of my scouts urged his horse to water through the willow copse on its bank he stumbled upon a recently abandoned wicki-up—a temporary shelter made by the Indians interlacing the overhanging boughs of bushes and covering the top with leaves and grass. Two dismounted Indians had occupied it, probably within the last twenty-four hours.

We took up their trail at once, and soon ran upon a very recently abandoned camp of three mounted Indians, and, following their trail, it led us to a trail made by a war party of at least twenty mounted Indians. We followed this to the forks of the Republican River. It soon crossed to the north side of the stream, and smaller trails from both north and south constantly entered it, until at length it became almost a beaten road along which it was plainly evident several large Indian villages had recently gone with all their belongings in the shape of ponies loaded with lodge poles, which, dragging along on the ground, had worn deep ruts in the soil, together with droves of horses and ponies and pack mules, some of them partially shod, with indications of many dogs in the column, which was strong confirmation that the Indians were moving their families to a permanent camp well out of harm's way.

About this time some of my men grew apprehensive, and a sort of committee came to me and entered a protest upon our further advance into the Indian country. I told them that we were out to find and fight Indians, and that I was taking all the risks that they were; that some of these Indians upon whose trail we were now moving were part of the same band that had harried the border along the Solomon River and massacred the ranchmen and their families. It was expected that we

would hunt these people down, and furthermore it was, in my opinion, less dangerous to go on now and attack them than it would be to turn back. At any rate, I meant to fight them, and I did not believe that they could annihilate us even if we were not strong enough to whip them. The men quietly fell back, and as, fortunately, there were many old soldiers in the command, nothing more was said regarding the matter.

Up to this time we had not seen an Indian, although I was well satisfied that they were watching us. Each hour that we advanced the trail grew hotter, and it soon became evident that the villages were not far distant. We were about out of rations, although we had plenty of salt and coffee, but large game had not been seen within twenty-four hours, good evidence that it had been lately hunted away. At about four o'clock or a little later on the afternoon of September 16th I decided to go into camp on the south bank of the Republican River at a point where the grazing was fairly good.

We were in a little swale or valley about two miles long and of nearly the same width. On our side (the south side of the stream) it sloped down to the water's edge, and lying out about midway in the bed of the stream, say sixty yards away from the bank, was a small island, perhaps sixty or seventy yards in length and from fifteen to twenty yards in width, covered with a low growth of bushes with a single small tree that shot up among the bushes about the middle of the island. It formed a pretty break in the landscape, as the water rippled around the gravelly head of the island and flowed along its sides at an average width of five or six yards, but of no great depth, probably

not exceeding a foot in any place. The river beds of all these Western mountain streams are wide, and in the months of May and June they run bank full, sweeping majestically along, but in the late summer and fall they dwindle at times to the merest thread of running water. After grazing our animals until dark, we encamped on the bank of the river, just opposite the little island. Every possible precaution was taken against surprise; the horses were both hobbled as well as carefully picketed out, and instructions were given that in case of attack each man should grasp his horse's lariat and stand with rifle in hand awaiting orders. A strong guard was posted, and, although it was an unusually cold night for the season of the year, most of the men slept well and soundly. Naturally anxious, I was up and paced the rounds with the guard more than once.

Just at the first flash of dawn, as I was standing near the outermost sentry, we heard the thud of unshod horses' feet, and a few seconds later between us and the sky line we caught sight of the waving feathers in the war bonnet of a mounted warrior just moving over the crest of a rise in the ground a little way above us on the bank of the stream. As we raised our guns to our shoulders, even before we could fire, we saw him joined by several others. The sharp crack of our rifles caused the men to spring to their feet and instinctively grasp their horses' lariats almost before our shout of "Indians! Turn out; Indians!" could reach their startled ears. Running backward toward the camp, only two hundred feet away, and keeping my eyes fixed on the small war party, I saw at once that their intention was to stampede our horses, for they dashed forward

on their ponies, rattling dried hides, beating Indian drums, and yelling at the top of their lungs. It was too late for that, however, as nearly every man already had his horse's lariat wrapped around his left arm and his rifle grasped in both hands. A few shots sent them whirling back, even quicker than they came, and the attempted surprise was a failure. "Saddle up and stand to horse!" was the order, and the men sprang to work with an energy born of the peril that confronted them. Almost as quickly as I can pen the words the command was equipped, bridled and saddled, and standing to horse in line, each man with his bridle thrown over his left arm, with his loaded rifle in his hands, coolly awaiting orders.

It was light enough to begin to dimly discern objects within two or three hundred yards when my chief scout Grover placed his hand on my shoulder and said: "O heavens, general, look at the Indians!" Cadmus-like they appeared to spring full armed from the very earth. From up and down the sandy bed of the river, from across the stream and along the opposite bank, from the rising ground back of us, and above and below us on our side of the river they seemed to suddenly start into view, and then, even as we looked, shouting their war cries, beating their drums, and exultantly chanting their death song they began to press toward us, both on foot and on horseback, firing at us with their rifles as they came steadily on. The moment, however, that they were well within rifle shot a few sharp volleys from the scouts were sent in among them, staggering their advance for the nonce, and causing them to hastily fall back out of range.

There was but one course for us to take, as we were

surrounded and greatly outnumbered: I ordered my men to lead their horses to the little island lying out in the river bed in our immediate front, to tie them in a circle to the bushes growing there, and to cover themselves by each digging a rifle pit, and then, if we could not beat off our foe, we could at least sell our lives dearly. Placing our extra boxes of ammunition, now very precious, on four of the saddles, we moved on foot with a solid front across the bed of the stream to the little island opposite us, tied our horses to the bushes in a circle, and then dropping quickly to the ground and partially sheltered by their horses, two men working together, with their butcher's knives and tin plates, the whole command began rapidly to cover itself by a series of detached rifle pits, all facing outward. As we made this move some of our best shots kept up a fire from our flanks, and three of our best men remained temporarily in the long grass on the bank of the river to protect the north end of the island. The enemy had, I think purposely, left the way down the river open, but I realized at once that the little gorge through which we had debouched into the valley the preceding day would be lined with warriors awaiting any attempt to escape that way.

Our movement to the island was unexpected, and for a few moments seemed to puzzle them, but as soon as they began to comprehend what it meant they were wild with rage. Their mounted warriors dashed up and down and urged the dismounted riflemen to close in on us at once, many of them springing from their horses and coming on with them to the banks of the stream, and for a few moments they poured in a heavy fire upon us, killing and wounding several of

the men. By this time, however, our men were already partially covered by their little rifle pits, while the poor horses, who were being shot down in all directions, and who tugged and strained in vain at their lariats, gave us an additional protection, and the small bushes and long grass helped conceal from the enemy exactly where our men lay.

Just at this crisis one of the men, who had lost his head, shouted: "Don't let's stay here and be shot down like dogs! Will any one try for the opposite bank with me?" "I will," said some one in reply. Standing in the midst of the circle, revolver in hand, I told them I would shoot down the first man who attempted to leave the island, in which I was quickly backed by McCall. "It's our only chance, men, to stay where we are," said I. Lieutenant Beecher, who was aiming as carefully and firing as steadily as if at target practice, suddenly called out, "You addle-headed fools, have you no sense?" and so the crisis passed, for had an attempt then been made to leave the island no white man would have lived to record the fight.

For the next twenty minutes my sole command consisted in urging the men to aim carefully, fire low, and not to fire until they could see something to hit; and on no account to waste their ammunition, as our safety might depend upon how carefully we managed to husband it. And now discipline began to tell, as it always does in the end. The enemy was getting the worst of it. He was losing men, while, being fairly well covered, we were suffering comparatively little. I still stood upright, walking from man to man, but from every side I was asked to lie down. Scarcely had I done so when

I received a bullet in the fore part of my right thigh, ranging upward. It remained imbedded in the flesh and gave me more intense pain than much more serious wounds I had previously received, and for a moment or two I could scarcely speak, so great was the agony. Dr. Mooers, who was doing yeoman work with his rifle, now suggested that as I was the only man not covered with a rifle pit that his pit be enlarged to cover both of us. A couple of men went at once to his assistance, but while they were energetically working at it I incautiously threw up my left leg as I leaned over to give an order to one of the men, and a bullet smashed the bone midway between the ankle and the knee. Three minutes later I was pulled down into the pit and was safely under cover.

Riding around, just outside of rifle range on the opposite bank of the river, were several hundred mounted warriors, evidently under command of a gigantic chief, who seemed exasperated almost to frenzy at the blunder the Indians had made in allowing us to occupy the island we were now intrenched upon. A second look, and I concluded whom it must be, so I called out to Grover, "Is not the large chief Roman Nose?" "None other," was the reply; "there is not such another Indian on the plains." "Then these are the Northern Cheyennes?" "Yes, and the Ogallalla and Brulé Sioux and the Dog soldiers. There are more than a thousand warriors here." I doubted this, and told Grover so, but in a muttered reply he held to his estimate. I could not bring myself to believe that there were so many; in fact, I did not wish to believe it, as it discouraged the men, but afterward I knew that he was nearly right. About this

time my surgeon, Dr. Mooers, was hit by a rifle bullet in the forehead, and never spoke but one rational word, although he lived for nearly three days after receiving the wound. A few moments later, while glancing over the side of my rifle pit, I received a scalp wound, but my felt hat being doubled down broke the force of the bullet, and it glanced off, but left me with a splitting headache, and although the scalp was scarcely cut and only a large swelling marked the spot, six weeks later the surgeon's probe discovered a loose piece of skull, which he duly removed.

As I peered over my rifle pit I gradually became aware that the mounted Indians were disappearing around a bend in the stream in the direction from which the command had come on the previous day, and I again heard, for the second or third time, the musical tone of an artillery bugle. I now began to think it possible that Roman Nose had some renegade white man with his warriors, especially since just as our last horse was shot down some one shouted from among the Indian riflemen, "There goes the last damned horse anyhow!" Turning these things over in my mind, it occurred to me that possibly Roman Nose might be forming his warriors around the bend of the river with the intention of charging us, shooting, and trampling us to death as he rode over us. I called out to Lieutenant Beecher and gave him my opinion of what the withdrawal of the mounted Indians might possibly mean. Beecher, McCall, and Grover all agreed with me. "Then, let the men get ready," was the order. In a few moments our dispositions were made. Each gun was loaded to its capacity—one shot in the barrel, six in the magazine—and the weapons of the killed and

badly wounded men were also loaded and laid close at hand ready for instant use, while the revolvers were carefully looked to and loosened in their holsters. Orders were given for the men to lie low, so as not to expose themselves unnecessarily to the fire of the Indian riflemen, who were besieging us, until such time as the word should be given; then to turn in their pits, facing the charge, and fire at the word.

In a few moments after our preparations were completed Roman Nose and his warriors swept around the bend of the stream, out of and well beyond rifle range, with a front of about sixty men and a depth of six or eight ranks. Each warrior was, with the exception of his cartridge belt and box and moccasins, perfectly naked and hideously painted. They rode barebacked with only a horse-hair lariat wrapped twice around the middle of their horses and passing loosely over each knee; their hair was braided and their scalp locks ornamented with feathers or else their heads were covered with war bonnets, and they guided their animals with the bridle reins in their left hands, while their rifles were held squarely across the front of their bodies, but resting lightly on the necks of their horses.

As they rode into view they halted for a moment and Roman Nose turned and addressed them, waving his right hand toward us in an impassioned manner. The hills or rising ground on the north bank of the river just beyond him were completely covered with women and children anxiously watching the fight, and from his gestures he must have alluded to them in his speech. Then turning squarely toward where we lay, he shook his clinched fist at us and evidently gave the word of command, for breaking first into a trot

and then into a gallop, but always keeping a splendid alignment, the massive band of Indian warriors bore swiftly down upon us.

Riding well in front of the centre of his line Roman Nose led the charge with a reckless gallantry that may have been equalled, but could not have been excelled. Six feet three inches in height, and perfectly naked save for a superb war bonnet on his head, a crimson silk sash around his waist, and his moccasins on his feet, showing immense breadth of shoulder, but nevertheless sinewy and slim both in waist and flank, he sat well forward on his barebacked chestnut-coloured charger, with his knees under the lariat that twice encircled his horse's body and his rifle held just below the trigger in his left hand, its barrel in the hollow of his arm, while the same hand grasped both his horse's mane and bridle, leaving his right arm free to direct his men, and as he came charging on at the head of his command he was the very beau ideal of an Indian chief. Waving his hand with a royal gesture to the women and children on the bluffs, who broke into a wildly exultant cry as the horsemen started, he turned slightly and directly faced us, and then, throwing back his head and glancing skyward, he struck the palm of his hand across his mouth and gave tongue to a blood-curdling war cry I have never yet heard equalled, which was instantly caught up and echoed by his own band, the Indian riflemen, and the women and children over beyond the river's northern bank.

As soon as the charging warriors had fairly started toward us, our immediate assailants, who lay under cover on the two banks of the river opposite the island, opened a rapid fire on us from both sides, with the

intention of covering us to such an extent that we would not dare rise from our rifle pits to open fire upon the attacking force, and so for a few seconds bullets fell everywhere around us. This I had looked for, but I well knew that once the charging Indians came within range of the bullets of their own men their fire must necessarily cease. Glancing back over my command, I saw that they had all turned in their rifle pits toward the foot of the island, the direction from which the charge was coming, and, crouching low, with their knees well under them, their rifles closely gripped in their sinewy hands, their bronzed faces set like iron, and their eyes fairly ablaze with wrath, they lay with nostrils all a-quiver, impatiently awaiting the command to fire.

Suddenly the fire from the Indian riflemen ceased, and, placing my back against my rifle pit and leaning on my elbows against its sides, I shouted, "Now!" and Beecher, McCall, and Grover echoed the cry.

Instantly starting to their knees, with their rifles at shoulder as they rose, and with one quick glance along the barrel, forty good men and true sent the first of seven successive crashing volleys into the on-rushing savage horde. Welcoming the first and second volleys with a reckless yell, the charging warriors came gallantly on, but at the third the most of them ceased to shout, and I could see great gaps in their ranks and men and horses going down, but still the mass of them bravely held their course, Roman Nose leading them and wildly waving his heavy Springfield rifle over his head as though it were a wisp of straw, he alone still shouting his defiant war cry as he swept toward us. At the fourth volley their great medicine man, who was lead-

ing the left of the column, went suddenly down, and for an instant the column seemed to check its speed, but only for a second, and then with a mad rush it came bounding and leaping onward. The fifth volley seemed to pile men and horses in heaps, and at the sixth Roman Nose and his horse went down in death together. A hundred feet farther, and they will be upon us! But now the column hesitates and shakes, and the scouts pour in their last and seventh volley just as a few of the warriors reach the foot of our little island, and then, springing quickly to their feet, with wild cheers and imprecations on their foes, the frontiersmen suddenly pour almost into the very faces of the mounted warriors a rapid fire from their revolvers; while the Indian column suddenly divides on each side of the island and breaks in all directions for the shelter of either shore, the now completely defeated and panic-stricken savages, cowering to their horses' backs, fearfully demoralized, and seeking only safety in eager and headlong flight.

"Down, men, lie down!" I fairly shriek. "Down on your lives!" shouts McCall, and the men, hot and panting, throw themselves flat to the bottom of the rifle pits just in time to escape a scorching volley from the Indian riflemen who have been awaiting their opportunity and are almost wild with rage at the death of Roman Nose and the outcome of his desperate charge. Turning toward Grover, I called out, "Can they do better than that, Grover?" "Man and boy, I have been on the plains for more than thirty years, and I never saw anything like that before. I think they have done their level best," was his reply.

"All right," was my response, "we are good for them," and I decided then and there that the staying

powers of the two combatants would decide the issue. Just then Lieutenant Beecher rose from his rifle pit and, staggering and leaning on his rifle, half dragged himself to where I lay, and then calmly lying down by my side, laid his face downward on his arm and said, quietly and simply: "I have my death wound, general. I am shot in the side and dying."

"Oh, no, Beecher, no. It can't be as bad as that."

"Yes. Good night," and he sank into semiunconsciousness almost immediately. I heard him murmur once, "My poor mother!" but he soon became slightly delirious, and at sunset his life went out.

Good night, good knight!

And now came a lull in the battle. While the very air was resonant with the moans and shrieks of the women and children in the hills who had witnessed the failure of Roman Nose's attack, and could see the dead bodies of their husbands, brothers, and sons dotting the sand of the river's bed along the route of his desperate charge, the Indians in ambush continued to fire at us now and then, but we were well covered by our rifle pits and no harm came to us from that source. About two o'clock they essayed a second charge under new leaders, but it was delivered weakly in comparison with the first, for they broke and ran with a small loss before they came within a hundred yards of the island, and no one of our force was injured in the slightest degree.

About six o'clock, however, they formed back in the same bend or cañon from which Roman Nose had come, and with a wild rush came on *en masse* in a perfect frenzy, shouting their war cries and firing from their horses' backs as they came. But in the meantime the scouts had deepened their rifle pits and strengthened

and repaired the little earthworks, so that they were perfectly protected from the Indian riflemen, and besides they had developed perfect confidence in themselves, so they coolly and deliberately picked out their men and dropped many of them as soon as they came well within range. It was death to advance, and the Indians soon recognised the fact, so the whole command broke suddenly and fled just before reaching the foot of the island. It was, as I felt it would be, their last attempt at a charge. When night came it began to rain, and as the day had been intensely hot it was most welcome.

Out of fifty-one men, including myself, the list of casualties was as follows: Lieutenant Beecher, Surgeon Mooers, and scouts Chalmers, Smith, and Wilson were dead or dying; scouts Louis Farley and Bernard Day were mortally wounded; scouts O'Donnell, Davis, Tucker, Gantt, Clarke, Armstrong, Morton, and Violett severely, and scouts Harrington, Davenport, Haley, McLaughlin, Hudson Farley, McCall, and two others slightly wounded. As for myself, with a bullet in my right thigh, my left leg broken below the knee, and a painful scalp wound, I had all I could do to force myself carefully to think out the best course to pursue under existing circumstances.

Orders were issued to unsaddle the dead horses, use the saddles to strengthen our works, to completely connect the rifle pits and deepen them still more, and to cut off large steaks from the dead horses and mules and bury them deep in the sand to avoid putrefaction. I then selected two men, Trudeau, an old trapper, and Jack Stillwell, a beardless young lad, but most intelligent and trustworthy (since a well-known frontier

scout), gave them my only map, and told them to try and steal through the enemy's lines to Fort Wallace, about, as I estimated, one hundred and ten miles distant, and to give to the commanding officer there, Colonel Bankhead, an account of our condition and to guide him to where we lay, as I well knew he would unhesitatingly come to our assistance. At midnight they took off their boots, hung them about their necks, and, walking backward so that the impression left by their stocking feet might seem to be Indian moccasins pointing our way, stole quietly out through the darkness and disappeared. I may as well state here that after four days and nights of perilous adventure they reached the post in safety, but, as I shall hereafter show, they were an hour or two late with their information.

Having made the wounded as comfortable as possible with water dressings, one of the command having dug down to water in his rifle pit, and a strong guard having been posted, I ate a few mouthfuls of raw horseflesh and dozed away until morning. The Indians, evidently believing that we would try to escape in the night, approached at early daylight to take up our trail. Owing to some one accidentally discharging his rifle they threw themselves flat on the ground, and we only succeeded in killing one of them. This next day was very hot, and we that were wounded suffered intensely. There was some fighting now and then, but our besiegers kept their distance when they ascertained that they could not advance under cover of a white flag.

During all this time I noticed that there was a steady beating of drums and death chants among the

women in the main camp of the savages. It was a weary enough day, for we were out of food save horse and mule meat, which we had to eat without cooking, but fortunately we had plenty of good water. At eleven o'clock at night I sent out two more men to try for Fort Wallace, but every outlet was guarded, and they returned at three o'clock the next morning. The third day was fortunately cloudy. Our besiegers kept up a desultory firing now and then, but it did us no harm. At noon Scout Grover informed me that the Indian women and children were beginning to withdraw, and I concluded at once that the Indians had decided to give up the fight. Accordingly, I took my memorandum book and pencilled the following despatch:

"On Delaware Creek, Republican River,
"*September 19, 1868.*

"*To Colonel Bankhead, or Commanding Officer, Fort Wallace:*

"I sent you two messengers on the night of the 17th instant, informing you of my critical condition. I tried to send two more last night, but they did not succeed in passing the Indian pickets, and returned. If the others have not arrived, then hasten at once to my assistance. I have eight badly wounded and ten slightly wounded men to take in, and every animal I had was killed, save seven, which the Indians stampeded. Lieutenant Beecher is dead, and Acting-Assistant-Surgeon Mooers probably can not live the night out. He was hit in the head Thursday, and has spoken but one rational word since. I am wounded in two places—in the right thigh and my left leg broken below the knee. The Cheyennes alone number four hundred and fifty or more. Mr. Grover says they never fought so before. They were splendidly armed with Spencer and Henry rifles. We killed at least thirty-five of them,

and wounded many more, besides killing and wounding a quantity of their stock. They carried off most of their killed during the night, but three of their men fell into our hands. I am on a little island, and have still plenty of ammunition left. We are living on mule and horse meat, and are entirely out of rations. If it was not for so many wounded, I would come in, and take the chances of whipping them if attacked. They are evidently sick of their bargain.

"I had two of the members of my company killed on the 17th—namely, William Wilson and George W. Chalmers. You had better start with not less than seventy-five men, and bring all the wagons and ambulances you can spare. Bring a six-pound howitzer with you. I can hold out here for six days longer if absolutely necessary, but please lose no time.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE A. FORSYTH,

"*U. S. Army, Commanding Company Scouts.*

"P. S.—My surgeon having been mortally wounded, none of my wounded have had their wounds dressed yet, so please bring out a surgeon with you."

I confided this to two excellent men, Donovan and Pliley. They left our intrenchments at midnight, and as they did not return I was hopeful that they had escaped the vigilance of the Indian sentries and were on their way to Fort Wallace. It was these two men, who fell in with Colonel L. H. Carpenter's command two days later, that gave the first intimation of our plight to department headquarters.

The wound in my thigh having become exceedingly painful, I asked some of the men to cut the bullet out, but as it lay very near the femoral artery

they all declined to attempt it. Taking my razor, which happened to be in my saddle bags, and getting two of the men to press the flesh tautly back, I managed to cut it out myself, greatly to my almost immediate relief. On the fourth day our horse and mule meat became putrid, but one of the men shot a little gray coyote wolf that helped out somewhat. It was weary work waiting, and on the fifth day the Indians began to withdraw. I had the men raise me up on a blanket to get a better view of affairs, and suddenly the Indians sent in a fusillade of about twenty shots. The man who held the corner of the blanket upon which rested my broken leg dropped it, causing the bone to part and protrude through the flesh, much to my savagely expressed wrath.

On the sixth day I called the well men together and told them that as there was no certainty that our messengers could get through they were entitled to a chance for their lives. I believed that most of our enemies had withdrawn, and as they were well armed I doubted if any ordinary body of Indians would dare attack them on their way to Fort Wallace. As for us wounded men, we must take our chances if attacked. For a few moments there was a dead silence, and then rose a hoarse shout of: "Never! never! We'll stand by you, general, until the end"; McCall saying, "We've fought together, and, by heavens, if need be, we'll die together."

The next two days—the Indians only keeping a vedette in sight, and most of them having disappeared—seemed to me to be almost interminable. We all became weaker for want of food, but as we had an abundance of water and were lying still, we

did not suffer very much. On the morning of the ninth day one of the men lying near me suddenly sprang up, and, shading his hand with his eyes, shouted, "There are some moving objects on the far hills!" Every well man was on his feet in an instant, and then some keen-eyed scout shouted, "By the God above us, it's an ambulance!" The strain was over. It was Colonel Carpenter with a troop of the Tenth Cavalry.

I hope the reader will pardon me if I have been prolix, but this was my own part in the Sioux campaign of 1868. From that time until its close I watched it through the despatches sent in from the front. In this fight the Indians afterward admitted a loss of seventy-five killed and many wounded, and a fighting force of nine hundred and seventy warriors.

CHAPTER X.

A WINTER'S FIGHT IN THE SIOUX CAMPAIGN OF 1868 AND 1869.

THE suffering of the men who marched to the rescue of the beleaguered troops at Fort Phil Kearny during the winter months of 1866 and 1867 was almost unbearable. Campaigning in the teeth of a blizzard and struggling along in a blinding swirl of snow, with the thermometer ranging from ten to thirty degrees below zero, tests the individual strength of soldiers to the very verge of human endurance, and the beginning of winter had heretofore meant the close of military campaigning against the Indians on the great plains.

No one knew this fact better than the Indians themselves, and as soon as November's snow covered the grass they always left the war path and proceeded to snugly ensconce themselves in comfortable shape by selecting a sheltered site on the wooded bank of some large stream far away from the outermost limits of even the most advanced line of frontier settlements. Here they established their camp in permanent winter quarters, to which, in due time, their scouting parties brought their supplies of dried buffalo, deer, and other meats, which had been put up by the squaws at various

periods during the preceding summer, and securely hidden or cached against this time of need, for the vast herds of buffalo upon which they relied for food always migrated as soon as the grass was snow capped, seeking pasture in the South or up among the wooded foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Neither had they any longer forage for their ponies, who were herded under guard of the half-grown boys and women along the bottom lands of the river upon which their camp was located, and became thin and weak upon such gama grass as they could get by scraping away the snow with their hoofs or filled their gnawing stomachs with the summer's growth of swamp willow shoots, which grew on the bushes that lined the banks of the stream.

They had no fear of other hostile tribes, for they well knew that they too would abandon the war path during the winter, and as for the white man, they felt that where they could not overcome the rigours of the climate it would be in vain for him to attempt to do so; moreover, all experience in former wars had shown that with the advent of winter the soldiers were withdrawn to the shelter of the permanent posts until the following spring. So, with their tepees strongly pitched against the strength of the winter winds, banked up with earth, and doubly covered with Indian-tanned buffalo hides, the red-handed warriors, who had so successfully harried the Western frontier, killed the men of its isolated settlements, outraged their women, and then mercilessly butchered them and their little children, made their camp warm and comfortable, and quietly sat down in fancied security and savage idleness and proceeded to leisurely while away the winter in card playing, feasting, dancing, and boasting against the next

spring's campaign; while far away along the line of the scattered frontier the white snow fell silently and, blown by the prairie winds, drifted against and finally covered, as with a white pall, the half-burned logs that marked the site of the once happy home of the dead frontiersman and his family.

The close of the summer's campaign of 1868 against the Indians on the Western plains, while it had resulted in some losses to the savages, had not done them enough harm to take the fight out of them or convince them that the Government was strong enough to effectually punish them for their attacks on the frontier settlements. On the contrary, abandoning the Powder River country, together with the evacuation of Forts Reno, Phil Kearny, and C. F. Smith at their arrogant demand, which posts they promptly burned as soon as the troops were withdrawn, had made them confident in their own strength and buoyed them up with the idea that the Government feared them, for the wild Indian, from the very nature of his training, can not comprehend that anything once in the possession of another should ever be given up save and only through fear.

General Sheridan, however, had already determined upon a winter campaign, but he alone was confident of its ultimate success, and accordingly he at once sternly set about its execution, despite predictions of its failure by old frontiersmen as well as some of his subordinates, who in age and length of service were much older soldiers than he was, even if of much less exalted rank in the army. Up to this time a winter's campaign on the great plains was an unheard of proceeding, and was regarded as an impossibility, but, never doubting or hesitating, the general threw himself into its execution with

all his accustomed energy and thoroughness of detail. He ordered the establishment of a supply depot at Monument Creek, in southern Kansas, from which a force of six hundred infantry was to operate along the banks of the main Canadian River. A second supply depot was made near the head waters of the North Canadian River, from which five troops of cavalry were to operate southward toward Antelope Hills. These two commands were to keep scouting, constantly moving over a certain designated section of country, so as to hunt out any detached bands of Indians that might be wintering in their vicinity. The third and main winter supply depot was located near the junction of Beaver Creek and the North Candian River in Indian Territory, rather more than one hundred miles south of Fort Dodge, and was known as Camp Supply.

The troops at this cantonment were eleven troops of the Seventh United States Cavalry, four companies of infantry, and the Nineteenth Kansas Cavalry, a newly recruited regiment of volunteers for Indian service. Early in November General Sheridan took up his field headquarters at this point that the winter's operations in the field might be almost under his personal supervision. The Seventh United States Cavalry had been organized at the close of the civil war. Its officers were men who had seen much service in the South, and most of its enlisted men were old soldiers who had served in various volunteer regiments from 1861 to 1865. Its lieutenant colonel, and commanding officer in the field, was General George A. Custer, one of the youngest, most dashing, and capable of our cavalry generals during the civil war, and with a well-deserved reputation for great personal gallantry and untiring energy. On

the evening of November 22d he was ordered to take the field on the following day and find and attack the Indians in their winter camps, presumably somewhere along the Washita River.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 23d of November reveille aroused the sleeping troopers from their little dog tents to roll call. It was too dark to see, but they realized that the snow was a foot in depth, the thermometer below zero, and a blinding blizzard of a snowstorm raging apparently in all directions. Beyond feeding their shivering horses, which were tied to a picket rope in the open, and brushing the snow from their backs, stable call was a farce, breakfast at 5 A. M. standing in the snow around a camp fire was not much better, though a cup or two of hot coffee was relished most decidedly. The trumpet call of "the general" set every one to work taking down and packing the tents, and just before daylight "Boots and saddles" told the half-frozen men that they were in for the winter's campaign. Saddling was shortly over. "To horse" and "Mount" quickly followed, and the regiment moved out in column of twos, preceded by the scouts and Indian guides, but so dense was the snowstorm that the Indian guides confessed their inability to find the way to Wolf Creek, fifteen miles distant, which was to be the first night's camping ground. In fact, it was not possible to see anything twenty yards away from the column, so General Custer took out his map, and the command found their way through the storm to Wolf Creek solely by aid of the compass.

How the heavily laden little wagon train of supplies managed to get through to the camp was almost incomprehensible to the whole command, but the frontier

"bull whacker" develops into a marvellous mule driver, and the Government mule, when compelled to do so, can climb up a hill or slide down it, like a goat, and pull a heavily loaded wagon after him, squirm out of its way when it comes thundering down upon him, and never get out of harness either. But reaching camp was a great deal owing to the escort to the wagon train, which was one of the troops of the Seventh Cavalry, that did yeoman work that winter's day, by the aid of long coils of rope and their lariats, in fairly lifting the train of wagons up, down, and over the hills, rocks, and ravines that lay in its road to camp. The 24th was little better, though the storm abated somewhat as the command continued its march up the valley of Wolf Creek, but the thermometer registered seven degrees below zero and the snow was eighteen inches deep on the level. Of the march on the 25th General Custer writes: "Our route still kept up the valley of Wolf Creek. Nothing was particularly worthy of notice except the immense quantities of game seeking shelter from the storm offered by the little strip of timber extending along the valley of Wolf Creek and its tributaries. Even the buffaloes with their huge shaggy coats huddled together in the timber, so drowsy or benumbed from the effects of the cold as not to discover our approach, fell an easy prey to the Indian scouts and the marching column, and a 'bountiful supply of fresh meat was laid in.'"

That night the command again encamped in the valley, but the weather was bitter cold, and as they stood in the snow around their little camp fires, for fuel at this point was scarce, and ate their supper of smoky and half-roasted buffalo meat, bacon, hardtack,

and coffee, it was not strange that their thoughts flew far afield to other days and other scenes, for it was Thanksgiving eve, and memory did not fail to bring back to most of them cheerful hearthstones and ample but dainty tables, groaning beneath the choicest viands, surrounded by bright and joyous faces, instinct with good cheer, content, and happiness; and so even the best and most enthusiastic soldier among them was a bit more quiet than usual, as he smoked his pipe and thought of the far-away loved ones ere he wrapped his blanket about him and, crawling into his little dog tent, lay down to sleep on the frozen earth, from which he had managed in some manner to sweep away most of the snow with which it had been covered. The next night the command encamped near the mouth of a little stream that emptied into the Canadian River a mile or so farther on. Wood was plenty and the camp was an unusually good one. General Custer decided to move his command across the Canadian River the next day, but determined to send Major Elliott with three full troops of the regiment on a scout fifteen miles up the valley on the north bank of the river in search of any recent Indian trail made since the snow had fallen by any belated war party that might give him a clew to the probable location of the winter camps of the Indians, and possibly a straight road thereto.

Major Elliott was promptly off by daylight, and, a ford having been found, General Custer crossed his command, but it was hard and dangerous work, as the river was bank full with a rapid current and quantities of floating ice, to say nothing of the bottom being in places quicksand. However, by doubling the teams and the free use of ropes and lariats it was finally accomplished,

and by eleven o'clock the train and the whole command was on the south side of the Canadian River and had moved across the valley and up on to the level of the great plains. Just as this was accomplished Corbin, one of Custer's scouts, came riding at full speed with the information that Major Elliott, when twelve miles up the north fork of the Canadian, had discovered the trail of an Indian war party one hundred and fifty strong not twenty-four hours old, had followed it across to the south bank of the river, and was in full pursuit. Corbin was furnished a fresh horse and sent back full speed to tell Elliott to push on until 8 P. M., and if by that time Custer had not joined him to camp and wait for him.

Leaving his train under guard of eighty men with instructions to follow as fast as possible, Custer set out with the rest of the force to overtake the major. Each trooper carried one hundred rounds of ammunition, coffee, and hard bread, and a small amount of forage. Tents and extra blankets were left with the wagons. It was to be a ride that was to end only when the enemy had been struck. The snow was now a foot deep on the plains, but the weather had moderated, so that at midday the upper crust became soft. Custer took a direct line across the open plain and frequently changed the leading troop of his column, as breaking the way was exhausting to the horses. It was not until 9 P. M. that he overtook Elliott, who had halted near the trail on a stream of good water and was concealed in the timber awaiting his arrival. The horses were unsaddled, well rubbed down, and given a good feed of oats. Camp fires were built under the steep banks of the creek to

conceal the fire from observation, and the men made coffee, which with "hardtack" was a most welcome meal.

After an hour's rest the horses were quietly saddled and without the slightest noise the cavalry moved out again and took up the trail by moonlight, led by the Osage guides and the scouts California Joe and Corbin. Not a loud word was spoken, and strict orders prohibited the lighting of a match or smoking of a pipe. After following the trail for a number of miles the command was halted at the request of one of the Osage Indian scouts, who averred that he smelled fire. This was doubted, but he was ordered to advance cautiously, and the cavalry slowly followed. Half a mile farther on a small camp fire was discovered slowly smouldering in the timber. The Indian scouts now advanced cautiously, and, after carefully examining the vicinity and hunting over the ground, gave it as their opinion that this fire had been kindled by Indian boys, who had been grazing and herding their ponies there the previous day, and that the Indian village was probably within two or three miles distance. The Indian scouts again took up the trail, but moved very cautiously, the cavalry keeping some distance to the rear and moving as silently as possible. Custer himself now accompanied the two Osage Indian scouts, who kept just at his horse's head.

He writes: "The same one who discovered fire advanced cautiously to the crest and looked carefully into the valley beyond, . . . then crouched down, and came creeping back. 'What is it?' 'Heaps Injuns down there.'" In a moment Custer had dismounted, crept to the crest, and looked over. He could indistinctly see

a herd of some kind of animals, but a moment later the bark of a dog followed by the tinkling of a bell told him it was the Indian pony herd, and he knew then that his force was fairly upon the winter camp of the Indians and undiscovered. It was now past midnight. So, quickly but quietly hurrying back to his troops, Custer assembled all his officers, told them to take off their sabres, that their clanking might not make any noise, and silently guided them to the crest. There in the moonlight he pointed out the location of the village, that they all might have a good general idea of the exact situation, and stealthily withdrawing to the regiment, which was standing to horse on the trail a little less than a mile distant, he gave his orders for the attack. He divided his force into four detachments of nearly equal strength—his entire command numbered something more than eight hundred men—with instructions to two of the detachments to move out at once and make a circuitous march of several miles and take position on the farther side of the Indian village, and within little more than an hour after they had left the column these two detachments, which had moved out to the left for the farther side of the village, had made a long detour and carefully and cautiously taken up their allotted positions, and lay silent and undiscovered within a short half mile of the Indian camp, the tepees of which occupied the timber along the river bank in a straggling line that stretched downstream for more than a quarter of a mile.

Another detachment moved slowly and silently about a mile to the right of the trail and took up a position in the valley on the right of the village, partially concealed in a clump of timber. Custer with the

The attack on Black Kettle's camp.

fourth detachment remained on the main trail. The village was thus completely surrounded, and the orders were for all the detachments to approach the village as near as might be without running great risk of discovery, conceal themselves as much as possible, and to remain absolutely quiet until daylight. Strict orders were given that not a match was to be lighted or a shot to be fired until the charge was sounded by the regimental trumpeter in Custer's detachment, when each of the other three detachments were to charge upon the village and attack it at all points. It grew very cold toward morning, but the men were not allowed to make the slightest noise, not even to swing their arms or stamp their feet, and it was over four long hours to day, even after the various detachments reached their hiding places.

Custer had no absolute knowledge that they had done so, but he knew he could depend upon his officers to do all that was possible. While waiting the attack the men were all dismounted, each man holding his own horse, and many of them, while still holding their bridles, wrapped the capes of their overcoats over their heads and threw themselves down in the snow in front of their horses and went to sleep. At the first sign of dawn every one was astir. Overcoats were taken off and strapped to the saddle, in order that the men's movements might not be impeded by their bulk and weight, carbines were carefully loaded and slung, pistols examined and loosened in their holsters, saddles recinched, and curb chains carefully looked to. Then as a whispered command to mount ran quietly along the line the men sprang lightly into their saddles, gathered up their reins, fixed

their eyes for an instant on the brightening heavens in the east, and turned with quickened ears and eager eyes in the direction of the village, impatiently awaiting the bugle blast, which they well knew would soon wake the echoes along the banks of the Washita.

At this moment Custer, at the head of his command, was moving at a slow walk on the main trail to the village. His bugler, with his trumpet in his hand and his eyes on the general, rides by his side, while just in the rear is the regimental band, the leader of which has had orders to play Garry Owen, the regimental war cry, the instant the charge is sounded. A turn in the trail, and in the dim light of early morning, five hundred yards distant, dotting the north bank of the Washita for more than a quarter of a mile, without a sign of human life about it, lay the Indian village. From the top of two or three of the tepees a light wreath of smoke floated languidly on the cold, still morning air, while close to it is the pony herd, but the ponies evidently sense danger, and, throwing up their heads, the herd began to slowly move off. For an instant Custer believed that the Indians have been warned and feared that the village was deserted. The next second his astonished ears heard the sharp report of a rifle from the other end of the village. Instantly turning to his trumpeter, Custer commanded, "Sound the charge!" Placing his trumpet to his lips he obeyed, and as the piercing blare of "the charge" cut clearly through the frosty air Custer glanced back over his shoulder at his expectant band leader, driving the rowels of his spurs into his charger's flanks as he did so, and shouted, "Play!" and then to the rollicking air of Garry Owen the whole column breaks into a mad gallop, dashed out around and by the

band, and with a ringing cheer and in a mighty rush swept down the trail to the village. While borne on the rushing wind to Custer's anxious ears, as they galloped on, three other trumpets echoed the blare of his own in answering charge, and from every side of the doomed Indian village, with hoarse and heavy cheers and thundering stride, came three other converging columns of cavalry, charging straight for the Indian tepees. It was a complete surprise to the Indians, and the sleeping warriors sprang from their couches, grasped their arms, and, throwing back the entering flap of their tepees, leaped into the open air, rifles in hand, to make what stand they could against their enemies. The screams of the women and children, the howling and baying of the Indian dogs, the shouts of the soldiers, the crack of rifles, and the wild rush of the charging troopers through the village, mingled with the defiant war cry of the now desperate Cheyennes, made for a short time a heartrending scene of awful retribution, for the cavalry had fallen upon Black Kettle's band, the very worst in the Cheyenne nation, and the one that had done more to devastate the Kansas frontier than any other one band on the great plains.

Whatever may be truthfully said against the American Indian, and much that is bad can be truthfully said, cowardice is not one of his faults, especially of the Cheyenne, and, fiend that he was, Black Kettle was no coward. He was the very first to spring fully armed from his tepee, for his quick ear had caught the sound of advancing cavalry even before the trumpet sounded the charge, and, firing his rifle as a signal to his band (this was the gunshot that had startled Custer), he called upon them to rally, shouting his war cry of defiance as

the cavalry swept down upon his village, where, disdaining flight, he was one of the first Indians to fall dead from the opening volleys of the cavalry, but he fell gallantly fighting and at the front, dying bravely, like the savage warrior that he was. In less than an hour the cavalry had complete possession of the Indian village, but only after hard fighting.

But soon the question was, Could they hold it? All of the Indian warriors who had escaped from the tepees had taken position behind rocks, trees, and under cover of the river bank, and, led by Little Rock, the next in rank to Black Kettle, now assailed the cavalry from all sides. Custer soon saw that he had sharp work before him, and was much puzzled at the apparent strength of his assailants, and still more so when some of them appeared fully mounted in his immediate front. Inquiry soon developed the fact that the village of Black Kettle, which he had captured, was located the highest up on the stream, while below it, in succession, a mile or two apart and within less than ten miles, were located the villages of all the hostile tribes of the Southern plains, including other bands of Cheyenne, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, and even some of the Apaches. Reforming his command as rapidly as he could get the detachments together, he prepared for an attack of the Indians in force. It soon came, but, forming his men on foot in a circle within the village, he was able to successfully repel it. His quartermaster, Major Bell, fearing he might need ammunition, had taken a small escort from the train and pushed through with it, arriving just in time to be of the greatest service.

Custer now proceeded to destroy the village, burn-

ing it with all its supplies. Then, mounting his troops, he attacked and drove back the assailing Indians. He had captured Black Kettle's herd of eight hundred and seventy-five ponies, but now realized that he could not safely get them back to Camp Supply, so, after taking what were needed to mount the captive women and children, he ordered the rest shot. He now prepared to make his way back, but on assembling his command Major Elliott and fourteen enlisted men were missing. When last seen Elliott was in close pursuit of a small party of Indians, but notwithstanding searching parties were sent as far as was safe to send them nothing could be found of the major and his men. Perhaps, however, the fate of Major Elliott and his party, consisting of Sergeant-Major Kennedy, three corporals, and ten privates of the Seventh Cavalry, may as well be recorded here as elsewhere, although nothing positive was known of their fate until the 10th of the following December.

I quote from General Custer's report: "The bodies of Elliott and his little band, with but a single exception, were found lying within a circle not exceeding twenty yards in diameter. We found them exactly as they fell, except that their barbarous foe had stripped and mutilated the bodies in the most savage manner. . . . No words were needed to tell how desperate had been the struggle before they were finally overwhelmed." Mounting his whole force and throwing forward his flankers and skirmishers, Custer boldly, with colours flying and his band playing, moved directly toward the large body of mounted Indians who now confronted him and directly down the river toward their camps. In a few moments they broke wildly in the

direction of their villages, evidently thinking that Custer must be the advance guard of a much larger force. This was exactly the impression he wished to produce; so about dark he retraced his course, passed through the burned village, and took up his old trail for Camp Supply, which he reached with all his prisoners in due time without further notable incident. In this action we lost two fine officers, Major Elliott and Captain Hamilton, of the Seventh Cavalry, and nineteen enlisted men killed, and had three officers and eleven enlisted men wounded. The Indians lost two of their chiefs, Black Kettle and Little Rock, and one hundred and one warriors killed, besides their wounded. But by far the best result of this expedition was that it taught the Indians that winter's ice and snow no longer meant rest and safety for them after a summer's bloody raid upon the frontier settlements.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLOSE OF THE SIOUX CAMPAIGN OF 1868–'69 AND THE PUNISHMENT OF THE PIEGANS.

No sooner had General Custer returned to Camp Supply from his battle on the Washita than General Sheridan determined on a second winter's stroke at the savages. But as soon as the report of this attack upon the winter camp of the Indians in zero weather reached the East the humanitarians seemed to go wild over it, and through the pulpit, the press, and Congress, without pausing for a moment to inquire into the military necessity that demanded it nor the justice that sanctioned it, they proceeded bitterly to assail General Sheridan, the army, and the War Department, alleging that the campaign was made solely that the army might have an excuse for its being, never seeming to realize that the Indians had brought the trouble upon themselves by a series of unprovoked murders and outrages upon the frontiersmen and their families almost passing the bounds of mortal endurance.

General Sheridan, however, said little or nothing at the time, but unhesitatingly continued his movements. In his first report, however, of his winter's operations he struck back rather savagely at his Eastern assailants, and as this official report to the commanding general of

the army not only outlines with sketchy distinctness his winter's campaign, but gives his reasons for it, without glossing over the actions of the Indians that occasioned it, I shall quote directly from it, believing that the mass of our people have little or no knowledge of the actual brutality of the Indians of the great plains:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
"CHICAGO, ILL., *November 1, 1869.*

"GENERAL: I have the honour to submit for your information the following report of military operations in the Department of Missouri from October 15, 1868, to March 27, 1869. In my annual report of last year, and in a special report made previously, I gave details of the murderous outbreak and massacre of defenceless frontier citizens by that class of our people known as Indians.

. . . . . .

"The Indians have run riot along the lines of our Western settlements and the emigrant and commercial lines of travel for many years, murdering and plundering, without any adequate punishment, and the Government has heretofore sought to give protection to some of its best interests by making presents to these savages; or, in other words, while it found it necessary to enact the most stringent laws for the government of civilized whites, it was attempting to govern a wild, brutal, and savage people without any laws at all.

. . . . . .

"The experience of many years of this character of Indian depredations, with security to themselves and families in the winter, had made them very confident and bold; especially was this true of the previous summer and winter. So boldly had this system of murder and robbery been carried on that not less than eight

hundred people had been murdered since June, 1862—men, women, and children. To disabuse the minds of the savages of this confident security, and to strike them at a period at which they were the most if not entirely helpless, became a necessity, and the general in chief then in command of this division authorized a winter campaign, and at or about the same time directed that the reservation set apart for the Kiowas and Comanches at the Witchita Mountains should be considered a place of refuge, where, if the savages would go and submit, they would be exempt from the operations of the troops.

. . . . . .

"The blow that Custer had struck was a hard one, and fell on the guiltiest of all the bands—that of Black Kettle. It was this band that, without provocation, had massacred the settlers on the Saline and Solomon, and perpetrated cruelties too fiendish for recital.

. . . . . .

"He was also with the band on Walnut Creek, where they made their medicine or held their devilish incantations previous to the party setting out to massacre the settlers. I subjoin here the affidavit of Edmund Guerriere, an educated half-breed and an intelligent man, who was with the tribe at the time, showing that the men of this very band were the leaders of the massacre and instigators of the war:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
"IN THE FIELD, MEDICINE BLUFF CREEK,
"WITCHITA MOUNTAINS, *February 9, 1869.*

"Personally appeared before me, Edmund Guerriere, who resides on the Purgatoire River, Colorado Territory, who, being duly sworn, testifies as follows:

"I was with the Cheyenne Indians at the time of the massacre on the Solomon and Saline Rivers, in Kansas, the early part

or middle of last August, and I was living at this time with Little Rock's band.

"The war party who started for the Solomon and Saline was Little Rock's, Black Kettle's, Medicine Arrow's, and Bull Bear's bands; and, as near as I can remember, nearly all the different bands of Cheyennes had some of their young men in this war party which committed the outrages and murders on the Solomon and Saline. Red Nose and The-man-who-breaks-the-marrow-bones (Ho-eh-a-mo-a-hœ) were the two leaders in this massacre, the former belonging to the Dog Soldiers and the latter to Black Kettle's band. As soon as we heard the news by runners, who came on ahead to Black Kettle, saying that they had already commenced fighting, we moved from our camp on Buckner's Fork of the Pawnee, near its head waters, down to North Fork, where we met Big Jake's band, and then moved south across the Arkansas River; and when we got to the Cimarron, George Bent and I left them, and went to our homes on the Purgatoire.

"EDMUND GUERIERRE.

"Witness:

"J. SCHUYLER CROSBY,

"*Bvt. Lieut. Col. U. S. A., Aide-de-Camp.*

"There was no provocation on the part of the whites or of the Government to justify the Indians in commencing hostilities, except an allegation that the agent would not deliver guns and ammunition to the tribe; and it is time that the Indians should know that any act of the Government or people will not justify murder, rape, and pillage.

"We found in Black Kettle's village photographs and daguerreotypes, clothing, and bedding, from the houses of the persons massacred on the Solomon and Saline. The mail which I had sent by the expressmen, Nat Marshal and Bill Davis, from Bluff Creek to Fort Dodge, who were murdered and mutilated, was likewise found; also a large blank book, with Indian illustrations of the different fights which Black Kettle's band had been engaged in, especially about Fort Wallace and

on the line of the Denver stages; showing when the fight had been with the coloured troops—when with white; also, when trains had been captured and women killed in wagons. Still a hue and cry was raised, through the influence of the Indian ring, in which some good and pious ecclesiastics took part, and became the aiders and abettors of savages who murdered, without mercy, men, women, and children; in all cases ravishing the women, sometimes as often as forty and fifty times in succession, and while insensible from brutality and exhaustion forced sticks up their persons, and, in one instance, the fortieth or fiftieth savage drew his sabre and used it on the person of the woman in the same manner. I do not know exactly how far these humanitarians should be excused on account of their ignorance, but surely it is the only excuse that gives a shadow of justification for aiding and abetting such horrid crimes.

"Although Custer had struck a hard blow, and wiped out old Black Kettle and his murderers and rapers of helpless women, I did not feel that our work was done yet, but desired that the Indians should see fully how helpless they were even at this season, when the Government was in earnest. So on the 7th of December, after getting the Kansas regiment as well set up as possible, we moved toward the head waters of the Washita, with thirty days' rations for the men and about one quarter rations of forage for the animals.

"The snow was still on the ground and the weather very cold, but the officers and men were cheerful, although the men had only shelter tents. We moved due south until we struck the Washita, near Custer's fight of November 27th, having crossed the main Canadian with the thermometer about eighteen degrees below zero."

It is reasonably safe to say that campaigning in weather eighteen degrees below zero is not apt to be undertaken save and only from stern necessity.

"After reaching the Washita, my intention was to take up the trail of the Indians and follow it. We rested one day and made an examination of the ground; found the bodies of Major Elliott and his small party, and examined the Indian camps or villages which had been abandoned when General Custer struck Black Kettle's band. They extended about twelve or thirteen miles down the river, and from the appearance of things they had fled in the greatest haste, abandoning provisions, robes, cooking utensils, and every species of property, and it appeared to me they must have at last begun to realize that winter was not going to give them security.

"On the next day we started down the Washita, following the Indian trail; but finding so many deep ravines and cañons, I thought we would move out on the divide; but a blinding snowstorm coming on, and fearing to get lost with a large command and trains of wagons on a treeless prairie without water, we were forced back to the banks of the Washita, where we at least could get wood and water. Next day we continued down the river, following the trail of the Indians, and crossed numerous ravines by digging and bridging with pioneer parties. This was continued until the evening of the 16th [December], when we came to the vicinity of the Indians—principally Kiowas. They did not dream that any soldiers could operate in such cold and inclement weather, and we marched down on them before they knew of our presence in the country; after night they saw our fires, and by means of relays communicated with General Hazen, and obtained a letter from him saying that the Kiowas were friendly. I had

just followed their trail from Custer's battlefield, and a portion of this band had just come from Texas, where they had murdered and plundered in the most barbarous manner; while in the previous spring their outrages on the Texas border are too horrible to relate, one item of which is that, in returning to their villages, fourteen of the poor little captive children were frozen to death.

. . . . . .

"The Cheyennes broke their promise and did not come in, so I ordered General Custer to move against them; this he did, and came on the Cheyennes on the head waters of Red River, apparently moving north; it is possible they were on their way to Camp Supply, as in some of the conversations I had with Little Robe I had declared that if they did not get into the Fort Cobb reservation within a certain time they would not be received there, but would be received at Camp Supply; this was because I expected to stay only for a limited time at Fort Cobb, intending to return to Camp Supply.

"Custer found them in a very forlorn condition, and could have destroyed, I think, most of the tribe, certainly their villages, but contented himself with taking their renewed promise to come into Camp Supply, and obtained from them two white women whom they held as captives. The most of the tribe fulfilled this latter promise so far as coming into the vicinity of Camp Supply and communicating with the commanding officer; but Tall Bull's band again violated the promise made, and went north to the Republican, where he joined a party of Sioux, who, on the 13th of May, 1869, were attacked and defeated with heavy loss, whereupon the whole tribe moved into Camp Supply.

"Meantime, while the Arapahoes and Cheyennes were negotiating with me to surrender, the Quahrada or Staked Plains Comanches sent a delegation over to

Bascom, offering to surrender themselves, under the expectation, perhaps, that they could get better terms there than with me; but General Getty arrested the delegation, which was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, and finally returned to their people on condition that they would deliver themselves up on the reservation at Medicine Bluff or Fort Sill. This was complied with, and I am now able to report that there has been a fulfilment of all the conditions which we had in view when we commenced our winter's campaign last November—namely, punishment was inflicted; property destroyed; the Indians disabused of the idea that winter would bring security; and all the tribes south of the Platte forced on to the reservations set apart for them by the Government, where they are in a tangible shape for the good work of civilization, education, and religious instruction.

"I can not speak too highly of the patient and cheerful conduct of the troops under my command; they were many times pinched by hunger and numbed by cold, sometimes living in holes below the surface of the prairie—dug to keep them from freezing; at other times pursuing the savages, and living on the flesh of mules. In all these trying conditions the troops were always cheerful and willing, and the officers full of *esprit.*

. . . . . .

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"P. H. SHERIDAN,

"*Lieutenant General.*

"General W. T. SHERMAN,

"*General in Chief of the Army, Washington, D. C.*"

I have only quoted from the report extracts enough to give the reader a general idea of this Indian war and what caused it, and of some of the hardships incident to

a winter's campaign against the Indians, as well as the final outcome of this one of 1868 and 1869. There was also a great deal of hard work and some sharp fighting by smaller bodies of troops north of the Canadian River before the Indians were finally forced on to their reservations, but sufficient has been written and quoted to give the reflective reader food for thought as to whether the frontiersman has not sometimes had good cause for his hate of the Indian.

The punishment of the marauding Indians south of the Platte River did not, however, deter or intimidate those in the far North. Certain bands of the Blackfeet Indians living in the extreme northern or almost unsettled districts of the Territory of Montana had during the years immediately succeeding the close of the civil war—that is to say, from 1865 to 1869—for three successive years raided the thinly settled upper portion of the Gallatin Valley, killed the frontiersmen, murdered or carried off their wives and little children, burned their ranches, and then, driving their horses and cattle before them, escaped through the mountain passes of the Little Belt Range to the borders of the British possessions hours before word could be sent to the nearest villages or any hastily organized pursuit could be made by the inhabitants of the inlying settlements that could, or at any time did, succeed in accomplishing anything in the way of rescue or reprisals. One great trouble that prevented the troops from accomplishing anything was the fact that it was generally days before the news of the raid reached them, and unfortunately at that time we did not have any cavalry stationed on that section of our frontier.

These raids were made by two bands of the Black-

feet known as Piegans and Bloods, and it is to be supposed that the commanding general of the department (Major-General W. S. Hancock) debited them in full for what they had at various times succeeded in accomplishing in the hope that on some future day he might be able to force a complete settlement of the account.

In the summer of 1869 a battalion of four troops of the Second Cavalry was sent for service in Montana and stationed at Fort Ellis. Midwinter was the time decided upon for a blow at the Piegans and Major E. M. Baker was the officer selected to command the expedition. The utmost secrecy was preserved in regard to the movement, and when the troops started from Fort Ellis on the 6th of January, 1870, with the thermometer at ten degrees below zero, only the senior officers of the command were aware of their destination. At Fort Shaw they were joined by fifty mounted infantry and one company of infantry as a train guard, and then the united command plodded on up through the mountain passes, breaking trail through deep snows with the thermometer ranging from ten to forty degrees below zero, hunting for the winter camps of the Piegans and Bloods, which they knew were somewhere near the line of the British possessions.

On the 22d of January the scouts located the camp of the Piegans, which was, as they had supposed it would be, located in a gorge of the Marias River, near the British line. The weather was intensely bitter, but the command marched nearly all that night and halted just before daylight within a mile or so of the Indian village. It was so very cold that the savages had neglected to put out even a vedette, and so just at day-

light the troops dashed in upon them, effecting a complete surprise, for they had not deemed it possible that our soldiers could move in such weather. There was little or no time for defence; our troops were in and through the village almost before the Indians were fairly awake, so although some of them sprang to arms and made for a few moments something of a stand, the whole band soon stampeded, for, knowing their guilt, they were wild with terror, breaking from their tepees and flying in all directions, the soldiers riding over and shooting them down wherever they could overtake them. Our loss was comparatively very little, two or three killed and about twenty wounded, while one hundred and seventy-three of the Piegans lay dead on the field. It was an awful retribution, but the Piegans had brought it on themselves. The women and children who were captured were turned loose, as there was no way of bringing them into any of our posts. Over three hundred captured horses were brought to Fort Shaw, and many of them returned to their former owners from whom the Piegans had stolen them. General Hancock, in his report of this affair, says:

"It is to be regretted that in the attack on the camp some women and children were accidentally killed. As is well known to all acquainted with Indian fighting a certain proportion of accidental killing will always occur in affairs of this kind, especially when the attack is made in the dim light of early morning, and when it is a necessary element of success to fire into the lodges at the outset to drive the Indians out to an open contest. It is believed that not a single woman or child was killed by our own people outside of the lodges, although, as is also well known, a good many

of the women on such occasions fight with and as well as the men.

"As much obloquy was heaped upon Major Baker, his officers, and men, owing to the exaggerations and misstatements published in relation to the number of women and children killed, I think it only justice to him and his command that the truth should be made fully known to the public." (It was said over one hundred women and children were killed. As a matter of fact, less than forty were killed by the volley firing of the troops, as they fired into the tepees to drive the warriors out on the opening of the action.) "Recollecting the season of the year in which the expedition was made, the terrible cold through which it marched day after day (forty degrees below zero), and the spirit with which the troops engaged an enemy which they deemed as strong as themselves, I think the command is entitled to the especial commendation of the military authorities and the thanks of the nation. At all events, the lesson administered to the Indians has been salutary in its effects, and highly beneficial to the interests of Montana. I predict it will be a long time before serious trouble may be again apprehended from the Blackfeet."

This last paragraph from General Hancock's pen was written in 1870. The splendid soldier who wrote it is one of the silent majority, but in the light of the last thirty years it reads like prophecy. Thirty long years have passed since Major Baker struck the Piegans on the Marias River, but the Blackfeet have never again attempted a raid on our Montana border.

CHAPTER XII.

ARIZONA AND THE APACHE.

THE treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo between the republic of Mexico and the United States in 1848, together with the supplementary one in 1853, generally known as the Gadsden purchase, by which, on the payment of ten million dollars, our Government obtained that part of modern Arizona south of the Gila River, not only gave us all the claim Mexico had to the territory mentioned, but incidentally gave us a quit claim, so far as the Mexicans could do so, to a tribe of Indians called Apaches.

In that part of his history of the Pacific slope relating to Arizona and New Mexico the historian Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft says that "nearly all of what we now call Arizona has no other history before 1846 than the record of Spanish and Mexican exploring *entradas* [expeditions] from the south and east. The exception is the small tract of not more than sixty miles square from Tucson southward." The glory of discovering this territory (Arizona) must be given to a negro and a Franciscan friar in 1539. Accepting this statement, we have a starting point from which to date our knowledge of the Apache in what is known as Arizona, and we find him to have been quite a difficult factor for the next three hundred years in

this frontier community of Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Mexicans. For the first century of Spanish occupation and misrule in this portion of what is to-day the state of Sonora in Mexico little is accurately known. That the Spaniards sent several exploring expeditions into this newly discovered country is substantiated by Spanish records showing that the first one was under the direction of Fray Marcos de Niza of the Franciscan friars, who, with another friar, Onorato, and black Estevancio, together with some native Mexicans from Culiacan, set out from San Miguel on March 7, 1539, to explore this (then) unknown country. Onorato fell ill and was left behind. After fifteen days' travel they came to a native town called Vocapa. There the friar remained and sent forward the negro Estevancio to explore. He sent back glowing reports of what he heard of the Pueblo cities, especially of the city of Cibola. On or about the 6th of April, 1539, Father Niza set out after his black advance guard, and in five or six days came to a well-watered settlement near the borders of a desert. Bancroft says: "Between Vocapa and this place, without much doubt they had crossed what is now the southern bound of Arizona." Niza pushed on steadily after the negro Estevancio, who kept straight on his way for Cibola, but on reaching the town Estevancio was forbidden to enter, and soon set upon and killed. However, Father Niza kept on until he was in sight of Cibola, and there erected a cross on a heap of stones and took formal possession of the whole country in the name of the Spanish Governor Mendoza for the King of Spain, and then hurried back to proclaim his discovery. It seems thus that without doubt the first European to enter Arizona was the black man Stephen,

or Estevancio, Father Niza being a close second. The occupation of this country in 1540–'50 by the Spanish soldier Coronado with an armed exploring party and its occupation by Spanish troops and Spaniards turned out to be a distinct disappointment as far as their finding great wealth among the Pueblo Indians was concerned.

About 1672 the various Apache tribes became troublesome, destroying in their raids one of the Zuñi towns and six of the pueblos. In 1682, in the civil wars and discords under the Spanish, "the Apaches and Yutes took advantage of the situation to renew their raids for plunder." In 1684 a force of fifty Spaniards and one hundred Indians were sent against a *rancheria* of apostate and gentile Apaches to kill the men and capture the women and children. In 1698 it appears of record that the French almost annihilated a Navajo force of four thousand men. There was also a Spanish campaign against the Faraon Apaches, but it was futile, and nothing was accomplished. "In 1755 depredations by Apaches were frequent." Again, in 1750, "the Navajo conversion was a failure." Of the Yutes and Apaches we know nothing definitely except that in most years "they gave trouble in one way or another." From 1751 to 1756 "the Apaches were continuously troublesome, and many expeditions were undertaken against them, . . . but only a few are recorded, and those very meagrely. . . . The only success achieved was the killing of a few warriors and the capture of some women and children, . . . and it finally came to be seriously questioned by many whether these campaigns were of the slightest advantage." In 1786 General Ugarte introduced a radical change in the Apache Indian policy. The Apaches were to be forced by an

unceasing Spanish campaign aided by friendly Pima and Opata Indians to accept and enter into a treaty of peace never before permitted with that nation. If they observed its requirements they were to be kindly treated, furnished with certain supplies, encouraged to settle near the presidio, *taught to drink intoxicating liquors,* and to depend on Spanish friendship for their needs. This worked fairly well under the management of the Franciscan friars for nearly or quite twenty years, or as long as the Spaniards did not attempt the Apaches enslavement, and then, naturally, the treaty went to pieces, and, as we shall see further on, the Apaches again took to the war path.

From 1581 to 1840 both the Spaniards and the Mexicans had tried to subjugate and complete the conquest of these Indians and signally failed. For a few years some of the Jesuit fathers by unvarying kindness, sterling integrity, good and fair treatment, unwearied patience, and great forbearance did actually obtain a strong hold on them and had a large part of the tribe well started on the road toward Christianity. Then the cupidity of the miners, the ranchmen, and the small local governors of New Spain, within whose districts these Indians dwelt, upset and destroyed all the work of the fathers in an attempt to enslave the entire tribe. Baron Humboldt states that the Apaches entered upon a war of extermination upon the Spaniards when they discovered that all their people captured by the king's troops had been either transported to Cuba to work and die as slaves on the sugar plantations or else sent to work their lives out in the mines of Guanajuato. From that time the hand of the Apache was against both the Spaniard and the Mexican

and opposed to civilization as well. In vain were troops sent to hunt him from his mountain lair, in vain were ambuscades laid, traps set, and surprises planned, for the Apache was ever alert and could not be taken unawares, and furthermore he fought only where success seemed within his grasp. Finally the Mexicans declared him an outlaw and entered upon a war of extermination against him, and the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua offered a standing reward of three hundred silver dollars for each and every scalp of an Apache man, woman, or child that should be delivered at certain designated army posts, and actually entered into written contract with several desperate frontier adventurers for the furtherance of the bloody work. It goes without saying that many an Apache scalp eventually found its way to the stated headquarters and was duly paid for, but for every individual Apache scalp taken, whether of man, woman, or child, it is reasonably safe to aver that in the course of time more than threescore Spaniards or Mexicans bit the dust, for the Apache was ever seeking revenge, and was as tireless as fate in its pursuit. Furthermore, he sent down his ancient grudge to his descendants, who gladly took up the heritage of hate, and the lapse of years and the passing of generations failed to weaken the Apache's desire for revenge or sate his thirst for the blood of his enemies.

The late Major John G. Bourke, of the United States army, one of the ablest ethnologists as regards the aborigines of this country, says:* "In the

* On the Border with Crook. By John G. Bourke, Captain Third Cavalry, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1891. Page 114.

Apache the Spaniard, whether as soldier or priest, found a foe whom no artifice could terrify into submission, whom no eloquence could wean from the superstition of his ancestors. Indifferent to the bullets of armor-clad soldiers and serenely insensible to the arguments of friar and priest, who claimed spiritual dominion over all other [Indian] tribes, the naked Apache with no weapon save his bow and arrows, lance, war club, knife, and shield, roamed over a vast empire, the lord of the soil—fiercer than the fiercest of tigers, wilder than the wild coyote he called his brother." His habitat, over which he swept almost at will in defiance of the Spaniards and Mexicans for over two hundred years, included the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua, the western portion of the State of Texas, and the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, an area greater than that of France and the German Empire combined. It is but scant justice to say that when the United States first obtained possession of the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, which were occupied by certain Apache bands, that, so far as the record shows, they were not unfriendly and seemed disposed to live peaceably with our people, and it was a most wanton, brutal, and unprovoked murder of an Apache warrior by a Mexican teamster who was employed by the United States commissioner, a Mr. Bartlett, who deliberately and wilfully shot an Apache warrior dead without the slightest excuse, that was the origin of our Apache wars. Even then the Apache chiefs made no attempt at reprisals, but appealed to the commissioner for justice, and patiently awaited his decision. For this unprovoked, wilful, and deliberate murder Commissioner Bartlett thought a fine of thirty dollars,

to be retained in monthly instalments from the teamster's pay and turned over to the warrior's family, was sufficient compensation. Forty-eight hours after the promulgation of Bartlett's decision the Apaches swept the whole Arizona frontier, burning and killing wherever they could find a settler's ranch, an isolated traveller, or a group of prospecting miners, and the fire-blackened and desolated border for hundreds of miles established the fact that in the opinion of the tribe an Apache warrior's life was worth decidedly more to them than thirty dollars. It is, of course, impossible to say what the result would have been if Mr. Bartlett had shown the nerve and keen sense of justice to impanel a border jury, try the teamster, and if he was convicted have executed him; but it is among the possibilities that such action upon his part might have saved us years of border warfare and the lives of hundreds of frontiersmen and their families, to say nothing of many of our best and bravest soldiers as well as millions of Government treasure.

The Apaches are of two distinct types. Some of of them are tall, slight, exceedingly well formed, with aquiline noses, long heads, well-rounded chins, well-shaped lips, firm mouths, and bold flashing eyes. Others are short, with broad shoulders, deep chest, flat broad noses, with open nostrils, small keen dark eyes, thin lips, stern mouth with projecting chin, and with the skull flattened behind the ears. They all have well-developed and most muscular legs and rather small feet. All of the male Apaches whom I have met have cruel faces, and the determined mouth shows that no mercy need be expected by his enemies. The Apache is an able soldier, in that he never takes an unneces-

sary risk if he can avoid it, and never lets his passion get the better of his good judgment; is patient, persevering, tireless, abstemious, and can subsist and make available for food material upon which not only the Caucasian, but the ordinary American plains Indian would surely starve. No enemy can conceal a trail so that he will not discover and follow it, and when the knows that he is pursued he covers his own trail so that only another Apache can discover and trace it.

In a few words the case of the Apache may be summed up thus: He was an Indian mountaineer with the average mountaineer's love of personal liberty, and undoubtedly with all the good and bad qualities of one of the best specimens of the North American aborigine, but the persistent attempts of the Spaniards and Mexicans for more than two hundred years to enslave him developed his worst qualities, and eventually as the Indian Ishmaelite with the hand of civilization against him he became an Indian bandit with his hand against civilization, and, in the words of the late General George Crook, he developed into the human tiger, and as such we fell heir to him. Major Bourke thinks that the Apache is the southernmost member of the great Tinneh family, which originally stretched across the circumpolar portion of the American continent from the shores of the Pacific to the western line of Hudson Bay, and this family—the Tinneh—are still, and always have been, the ablest of the American Indian tribes, and wherever they have come in contact with other of the Southern Indian tribes they have invariably, sooner or later, obtained control over them owing to their diplomatic astuteness, personal daring, and their incessant and unwearying work to gain the ascendency. In a

report of Father Benavides to the King of Spain, dated at Madrid in 1630 and written on the priest's return from New Spain (Mexico), he says of these Indians, classified as "Apaches de Xila (Gila), Apaches de Navajo, and Apaches Vaqueros," that they had caused no serious disturbance, and in the Xila (Gila) province, where he (Benavides) had been a missionary working with much success as well as among the Apaches de Navajo, everything was then at peace. This was the condition of affairs in 1630, and two hundred and fifteen years later, in 1848, we fell heir to the Apache, and as the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona slowly fell in line with the advance guard of civilization, in order to protect our settlers and prevent their being annihilated or else driven from the country, our army was compelled to take up the task the Spaniards and Mexicans had laid down, and to enter on a campaign having for its object the subjugation of the untamed Apache.

A campaign against the Apaches in their eyrie fastnesses among the ragged Sierra Madres could but be a series of detached fights. In fact, for many years and until the various bands of the whole tribe were finally rounded up, that was all there was to it, but it involved nearly twenty years' heartbreaking work, exhausting privation, bitter disappointment, and the loss of many a gallant soldier, and was eventually accomplished only when our own troops, by persistent endeavour and repeated scouts, had mastered the general trend of valley, stream, and cañon, learned the location of the few water holes in the beds of the dry water courses, the rare springs in the hills, and the isolated passes through the unexplored mountain ranges, together with the stern fact that a trail once discovered

must never be abandoned, but doggedly hung to and searched out, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, until their quarry was run to earth and compelled to turn and fight, or on very rare occasions cornered and obliged to fight to a surrender or annihilation.

Trailing the Apache when he had covered his trail was practically an impossibility to white men, but General George Crook, who was, without doubt, one of the very best and ablest Indian campaigners our Government has ever had, and at the same time one of the most absolutely just and true friends the Indian has ever known, when he was assigned to the command of the Department of Arizona adopted and put in practice a new course toward this people. First, he personally went over the country and obtained all possible knowledge of it and of the Apaches. Then, by guaranteeing their safety, he finally, after much trouble, succeeded in getting some of the leading Apache warriors to come in for a talk. His reputation as an honest and true man had reached even this people in the fastnesses of the Sierras, and finally, after much hesitation, a few of them came. He told them that their stay on the war path meant eventual extermination. That things were changing in their section of country and civilization was advancing, and would continue to do so, and set forth the advantages of peace, offered them immunity for the past, and protection for the future if they would surrender and settle down to a peaceful life. Otherwise, he must and would fight them to extermination. Furthermore, if all the bands would not accept the offer of the United States Government and come in he would gladly offer immunity to those who would accept it, and wished them, in case the bad Indians would

not give up the war path, to assist him in their capture; that there were both good and bad white men and good and bad Indians, but the good white men forced the bad ones to obey the law, and he expected that the good Indians would assist him, just as the good white men assisted the officers of the law in keeping peace and maintaining order. Runners were sent out to the various bands, and in a few months all the well-disposed Indians came in and surrendered. After a suitable length of time he put his troops in motion against the defiant bands.

But when our troops moved against them it was with this tremendous difference: Each small command moved with *eight* or *ten friendly Apaches*, duly enrolled, clothed, equipped, and paid as United States scouts. It was the entering wedge that enabled us eventually to conquer and subdue the Apache. From 1865 to 1871 the troops in Arizona had been in almost constant turmoil with the Indian tribes. They seemed to be constantly on the alert to attack the settlers, and Major Bourke's description of the condition of affairs at Peter Kitchen's border ranch is graphic enough to answer for the whole Arizona frontier. Bourke writes: * " Peter Kitchen has probably had more contest with the Indians than any other settler in America. He comes from the same stock which sent out from the lovely vales and swales in the Tennessee mountains the contingent of riflemen who were to cut such a conspicuous figure at the battle of New Orleans, and Peter finds just as steady employment for his trusty rifle as ever was essential in the delta. Approaching

* On the Border with Crook, p. 78.

Pete Kitchen's ranch, one finds himself in a fertile valley, with a small hillock near one extremity. Upon the summit of this has been built the house from which no effort of the Apaches has ever succeeded in driving him. There is a sentinel posted on the roof, there is another out in the *cienega* [a marshy meadow] with the stock, and the men ploughing in the bottoms are obliged to carry *rifles, cocked and loaded,* swung to the plough handles. Every man and boy is armed with one or two revolvers on his hip. There are revolvers and rifles and shotguns along the walls and in every corner. Everything speaks of a land of warfare and of bloodshed. The title of Dark and Bloody Ground never fairly belonged to Kentucky. Kentucky was never anything . . . in comparison with Arizona, every mile of whose surface could tells its tale of horror were the stones and gravel, the sagebrush and mescal, the mesquite and the yucca only endowed with speech for one brief hour. Between Pete Kitchen and the Apaches a ceaseless war was waged with the advantages not all on the side of Kitchen. His employees were killed and wounded, his stock driven away, his pigs filled with arrows, and everything that could be thought of done [by the Apaches] to drive him away, but there he stayed, unconquered and unconquerable. Men like . . . Pete Kitchen merit a volume by themselves. Arizona and New Mexico were full of such people, not all nor nearly all as determined and resolute as Pete. Strangest of all . . . is the quietness of their manner and the low tone in which they usually spoke to their neighbours." Just here I wish to present a few statistics to show the actual necessity that compelled the army to hunt out, destroy, or capture this people. In Pima County, Ari-

zona, in 1868–'69 the Apaches killed fifty-two white settlers and wounded eighteen, and in the next year killed forty-seven and wounded six, and this in only one county. In 1870 the Territorial Delegate in Congress, Mr. McCormick, presented a list of one hundred and forty-four citizens recently murdered by the Apaches. A petition was sent to Congress by the inhabitants of Arizona praying for protection from the Indians, giving the names, dates, and localities of over four hundred American citizens killed within less than three years. From these statements it can be seen why the army had to keep moving incessantly in small scouting parties to hunt these Indians down. In 1868 there were no less than forty-six scouting expeditions sent against them in Arizona, in which one hundred and fourteen Indians were killed, sixty-one wounded, and thirty-five captured, but all this was not accomplished without heavy losses to our troops in both officers and men. Hunting them out was terribly rough work; and wiping them out when brought to bay and after they had refused to surrender, though it was an act imposed by military necessity, was nevertheless a most dangerous, grisly, gruesome, and revolting task.

When the War Department wisely decided to send General George Crook to take command of the Department of Arizona it showed equally good judgment in not changing the troops on duty there at the same time it changed the department commanders, for the regiments then stationed in Arizona had learned by bitter experience just how to handle themselves while campaigning against the wily Apaches, and best knew in what way to go about hunting them down. When our troops moved out from the posts or camps in pursuit

of the Indians they divested themselves of every superfluous garment, and did not load themselves down with even a single ounce of impedimenta that they could possibly do without. In summer they were almost as naked as the savages themselves, and were sunburned to the colour of mulattoes, while in place of boots and shoes they wore buckskin moccasins or rawhide sandals tied to their feet with thongs of the same material, which enabled them to follow their foes on the rocky trail at night silently, and with such sleuthlike movements that on several occasions, all undiscovered, they traced them to their very lair. It was with these seasoned and experienced troops that General Crook began his winter campaign of 1871–'72 against the bands of hostile Apaches, who, despite all he could do to bring them to peaceful terms by offers of immunity for past misdeeds and protection for the future, refused to come in to the agencies, and still defiantly remained on the war path. They had already attempted his assassination at a peace talk at Camp Date Creek, and he now knew positively that for those who rejected all overtures of peace only one course was open so far as the Government was concerned, and he must fight them to surrender or annihilation. Accordingly he divided his forces into five or six fairly strong detachments under most capable officers. Each one of these detachments had a number of Apache scouts accompanying it. They were directed to take station within certain specified districts, to establish a rendezvous, and from that point send out friendly Apache trailers and on their report move against the hostile Apaches, striking and hunting them down from five or six different points at nearly the same time, thereby keeping the Indians constantly on the alert to

prevent themselves from being surprised, and subjecting them to such a continued apprehension of death and disaster that he hoped the continued mental strain might, in the course of time, break down their defiant spirit and induce them to finally sue for peace. All of these separate detachments did good work during the ensuing winter, but it is only with one of them that we will have to do; and I follow the fortunes of that especial detachment simply because it will give my readers an account of one of the two most desperate fights of that campaign, and show how the troops had to ferret out and practically annihilate some of the Apache bands before the hostiles would give up the war path for the reservation system.

Brevet Major William H. Brown, captain of the Fifth United States Cavalry, was ordered from old Camp Grant to take the field against the hostiles, and, like all the rest of the detached commands, he was to move over and operate against the Indians in the Tonto Basin, which in a general sense includes all the country between the head waters of the Gila and the Salt Rivers in the valley or plain that lies between the Mogollon and Pinal ranges of mountains in southeastern Arizona. Major Brown was a most capable officer (a promotion from the ranks) and a man of sound judgment and much experience in Indian affairs. His force consisted of two companies of the Fifth Cavalry and thirty Apache scouts, and he had as his junior officers Captain A. B. Taylor and Lieutenant Jacob Almy of the Fifth Cavalry, Lieutenant J. M. Ross of the Twenty-first Infantry, and Lieutenant John G. Bourke of the Third Cavalry. Crossing the Pinal Mountains, which at that season were covered with snow, Major Brown encamped

in a small valley near the northwestern extremity of the range. From this place the troops moved over the various Apache trails, sending their Indian scouts in advance under their guides and Indian interpreters, McIntosh, Felmar, and Antonio Besias; but, although the advance had one or two small skirmishes with the hostiles, the main body of the command did not get near them. On Christmas Day Major Brown's detachment was joined by Captain James Burns of the Fifth Cavalry, in command of Troop G of that regiment and eighty Pima Indian scouts, with Lieutenant Earl D. Thomas of the same regiment as his subordinate. Two days later Major Brown announced to his officers that he was about to undertake the capture of one of the Apache strongholds, located somewhere in the cañon of the Salt River, and which had been frequently sought for by the troops, but its location had never yet been discovered, although for a long time it had been suspected that there were two or three large Apache *rancherias* or strongholds somewhere within that gloomy defile. Major Brown had with his command a friendly Apache scout called Nantjee, who had at one time lived at this stronghold, and he had agreed to guide the troops there if they would make a night march, as otherwise they would most surely be seen and destroyed upon the trail, for the Apaches, if forewarned, could easily defend it against any number that could be sent to attack them. Leaving his pack train in his camp, with an ample guard to protect it, together with every man of the command not in the highest physical condition, Major Brown and his troops, led by Nantjee and the scouts and interpreters, took the trail at eight o'clock on a cold starlight December night, and started up and

over the Mazatzal Mountains for the hitherto undiscovered Apache path in the cañon of Salt River. Each man had his belt freshly refilled with cartridges, and a number of unopened packages of cartridges were also placed in his tightly rolled blanket, which passed over his right shoulder, and in which was also a small allowance of coffee, bread, and bacon, and on the outside of it, wrapped up carefully to prevent it hitting against the rocks and making a noise, was a canteen full of precious water. Strict orders were issued that not a match should be struck, a pipe lighted, a loud word spoken, or even a cough allowed to escape from any one while on the march, and all orders were passed back from the head of the column in a whisper from one man to another down the long line which, Indian fashion, followed on the narrow trail in single file. It was a very bitter night, and the men shivered somewhat as they toiled silently upward through the almost total darkness, each man seeking to plant his feet in the footsteps of the man who preceded him. Now and then the head of the column halted until the rear guard came up, and toward morning the scouts reported that they had seen a light ahead of them. So the command was stopped on the trail to wait for further developments. In a short time scouts McIntosh and Felmar came back with the information that the light they had seen must have been made by a band of Apaches who had evidently been raiding the whites and peaceful Pima Indians in the Gila Valley, and had just passed through the mountain above on their return to their stronghold with their plunder; that they had left a number of played-out horses and mules in a little depression on the mountain side and gone on to their *rancheria*, and from all

indications probably within a very short time. Major Brown ordered Captain Burns, with Troop G of the Fifth Cavalry and his Pima Indian scouts, to go to where the abandoned horses were and hark back on the trail in case any more Apaches were coming up. He then ordered Lieutenant Ross of the Twenty-first Infantry to take fifteen enlisted men, together with all the mule packers who had come along as volunteers and who were excellent shots, to go ahead on the trail, led by Nantjee and scouts McIntosh and Felmar, to prevent any attempt at a surprise in that direction, as it would soon be light, and the situation was not particularly reassuring. In the meantime he would form up his command and await a report from Lieutenant Ross as to what was in his immediate front. Nantjee, who seemed confident enough, led the advance down along the steep and dangerous trail into Salt River Cañon. It was a dark, gloomy, and cavernous place, with just the flickering glimmer of light that foreshadows dawn to indicate the narrow path that zigzagged down along the face of the cliff, but Nantjee trod it boldly and confidently, even if silently and anxiously. He was closely followed by the scouts McIntosh and Felmar, while Lieutenant Ross, at the head of his trailers, followed quietly on a few feet in their rear. They had not gone much more than six hundred yards from the main body when Nantjee suddenly held up his hand in warning, and the command instantly stopped on the trail. Standing perfectly still, Nantjee leaned forward, evidently listening intently. A moment later he turned to McIntosh, who was almost touching him, and whispered "Apache." Motioning the others to stand fast, Nantjee, McIntosh, and Felmar crept

slowly forward to where there was a turn in the trail, knelt down, and glanced carefully around it. Then they drew back and motioned Lieutenant Ross forward. One quick glance, and Ross had taken it all in. Less than forty yards beyond the angle in the trail behind which he was crouching was the Apache stronghold. About four hundred feet from the crest of the rocky wall of the cañon was the wide mouth of an open cavern. A few feet in front of this opening was a natural rampart of almost continuous great blocks of stone ten to twelve feet higher than the trail that led up to it, and just at the mouth of the cavern, in full view by the light of a camp fire, was a band of warriors singing and dancing, while half a dozen squaws were busy cooking them a meal on their return, red-handed, from their raid in the Gila Valley. After a whispered consultation the men silently crept forward on the trail, and, under instructions from Lieutenant Ross, each man carefully cocked his piece, then by the light of the Indians' camp fire he singled out the Indian that was his best mark, and at the word all fired together. The crack of the rifles and the deafening echo of the cañon was succeeded by wild shrieks from the startled Indians as six of their braves fell dead at the first fire. The frightened savages for a moment or two sought only safety in the interior of the cavern and behind the natural stone rampart in front of it, but Lieutenant Ross and his men continued to fire as rapidly as possible into the open cave and at any Indian brave whom they could see. Within less than three minutes, however, the astonished Apaches began to rally, and, grasping their rifles, commenced to reply to the fire of their assailants, whom as yet they could only dimly see in the early morning light. About this

time, however, Lieutenant Bourke, at the head of forty or fifty men, came rushing and leaping down the narrow and dangerous trail with a recklessness only warranted by the desperate need that Ross might have for re-enforcements, Major Brown having thrown Bourke and his men forward instantly on hearing the echoing roar from Salt River Cañon that told them Ross was engaged with the Apaches, and Bourke came none too soon to save Lieutenant Ross and his men from a counter-attack by the savages. In a few moments Ross and Bourke had taken position on either flank of the Apaches' cave and sheltered their men behind the adjacent rocks, so that they were comparatively safe from the Apaches' fire. It soon became evident that some of the Indians were about to try to make their way out of the cave by one flank or the other, probably with the intention of communicating with some one of the other *rancherias* which was supposed to be somewhere in the Salt River Cañon, probably within a few miles of the one now being attacked. Lieutenant Bourke had been told by Major Brown not to attempt to do anything more than hold the Indians, in case he found they had attacked Lieutenant Ross, until he could get up with the rest of the troops. So Bourke and Ross simply kept up a sharp fire on the enemy's flanks and waited. They did not have to wait long, for the major soon made his appearance with the rest of his command, and at once assumed control. Just as the reserve had appeared one of the Apaches endeavoured to crawl through the rocks around the right flank. He had almost succeeded, but he could not resist giving a war whoop of defiance from a high rock, which drew a shot from some one of the men that instantly killed him. After realigning his

troops behind the rocks directly fronting the enemy's position, Major Brown formed a second line in their rear and on their flanks, completely covering them in front and flank. Besides, he wished his second line to be able to turn and face a new enemy in case of a rear attack by any Apaches who might come to the rescue of these beleaguered ones from any *rancherias* that might possibly be located within a few miles, especially as he realized that the tremendous echo of the cañon carried the sound of the combat for a long distance. Having invested the *rancheria* so strongly that escape for the savages was practically impossible, he ordered all firing to cease, and through his interpreters summoned the Apaches to an unconditional surrender. Yells of rage, defiance, and threats was the only reply. A second time he called upon them to surrender, the interpreters telling them how hopeless it was for them to think of escape. The Apaches again defied him, saying that they would fight to the death, and daring the troops to come on. Major Brown then asked them to let the women and children come out, assuring them that he would see that they were protected and treated kindly. This the savages jeered at, and again defied the troops. It is probable that they expected help before long, and it may be that otherwise they would have permitted their women and children to come into our lines and surrender, no matter what course they might have decided upon for themselves. For the next hour or so the two combatants closely watched each other, the expert riflemen of either side seeking an opportunity for a shot, but so well were both sides covered by lying behind rocks that there were very few, if any, casualties on either side. The major now decided upon another

course. A direct assault would have been too costly. The rampart behind which the Apache warriors lay was a smooth wall or line of rock too high to successfully escalade without ladders, and even then it would have been almost an impossibility. The cave where the Indians lay was not very deep, and it was now nearly or quite eight o'clock in the morning, and light enough to see that the roof of it ran at such an angle that rifle bullets fired at it would deflect and glance so as to injure the occupants. Accordingly, the first line was ordered to open upon it and rain bullets into the mouth of the cave, so as to hit the roof of rock at the desired angle to make them glance downward, especially so as to tell upon the Apache warriors who lay massed close up to the rocky rampart in front of the cave. In less than five minutes our fire began to tell. The Apache warriors soon rose up and began to fire over the rampart at our men, who hit more than one of them as they thus exposed themselves. Soon the wailing cry of women and children was heard, and Major Brown ordered the men to cease firing, and as soon as it was quiet enough to make his interpreters heard he again demanded their surrender; or, in case the warriors would not surrender, he asked that they at least let the women and children come out. For a few moments no reply was made, and all was silent. The Indians had also ceased firing, and it seemed as though they might be consulting as to what course to take. Soon, however, a wild, wailing song or chant was heard, and the interpreters shouted: "That's the death song! They are going to charge. Look out! They are coming! Here they are!" And twenty or more superb-looking warriors, fully armed, suddenly sprang on to the ramparts and delivered a volley at the

men nearest them, while from their rear another party of warriors quickly sprang down and tried to get around the right flank, where the warrior who so nearly got away in the morning tried to escape. Scarcely had they mounted the rampart, however, when nearly every man on the front line dashed from his cover and made straight for them, opening fire upon them as they advanced, killing five or six of them and driving them headlong off the ramparts and back into the cave, while the second line headed off and drove back those who tried to escape by the right flank. The instant that they were behind their ramparts, however, they again renewed the fight, still singing and chanting the death song.

Major Brown now brought all his men up on to the first line, and sent a perfect hail of bullets against the roof of the cave, the incessant discharge of the rifles sending up an echoing roar through the cañon that was heard for miles away. While this was going on Captain Burns and his command, who had been sent back on the raiding trail of the Apaches at daylight, and who had heard the firing and was now on his way to take part in the action which he knew was taking place, reached the top of the precipice just above the Apache stronghold, and stopped his men there to get their breath after the exhausting climb. The uproar beneath was so tremendous that Captain Burns and Lieutenant Thomas leaned over the top of the cliff to try and see what it was all about. They could just make out that about four hundred feet below them there was a shelf of rock, on which, behind a natural rampart, a mass of Apaches were closely crowded, fighting a force in front of them which they could not see. Within five minutes Captain

Burns had stripped the ammunition belts off of half a dozen of his men, buckled them together, and had two of his men swung out over the precipice, while eight or ten muscular fellows held them there as they opened fire on the Apaches huddled behind the ramparts below with their revolvers. This, however, was too slow work, and so, when they had emptied their pistols, they hurled them after the bullets. This gave the captain another idea, and soon the whole command was gathering up and sending great boulders and masses of rock down the sides of the precipice into the now writhing mass of the entrapped Apaches. Still the Indians refused to surrender, and held on desperately, continuing their defence against the troops, especially from their left, where their medicine man and two or three braves kept up a steady fire. Finally even this gave out, and with it their shouts of defiance and war songs gradually ceased. Signalling Captain Burns to discontinue sending down boulders, Major Brown waited for the dust and smoke to subside, and then ordered an assault. As the troops, rifle in hand, sprang forward and entered the cave by the trail on each flank of the rampart they saw that the fight was over. The places behind the ramparts and the cave were both filled with a dead and writhing mass of humanity. Thirty-five living people were taken out, but numbers of them were mortally wounded. All the warriors were dead, dying, or badly wounded. Large quantities of plunder and supplies were found here, among which were articles taken from the ranches in the Gila Valley which had been attacked, plundered, and the inhabitants killed only two days before by the very band whose home-coming trail Lieutenant Ross had followed to the cave that very morning.

A campaign against the Apache with men of the calibre of those who trailed up and attacked these Indians could have but one termination. Eventually they all came in and surrendered, for they realized that with some of their own people to trail them, and the American troops to follow, it was only a question of time when those who were hostile would be exterminated. On the surrender of the tribe they were put at work under army officers to raise grain and earn their own living. This they proceeded to do successfully. Then the peace commissioners interfered, removed them to a reservation totally unsuited to them, and the final outcome was that in 1885, twelve years later, another Apache outbreak gave us great trouble, and seventy-three white settlers were killed in New Mexico and Arizona, and it took over two years of incessant campaigning in the two Territories and across the Mexican border to finally round up Geronimo and the renegades, which was eventually accomplished by the troops under General Miles's command.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MODOC WAR IN OREGON.

THE Modoc war in Oregon in 1872 and the Nez Percé campaign, which began in the same State in 1877, stand out so prominently in the history of border warfare in the West that they can not well be ignored in a sketch of the work of the army on our frontier within the last thirty years. I shall, however, only write of the Modoc campaign in this chapter. The Modocs are an offshoot of the Klamath tribe of Indians, and when the trouble between them and the Government developed into war they were living in what is known as Lost River Basin and located in camps on both sides of Lost River, which is in the extreme southern edge of the State of Oregon, close to the California line, and not very far from the old trail, on which had been established the first Government road between Oregon and California.

For many years preceding the Modoc war this section of country had been the scene of bloody encounters between the Indians and the white settlers, eventuating in brutal massacres on the side of both the whites and Indians, with the result that both peoples learned to distrust each other, and consequently bad blood had existed between them for a long time. In 1864 a treaty was made between the

Klamaths, the Yakoskin Snakes, and the Modocs by which, for certain considerations, these three tribes agreed to give up the country that they then occupied and remove to a certain allotted portion of Oregon set aside for them and termed the Klamath Reservation. Now the Klamaths were a very much larger and more powerful tribe than the Modocs and very unfriendly toward them—in fact, they were almost at war with each other; consequently when the Modocs, in compliance with the treaty, took up their residence on the Klamath Reservation and began to build huts and till the ground, the Klamaths threatened, insulted, and annoyed them to the very verge of actual war, telling them that they were too poor to have a reservation of their own and had to live upon the lands of the Klamaths. Their actions became so unbearable that the Modocs left the reservation and went back to their old homes in the Lost River Basin. Naturally this incensed the settlers, who had come into that section and occupied it as soon as the Indians had left it, and who distrusted all Indians, especially the Modocs, who roamed around a great deal and were restless and at that period unsettled in their daily life. The treaty of 1864 was not ratified until 1869, and in the meantime the Modocs remained in the Lost River Basin country, but always against the protest of the whites living near there, who wished to get rid of them as neighbours. Finally, on renewed promises from the Indian agent that he would protect them from the Klamaths, they agreed to go back to the Klamath Reservation and take up their abode there. This they did in 1869, and went to work to hut themselves, cultivate the ground, and make their homes there. Again the Klamaths began

to persecute and insult them, and on the Modocs' complaint of the Klamaths to the Indian agent, instead of disciplining the Klamaths, he coolly removed the Modocs to another locality, thereby causing them to lose all their labour, and, worse than all, established the fact that the Indian agent favoured the Klamaths as against the Modocs. However, they again went to work to establish themselves comfortably on the new location assigned them by the agent. But the Klamaths for the third time followed them up, threatened, and insulted them, taunting them as outcasts, unable to live upon land that belonged to them, but compelled to ask charity at their hands (when, as a matter of fact, the Modocs had equal rights with the Klamaths upon the reservation), and became so unbearable that the Modocs once more appealed to the Indian agent for protection. Instead of protecting them, he directed them to look up another locality upon the reservation. The leader or chief of the Modocs could not find a suitable place, so they left the reservation again, and the tribe went back to their old home in the Lost River Basin and once more took up their residence there.

In the meantime, this country having been thrown open to settlement with the assurance that the Indians had finally surrendered all claim to it, had, during the time the Modocs had lived on the Klamath Reservation, been occupied more extensively than ever by new settlers, who were, perhaps naturally enough, indignant and angry at the Modocs for returning to it. Complaints and petitions were sent to the Indian agent, the Indian Bureau in Washington, and to Brigadier-General E. R. S. Canby, then stationed at Portland,

Ore., the commander of the Department of the Columbia, within whose jurisdiction these Indians were located, alleging that the Modocs were insolent, overbearing, and threatening, stating that they had destroyed some of the property of the settlers, and that their presence in that section was a constant menace, and asking for their removal to the Klamath Reservation, where they properly belonged under the provisions of the treaty of 1864. General Canby, a splendid soldier and a wonderfully well-balanced man, after careful inquiry saw that there was the Indian side of the question as far as regarded these Modocs being sent back to the Klamath Reservation. He suggested that perhaps it would be best to apportion a small reservation to the Modocs outside of the Klamath Reservation, where they would not be subjected to the insults of the Klamaths and might live peaceably and contentedly, safe from Klamath persecution.

This action on the general's part did not meet with the approval of the Indian agent, the settlers, nor the Indian Bureau. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs, however, sent commissioners to the Modocs to try and induce them to once more go back to the Klamath Reservation. This they positively refused to do, and asked that they might be allowed to stay where they were until the Superintendent of Indian Affairs could come out himself and see them, so the commissioners returned without accomplishing the object of their mission. The pressure from the settlers for their removal continued, and the Indian agent urged that they be compelled to go back to the Klamath Reservation, even if it involved their being forced on to it by the military authorities.

On January 25, 1872, Mr. A. B. Meacham, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Oregon, wrote General Canby urging that the Modocs be removed to Yainax Station, on the Klamath Reservation, if necessary, by force, and inclosed a petition signed by nearly all the settlers in Lost River Basin urging the same thing. General Canby replied courteously, but said that in his opinion "it would not be expedient or politic to send a military force against these Indians, or at least until [they were] notified of the determination of the Government of the point at which they are to be established, and fully warned that they will be treated as enemies if, within a reasonable and specified time, they do not establish themselves as required."

This mode of action was too slow for the agent and the settlers, and, notwithstanding General Canby did all that he consistently could to urge a new and separate reservation for the Modocs, it was not done. On the 25th of November, 1872, Mr. F. B. Odeneal, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Wheaton, who was in command of the District of the Lakes, that he had come to the Klamath agency for the purpose of putting the Modoc Indians upon the Klamath Reservation; that he was acting under the written authority of the honourable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, a copy of which is as follows: "You are directed to move the Modoc Indians to Camp Yainax on Klamath Reservation, peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must"; and he called upon the district commander to be ready to aid him with the United States troops in case the Indians refused to go.

Colonel Wheaton wrote to the commanding officer at Fort Klamath, authorizing him to furnish the agent a sufficient force to carry out his instructions in case it became necessary. On November 27th Mr. Odeneal wrote to the commanding officer at Fort Klamath, stating that "the Modocs defiantly decline to meet me at this place." They authorized him (Odeneal's messenger to the Modocs) "to say that they did not desire to see or talk with me, and that they would not go upon the Klamath Reservation." He then requested the commanding officer at the fort to send a sufficient force to attain the object in accordance with the orders of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, hoping that the military might be able to accomplish the removal without the shedding of blood If, however, force had to be used, he requested the arrest of Captain Jack, the head of the band, Black Jim, and Scar-faced Charley, who were to be held subject to his orders. Captain Jack's band of Modocs probably contained at the time rather more than fifty warriors. Without notifying General Canby or Colonel Wheaton of his contemplated action, the commanding officer at Fort Klamath detailed Captain James Jackson's Troop B, of the First Cavalry, to carry out the instructions of the Indian agent.

Captain Jackson, in his official report, says:

"I jumped the camp of Captain Jack's Modoc Indians yesterday morning soon after daylight, completely surprising them. I demanded their surrender and disarming and asked for a parley with Captain Jack. Captain Jack, Scar-faced Charley, Black Jim, and some others would neither lay down their arms nor surrender. Some of them commenced making hostile demon-

strations against us, and finally opened fire. I immediately poured volley after volley among the hostile Indians, took their camp, killed eight or nine warriors, and drove the rest into the hills. During the engagement I had one man killed and seven wounded, three of the last severely and perhaps dangerously. The band that I attacked was on the south side of the river. Another smaller band on the north side was attacked by a party of ten or twelve citizens and their surrender demanded, but when the firing commenced in Captain Jack's camp these Indians opened on the citizens and drove them to the refuge of Crawley's ranch. One citizen was killed during the fight, and two others coming up the road, unconscious of any trouble, were shot, one (Mr. Nuss) mortally wounded, and the other (Joe Pennig) badly. My force was too weak to pursue and capture the Indians that made off, owing to the necessity of taking immediate care of my wounded and protecting the few citizens that had taken refuge at Crawley's ranch. The Indians were all around us, and, apprehensive of a rear attack, I destroyed Captain Jack's camp and crossed to the other side of the river by the ford, a march of fifteen miles, taking post at Crawley's ranch, where I now am. I need re-enforcements and orders as to future course," etc.

The Modoc war was now on, and Captain Jack's band immediately fell upon some of the nearest settlers and murdered them and then fled into their fastness in what was known as the lava beds south of and near Tule Lake.

These lava beds had been the roaming ground of the Modocs for many years, and they knew them thoroughly, and no one else knew anything about them. In fact, it is doubtful if any white man had penetrated

this section of country at any time before the Modoc war, and it was so peculiar and unusual in its formation that it took our troops many days after they had campaigned in it to comprehend its great natural advantages as a place of refuge and defence for the Modocs. At the first glance it appears to be a level stretch of country, four or five miles wide and nearly eight miles in length, covered with sagebrush, but on attempting to travel over it one finds that it is broken now and then by a series of low rocky ridges that occur here and there in groups and rise from ten to twenty feet above the surrounding country. These ridges are split open at the top, leaving a space from five to eight feet wide between the two almost solid rock walls of the split ridge, so that a man can walk or crawl from one end to the other without being seen by any one in his immediate vicinity. Many of these rocky ridges are connected with each other by small transverse rocky ridges of an exactly similar nature, so that any one could pass from one group of ridges to another in perfect safety from the bullets of an enemy if he thoroughly understood the nature of the ground. Some of these transverse ridges, however, are a perfect *cul-de-sac*, terminating in ravines more than a hundred feet deep, which sometimes lie between the ridges, but are absolutely invisible until one is within a few feet of them.

Selecting the most difficult of these ridges, and building stone walls five or six feet in height to better connect the transverse ridges with his stronghold, Captain Jack got together his people and prepared to defend himself against the troops, which he knew would soon be sent against him. He probably had with him

in his stronghold at least eighty well-armed warriors, with an abundance of ammunition, a fair amount of provisions, and perhaps nearly or quite two hundred women and children. The seepage through the lava beds of the three adjacent lakes—Clear, Tule, and Klamath—which are about eight miles apart, gave him an abundance of pure water, and it was not at first a very difficult thing for some of his warriors to steal out through the ravines and crevices toward the settlements and return with information and food. In the meantime the district commander, General Frank Wheaton, a most capable and experienced officer, was ordered to find, attack, and capture Captain Jack and his band of Modocs, and turn them over to the Indian agent. On December 26, 1872, he writes to the department commander:

"I shall move up with the troops on the west side, three miles from the Modoc stronghold, and camp, . . . and eventually close on the Modoc cave or fortification."

On January 5, 1873, he writes again:

"After all our annoying delays we are now in better condition. . . . We leave for Captain Jack's Gibraltar to-morrow morning, and a more enthusiastic, jolly set of regulars and volunteers I never have had the pleasure to command. If the Modocs will only make good their boast to whip a thousand all will be satisfied. . . . Our scouts and friendly Indians insist that the Modocs will fight us desperately, but I don't understand how they can think of attempting any serious resistance."

His force consisted of three troops of the First United States Cavalry (B, F, and G), two companies (C and B) of the Twenty-first Infantry, and a detachment

of twenty men of F Company of the same regiment, supplemented by two companies of Oregon Volunteer Infantry (A and B) and one other infantry company, the Twenty-fourth California Volunteer Riflemen. These volunteers were all good men, very fair rifle shots, and, generally speaking, frontiersmen of considerable border experience. The vicinity of the stronghold of the Modocs had already been located by friendly Indian scouts, and General Wheaton issued a carefully prepared order of attack, which, as after observation proved, was admirably drawn, and left little or nothing to chance.

In conformity with these instructions the troops moved on January 16th for twelve miles in the direction of the Modoc stronghold. Here part of the infantry, the mountain howitzer battery, and Captain Perry's troop of the First Cavalry went into camp about three miles from the Modocs' position and southeast of it. In the meantime another part of the force under Captain Bernard, of the First Cavalry, consisting of Troops B and G and the Klamath Indian scouts, moved up from the east side of the Modocs' position; the intention being to attack them from both the east and west side simultaneously. He was ordered to encamp within three miles of their stronghold the night preceding the general attack, but the fog was so dense that he ran upon the Indian outposts and had a sharp little action, as the Modocs attacked him and tried to capture his supply train. Captain Bernard drove them back, however, and withdrew his command to the place originally intended and went into camp for the night, having had several men wounded in the affray. At six o'clock on the morning of the 17th the troops on the

east and west moved down into the lava beds, and, in conformity to the written instructions of the commanding officer, pushed steadily forward to the attack. It was very foggy, the ground was absolutely unknown to the troops, cut up with rocky ridges and deep ravines, with sagebrush high enough to conceal the foe when he dropped beneath it, and from every coign of vantage a lurking Indian lay watching for an opportunity to shoot the skirmishers as they toiled slowly on, not seeing an Indian until they were fairly upon him, or else found themselves opposite the muzzle of his rifle as he poked it through a rocky crevice and fired it almost in their very faces. Still from both sides the troops steadily drove the Modocs from ridge to ridge back to their stronghold, reaching within three or four hundred yards of the place in about four hours' skirmishing, it being one o'clock in the day when they could fairly see it and were able to comprehend its great natural strength and the manner in which it was protected by deep ravines and gorges on both sides of it. This is what General Wheaton says of it:

"The position was on an almost inaccessible ridge, flanked on the east and west by ravines and gorges, and in the midst of a mass of boulders and irregular fissures, rocky elevations, and depressions, evidently the result of a volcanic upheaval that had rent and torn a belt of country ranging in width north and south from five to eight miles and in length from sixteen to twenty-two miles.

. . . . . .

"At 1.30 P. M. Major Green informed me that unexpected obstacles on the right of our west line had been encountered, and that this portion of his command

rested near a deep gorge occupied by the enemy that could not be flanked or carried without an immense sacrifice, and that up to this late hour in the day, though Bernard had evidently been warmly engaged on the east side since 8 A. M., his bullets frequently passing over us, there seemed little or no hope that we could connect the right of our west with the left of our east line . . . as had been intended. It was then decided to change the original plan of attack by moving the west skirmish line to the left, near the lake shore [Little Klamath Lake], north of the Modocs, connecting, if possible, with Captain Bernard's right, and assault the enemy's position from the north or lake side. . . . This movement was gallantly made, the enemy contesting every inch of ground and fighting behind their natural fortifications, firing only through cracks and crevices in the rocks as our troops crawled toward them, exposing nothing but a puff of smoke for our men to fire at, and picking off our most advanced skirmishers with deadly aim. It was found impossible with the force engaged to carry the enemy's position. . . . At 5 P. M. it was determined to withdraw the troops. . . . Our operations in the lava beds immediately around Captain Jack's camp were in such a rough and broken country, and among rocks and boulders varying in size from a matchbox to a church, that it was only with the greatest difficulty that our wounded, twenty-eight in number, could be moved."

The dead, ten in number, were left where they lay.

In another part of his report General Wheaton says:

"I have been twenty-three years in service and have been employed a greater portion of that time on our remote frontier, and generally engaged in operating against hostile Indians. In this service I have never before encountered an enemy, civilized or savage, occu-

pying a position of such great natural strength as the Modoc stronghold, nor have I ever seen troops engage a better armed or more skilful foe."

The attack on the east side of the stronghold had been made with equal persistence by Captain Bernard, who had fulfilled all the requirements of the order of battle and reached his designated position, driving the Indians steadily before him back upon their fortifications; but here he encountered a deep gorge, which was filled with Indians and practically impassable with his small force, and furthermore, until after one o'clock, he was fighting in a dense fog, which overhung the lake and its vicinity. After the fog raised he was able to extend his right so as to connect with the troops attacking on the west, but the Modocs' position was too strong for the attacking force. Captain Bernard says of it in his report: "I have wished respectfully to say that the place the Indians occupy can not be taken by a less force than seven hundred men, and to take the place by an assault with this force will cost half the command in killed and wounded." Major Mason, of the infantry, says at the conclusion of his report: "I will leave it to others to find language to convey an adequate idea of the almost impassable character of the country over which these operations were conducted, and which make the Modoc position a second Gibraltar." Major John Green, of the First Cavalry, says: "It is utterly impossible to give a description of the place occupied by the enemy as their stronghold. Everything was done by officers and men that could be done. Troops never behaved better. They contended gallantly with an enemy hidden by rocks, deep gorges, and fogs. We tried it on every side with the same result." The loss

to the troops engaged in the attack on the Modocs was forty-one killed and wounded—a little more than ten per cent of the men engaged. The spirited defence of the Modocs and the attendant loss of life was evidently a great surprise to the Indian Bureau, and they at once took steps to stop further action on the part of the army by appealing to the President and asking that the troops be used only for the protection of the settlers, while an effort was made by the bureau through a peace commission to try and avert further bloodshed and prevail upon the Modocs to go upon the Klamath Reservation.

This view of the matter was submitted to General Canby, but he replied in substance that while he had urged that no military force should be used in their case, and another reservation should be selected and given the Modocs, now that trouble had ensued and the Modocs had raided the settlers and killed some of them, he thought it would be best to defeat them first, and then the Government could finally settle the question at issue in its own way. He was overruled, however, ordered to use the troops only for protection of the settlers, and a peace commission appointed to confer with the Modocs under a white flag.

In order to be on the spot and see for himself how matters would develop through the peace commissioners, General Canby joined his troops in the lava beds on the 16th of February. Furthermore, the Indian Bureau had begun to appreciate the sound sense of the man and to doubt whether their commissioners were as well qualified to settle the trouble as was the department commander, and on the 24th of March General Sherman telegraphed General Canby as follows:

"Secretary Delano [Secretary of the Interior Department] is in possession of all your despatches up to March 16th, and he advises the Secretary of War that he is so impressed with your wisdom and desire to fulfil the peaceful policy of the Government that he authorizes you to remove from the present commission any members you think unfit, to appoint others to their places, and to report through us to him such changes. This naturally devolves on you the management of the entire Modoc question, and the Secretary of War instructs me to give you his sanction and approval."

The peace commission, however, had arrived on the ground, opened negotiations with the Indians, and was in almost daily communication with them through Frank Riddle, an interpreter, who had married a Modoc squaw, a most reliable and excellent woman, who accompanied her husband to and from the Modoc stronghold. Judge Steele, of California, who had always been a great friend of the Modocs, went to their stronghold twice and urged upon them to come out, have a council, and see if they could not reach a peaceful solution of their troubles, but on the last occasion if it had not been for two or three especial friends among the Indians he would undoubtedly have been killed. He accordingly warned the commissioners and told them that he thought that the Modocs meant treachery, and said that in his opinion if they could get the commission, Colonel Gillem, and General Canby in their power they would kill them.

On one occasion Captain Jack's sister Mary came in and said that if wagons were sent out to the stronghold all the Indians would come in and surrender in accordance with certain terms that the commissioners had

offered them. Her proposition was at once agreed to, but it was negatived by another delegation who said that they wished further time for consideration.

In this way the Indians and the commissioners continued their negotiations, but nothing was really accomplished. Finally, on April 2d, a meeting between the commissioners and some of the Indians was effected, and it was agreed that a council tent should be erected about halfway between the camps and the stronghold, where *unarmed* parties might meet for discussion. The commissioners met the leading Indians at two different times in this tent for consultation.

The head of the commission was Mr. A. B. Meacham, the other members being the Rev. Dr. Thomas and L. S. Dyer, an Indian agent. On the 4th of April, at Captain Jack's request, Mr. Meacham met him, with his wives and six of his warriors, Mr. Meacham being accompanied by Judge Roseborough, J. A. Fairchilds, and the interpreter Riddle and his Modoc wife, Tobe. Captain Jack was very bitter, and the meeting availed nothing in the way of an agreement on the part of the Indians to surrender.

On the 8th of April an Indian arrived saying that six unarmed warriors were at the council tent for a peace talk and wished to see the commissioners, but the man at the signal station reported armed Indians lying concealed in the rocks just back of the tent. In the meantime Riddle, the interpreter, and his wife, the Modoc Tobe, had become convinced that treachery was intended and had repeatedly warned the commissioners and General Canby and Colonel Gillem to that effect, so the commissioners on this occasion declined to go. On the 10th of April, however,

two of the Modocs, Boston Charley and Bogus Charley, arrived at General Canby's headquarters and stated that Captain Jack wished a meeting the next day to agree upon terms of surrender, and desired that all the members of the commission, General Canby, and Colonel Gillem, who was the senior line officer in immediate command of the troops, should also be present. Five unarmed Modocs headed by Captain Jack would meet them to arrange terms of surrender. Mr. Meacham, the head of the commission, was absent, but the Rev. Dr. Thomas agreed for him that they would all go (unarmed) and meet the unarmed Modocs.

The next morning the signal station reported the arrival of five unarmed Modocs at the council tent. Colonel Gillem was sick abed and could not go, but Riddle, the interpreter, and his Modoc wife protested strongly against the meeting. They had no evidence to go upon, but they sensed danger to the whites. Dr. Thomas and General Canby, however, thought it best to go. Dr. Thomas, conscientiously anxious for peace and fearful that if the commission failed to attend the meeting the peace negotiations might fail, and the failure might arise from their overcaution; General Canby, not that he believed the Modocs were not treacherous, but that he thought that they had too much good sense to court the retribution that would surely follow in case they attempted the assassination of the commissioners, and furthermore he was equally anxious with Dr. Thomas for peace; Mr. Meacham, because he thought it his duty; and Mr. Dyer, because he did not wish to show the white feather, although he distrusted the savages. So General Canby, Mr. Meacham, the Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mr. Dyer, and Riddle, the interpreter,

and his wife Tobe went to the council tent. An hour later the lookout at the signal station west of the camp signalled "Shooting at the council tent." The troops were thrown forward at once. Riddle, the interpreter, and Dyer, the Indian agent, came running toward them, but on reaching the vicinity of the tent they found the dead bodies of General Canby and the Rev. Dr. Thomas, and Mr. Meacham badly wounded and senseless. The Indians had fled.

It had been a deliberately planned assassination; all the Indians who were present had revolvers concealed beneath their clothing, and it was patent to all of the whites that they were entrapped before they had been there ten minutes. They tried to appear as calm as usual and were as conciliatory as possible, but knew that they were doomed. Captain Jack shot General Canby in the head with his pistol. He ran about forty yards and was brought down by a rifle shot from Ellen's Man. The Rev. Dr. Thomas was shot through the breast by Boston Charley, to whom he had given breakfast that very morning. He rose to his knees after falling and said to his murderer, who was recocking his gun: "I shall die any way. Don't shoot again, Boston!" "God damn ye! Maybe so you believe what squaw [Tobe] told ye next time," and Boston shot him through the brain. Commissioner Meacham was shot while running away by Schonchin, Shacknasty Jim, and Black Jim, and left for dead, but he afterward recovered and testified against his assailants before the military commission on their trial. Dyer escaped unharmed as well as Riddle, the interpreter, but Tobe, Riddle's Modoc wife, was knocked down and badly hurt.

Of course this action on the part of the Modocs

ended all peace negotiations. There was an almost unanimous cry for vengeance from the whole country. The troops were soon in motion, and on April 15th Colonel A. C. Gillem of the First Cavalry ordered a second attack on the Modoc stronghold. This action lasted three days, and Captain Jack was driven from his fastness, but the troops were too much exhausted to follow, and he again took up a new position in the lava beds.

On the 26th of April a reconnaissance consisting of detachments of Batteries A and K, Fourth Artillery, Company E, Twelfth Infantry, and fourteen friendly Indians, under command of Captain Evan Thomas, Fourth Artillery—in all, seventy men—were sent out from Major Green's camp on the west side of the lava beds to scout to a certain designated point and return. They reached the spot about twelve o'clock without seeing an Indian, and were resting, when they were suddenly attacked. All of the officers and non-commissioned officers and most of the old soldiers stood squarely up to their work and were all killed or wounded, but the majority of the men became panic-stricken and fled. Captain Thomas and three of his lieutenants and thirteen enlisted men were killed and two lieutenants and sixteen enlisted men were wounded. The only possible excuse for the men who broke and ran is that many of them were recent recruits and had never before been in action, but to this day their conduct is felt as a stigma upon the service. On the 2d of May a new department commander came upon the scene. General Jefferson C. Davis, one of the ablest and most energetic officers in the army, had been assigned to the Department of the Columbia, *vice* the late General Canby. He

took the field in person and found the troops labouring under considerable depression of spirits, owing to their repeated failures, their cheerless winter camps, and the recent disaster to Captain Thomas's command. Captain Mendenhall, of the artillery, with his dismounted battery, soon after arrived from San Francisco, and General Davis began to reorganize the command. He sent two friendly Modoc squaws into the lava beds, who returned in two days and reported that the Modocs had abandoned the country and fled. He sent out Captain Hasbrouck's and Jackson's companies with the Warm Spring Indian scouts to try and find the Modocs. Signs were found near Sorass Lake, where the troops encamped for the night. The next morning the Modocs attacked the camp at daylight. It was a surprise, but not for long. The troops grasped their arms and returned the fire in gallant style and soon advanced and attacked the Modocs with great impetuosity, who, after some sharp fighting, broke and began to slowly retreat to the lava beds, contesting the ground hotly for three miles. It was a fight in the open, and for the first time during the campaign the Modocs were fairly and squarely whipped and the spell was broken. To be sure they were back in the lava beds, but that was better than having them roam over the country and devastate the ranches.

General Davis now moved all his troops into the lava beds and formed a series of bivouacs from which they could fight or rest, but they were always within touch of the Indians, who were constantly apprehensive of attack. Captain Jack could no longer keep his men up to their work. They soon became exhausted, and as he was very tyrannical in his treatment dissensions

arose, and finally the band broke into two nearly equal parties, and they both finally left the lava beds bitter enemies. No sooner was this move discovered than the troops were after them hot foot. At last they had them in the open country. Captain Hasbrouck had a running fight with one of the bands for seven or eight miles, and then the Indians scattered in all directions. On the 22d of May this band came in and surrendered. It contained—men, women, and children—about one hundred and fifty people. On the 29th of May Captain Jack and his band were attacked on Willow Creek, which is the head water of Lost River, and is near the old emigrant road. It was a complete surprise, and the Indians fled in all directions. The troops hunted them down singly and in groups everywhere they went, and on the 3d of June Captain Jack was surrounded and captured, together with a few warriors who had stood by him to the last. He was seated on a log when his assailants came up, looking worn and very tired. His only remark was, "My legs have given out," and after that he was stoically silent. Little remains to be said.

The murderers of General Canby and the Rev. Dr. Meacham of the peace commission were brought to trial before a military commission convened at Fort Klamath by order of the President. The testimony of Peace Commissioners Meacham and Dyer and interpreter Riddle and his Modoc wife, Tobe, established the facts of the assassination, and several of the Modocs turned State's evidence and testified as to the agreed plan of the assassination by the Indians the day before the meeting at the council tent. Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Barncho, and Schlo-

luck were all found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged. The findings of the military commission were duly approved by the President, and the sentence ordered carried into execution. Accordingly on Friday, October 3, 1873, Captain Jack, Schonchin, Boston Charley, and Black Jim were hanged at Fort Klamath, Oregon, but the sentence in the cases of Barncho and Schloluck was commuted to imprisonment for life. The rest of the Modocs—men, women, and children—were deported from Oregon to a section of Indian Territory not far from the Kansas line, and were there settled on Government land by the Indian Bureau.

The Modoc war cost the Government large sums of money and the lives of some of our best officers and bravest enlisted men—all of which could have been avoided if the suggestions of General Canby had been heeded and carried out at the proper time.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SIOUX CAMPAIGN OF 1876.

THE result of the winter's campaign of 1868 and 1869 against the Indians within the Department of the Missouri may be summed up in the following official statement: Three hundred and fifty-three officers, citizens, and soldiers killed, wounded, or captured by the Indians. Three hundred and nineteen Indians killed, two hundred and eighty-nine wounded, and fifty-three captured by the troops. The number of Indians who, as a result of this winter campaign, finally came in and surrendered at the different Indian agencies and other places agreed upon between the department commanders and themselves was nearly twelve thousand.

These Indians included the majority of those who had been devastating the frontier along the Republican, Smoky Hill, and Arkansas Rivers, but it did not, of course, include many thousands of the wild tribes, and consequently raiding by small bands and detached Indian hunting and scouting parties was an almost weekly occurrence along the sparsely settled frontiers from the northwestern British border to the Rio Grande River on the Mexican frontier. From 1869 to 1876 there was scarcely a week during the late spring, summer, and early fall months that cases of raiding, plunder-

ing, outraging, and murdering isolated ranchmen and their families by roving bands of Indians was not reported somewhere within the geographical limits of the various military departments of the far North, the West, or in the far Southwest. During the years 1869 to 1875 the official records of the War Department show that within the Department of the Missouri, which included all of the North, the West, and the Southwest east of the Rocky Mountains, no less than two hundred and three actions occurred between the United States troops and the wild Indians, each one being the outcome either of an attack by the Indians on the troops guarding Government trains or made by the troops in pursuit of Indians who had attacked the frontiersmen and run off their stock or else killed the settlers and then plundered and burned their ranches.

Some of the fighting during these years, especially that by small detached parties of troops, was worthy of all praise, but I shall only quote two actions which will, I think, give the reader something of an idea of what the army had to do and how the settlers suffered on the border less than a generation ago.

On July 8, 1869, Corporal Kyle, with a detachment of four men of the Fifth Cavalry, while going to the camp of General Carr's command on the Republican River, was attacked by a large band of Indians, but he successfully cut his way through it, wounding two of the Indians without any casualties to his own men. The next day General Carr took up the Indian trail and followed it rapidly for two days, and early on the morning of June 11th completely surprised the Indian camp at Summit Springs. He instantly charged it with five troops of the Fifth Cavalry and three companies

of mounted Pawnee scouts, killing fifty-two Indians, among them "Tall Bull," the head of the band and one of the most prominent Sioux chiefs. So complete was the surprise and so sudden and unexpected was the attack, that the Indians only had time to spring on to their ponies and flee for their lives. Our loss was only one man wounded and a few horses. In this camp were two unfortunate white women, who had been captured in the raids by the Indians on the Kansas settlements. One of them, a Mrs. Alderdice, had been captured with her baby, whom the Indians strangled before her eyes. The other, a Mrs. Weichell, had seen her husband horribly mutilated and then killed just before she was carried off by the savages. When the Indians realized that the troops were upon them and these women would be rescued, they killed Mrs. Alderdice by braining her with a war club and shot Mrs. Weichell in the breast and left her for dead; but the army surgeon who was with the troops extracted the bullet from her back, and she was tenderly carried by the soldiers back to Fort Sedgewick, where she eventually recovered. Her pitiful story of the treatment of Mrs. Alderdice and herself by the Indian braves was simply heartrending and too awful to put in print. Besides capturing two hundred and seventy-four horses and one hundred and forty-five mules in this Indian camp, the enlisted men found nearly fifteen hundred dollars in money, which they promptly and cheerfully donated to Mrs. Weichell as an expression of their sympathy for her in her great grief and terrible misfortune.

One instance of the coolness, courage, and splendid endurance of a small party of enlisted men is well worthy of mention here. In the month of September,

1874, Colonel (now Lieutenant-General) Miles, desiring to communicate with Major Price, while campaigning in Indian Territory, sent out a detachment of four enlisted men and two scouts with despatches to that officer. These men were completely surrounded and attacked by a large body of Indians, but, throwing themselves into an old buffalo wallow and lying behind their dead horses, they kept them off for two whole days until rescued by the opportune arrival of a body of our soldiers. When the troops reached them one of their number was dead and three of the others badly wounded, and all suffering fearfully for want of water. This almost incessant border warfare for five consecutive years gradually led up to a general movement of the army against the Sioux, Cheyenne, and other combined wild tribes along the Northwestern frontier, which only culminated when they were forced on to their reservations by the incessant work of the army from 1876 to 1881.

The year 1876 was in some respects one of the most unfortunate for the troops of our army of any of the campaigns against the Indians that have taken place within the last generation. So great and so incessant were the complaints of the settlers on our Northwestern border of the repeated robberies, raids, and attacks by the wild tribes upon that frontier that in the fall of 1875 an investigation of the matter was authorized by the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior, with the result that all the wild tribes were notified by that department that they must remove to the Government reservations set aside for them, and remain on said reservations thereafter, by or before the 1st of January, 1876, or, in the event

of their failure to do so, they would be turned over to the War Department. This demand on the part of the Indian Bureau had scarcely any perceptible effect; consequently, in the month of February, 1876, the Secretary of the Interior turned the whole matter over to the War Department for such action as would compel these Indians to come in to the reservations.

In justice to some of these Indians, it ought to be stated that a number of the tribes had never accepted the reservation system, and had always averred that they would not come in, and positively refused to agree to anything looking to such an end. Among these was Sitting Bull, who at that time was not a prominent chief and whose following was probably less than fifty lodges, and Crazy Horse, an Ogallalla Sioux who had about a hundred and twenty-five lodges in his immediate following; but the rest of the Ogallalla Sioux, as a body outside of Crazy Horse's following, were supposed to belong to Red Cloud agency, and agency issues had been made there to them.

It was about these two leaders, Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, that the disaffected Indians began to concentrate. As all of the Northern hostiles were within the division of the Missouri, which at that time was under the command of Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan, the commanding general of the army, General W. T. Sherman turned the whole matter over to him, and he ordered two of his department commanders—Brigadier-General A. H. Terry, of the Department of Dakota, and Brigadier-General George Crook, of the Department of the Platte—within whose respective departments these hostile Indians were living, to concentrate their troops and proceed against them. Be-

fore taking this action, however, runners were sent to the hostile Indian camps, telling them of the determination of the Government, and every possible argument was advanced to induce them to abandon the war path and come in to the reservations and be at peace with the whites, but it was not of the slightest use; and as argument could not avail, recourse had to be had to sterner measures.

General Crook's first move was to concentrate his cavalry at Fort Fetterman, for all his information led him to believe that the hostiles would be found located somewhere on the head waters of Powder River, Tongue River, or along the valley of the Rosebud. On the 17th of March Colonel J. J. Reynolds, with five troops of the Second Cavalry and four troops of the Third Cavalry, left Fort Fetterman on an expedition against the hostiles. The weather turned bitterly cold soon after he started on the march, and so cold was it that the mercurial thermometer failed to register its intensity; notwithstanding which the command pressed on vigorously to the mouth of Little Powder River, where it surprised and attacked a large village of the Sioux and Cheyennes, which it captured, together with a pony herd of eight hundred animals. Our loss was four enlisted men killed and one lieutenant and five men wounded. This village was a perfect magazine of fixed ammunition and supplies of all sorts. Everything in it went to show that these hostiles were in constant communication with the agency Indians at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, and obtained their war material and supplies directly from them. One hundred and five lodges were burned, and then the troops set out on their return to Fort Fetterman, driving the

pony herd with them, with the result that they were followed by the Indians, who stampeded the herd and so got their ponies back. It is not known how many Indians were killed in this action, but as they fled at the first attack it is safe to conclude that they did not lose any more men than we did. The destruction of the village, with its provisions and war supplies, was a very good thing, but the loss of the pony herd was a serious misfortune at the beginning of an Indian campaign. On the return of these troops to Fort Fetterman, so inclement was the weather that they had to be sent back to their various winter posts for shelter.

The spring of 1876 in the north was an unusually backward one, and in fact the entire summer was a most inclement one, the whole country being flooded with terrible rains and swept with wind storms of unusual severity. It was not until the 29th of May that General Crook, the department commander, was enabled to concentrate his troops and take the field in person against the Indians. On that date, with five troops of the Second Cavalry, Major H. E. Noyes commanding; ten of the Third Cavalry, Colonel W. B. Royall commanding; and two companies of the Fourth and three of the Ninth Infantry, Major Alexander Chambers commanding; together with a splendid pack train of more than a thousand mules, he left Fort Fetterman for Goose Creek, upon which he proposed to establish his depot of supplies, from where he intended to operate against the hostile Sioux, whom he expected to find somewhere about the head waters of the Tongue, the Rosebud, the Powder, or the Big Horn Rivers, but in what precise locality he would find them or whether they would meet him on the way there he had no idea.

His whole command numbered a little more than eleven hundred fighting men. It was Chief Crazy Horse and his Sioux allies that he expected to meet and fight in the campaign he was about to inaugurate. If the repeated statements of the Indian agents at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies could be believed, few if any of their young men had left the agencies, and they were constantly issuing Government rations to all of them. But, as after events proved, while they undoubtedly charged the Indian Bureau for full issues, nearly or quite ninety per cent of their fighting braves were on the war path and had gone to join Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull; so that when General Crook finally did meet the hostiles he was confronted by more than three times as many warriors as he expected to meet. On the night of the 31st of May the thermometer fell to zero, and a terrific wind storm swept down the tents of the command from one end of the camp to the other, and the troops shivered around their camp fires until daybreak. It was the precursor of many more storms like it, for this summer's campaign was one that tried the men's patience to the utmost limits. It was not until the 17th of June that General Crook's forces met the hostiles. On the preceding night he had encamped in the valley of Rosebud Creek, with the pack train and cavalry horses placed in the middle of the command, for he well knew that the hostile Sioux could not be very far distant. In fact, he expected to find their village upon the head waters of the Rosebud. All day long his Indian scouts of Snakes and Crows had been killing buffaloes, vast herds of which were quietly feeding on both sides of his marching column, and until late in the night they had been feasting

and singing, much to his annoyance; but under the circumstances it would have been poor policy to have forbidden the feast and thereby have disgruntled them just at this particular juncture. Before daylight, however, the whole command was up, had groomed and fed its horses and pack mules, breakfasted, and was standing to horse.

Just as dawn lit up the eastern hills the Indian scouts disappeared over the northern bluffs, and soon after the whole command marched steadily northward until the sun was well above the horizon. Here it halted in a little valley surrounded by low-lying hills in every direction, through which the Rosebud was silently flowing, and orders were given to unsaddle and graze the horses, as the grass was unusually good. The troops were on both sides of the stream, the right bank being occupied by the five companies of the Second Cavalry under Major Noyes, and one battalion of the Third Cavalry under Captain Mills. On the left bank was the infantry under Major Chambers, with Colonel Guy V. Henry's and Van Vliet's battalions of the Third Cavalry, together with the pack train and such of the Indian scouts as had not gone out in the morning.

It was a little after eight o'clock when a few shots were heard over beyond the northern hills that hemmed in the valley in that direction, and almost immediately the Indian scouts who had been sent on in advance in the early morning came pouring over the hills in wild and precipitate flight toward the troops, shouting as they recklessly plunged down the steep slope at breakneck speed, "Sioux, Sioux! Heap Sioux!" and pointing back to the hills whence they had come. At their first appearance every trooper had in-

stantly saddled and bridled his horse, mounted and taken his place in ranks without waiting for orders, and they now sat silent and grim, with their eyes fixed on the northern hills. They did not have long to wait, for in a brief space of time these hills were covered with mounted Sioux, who instantly opened fire upon them from their rifles and then rode up and down the crest, shouting, waving their guns over their heads, and defying them by words and gestures to come on. General Crook had promptly thrown forward his infantry to the foot of the hills, and they were advancing as skirmishers when Adjutant Lemly, riding at a gallop, dashed up to Captain Anson Mills (now Brigadier-General Mills, retired), shouting as he came on: "The commanding officer's compliments, and your battalion will charge those bluffs on the centre."

Captain Mills gave but two commands, "Right into line," and as his four splendid troops of cavalry promptly swung into battalion front he raised himself in his stirrups and shouted "Charge!" Every trooper in ranks drove home his spurs, and the superb body of horsemen swept up the steep slope in a mad rush for the defiant Sioux, who, as the troops came galloping on, opened upon them with their rifles, sending down a horse and man here and there, but not in the least checking the weight of the charge; for, as they gained the crest in splendid alignment and saw the Sioux drawn up to meet them two hundred yards away, the whole command burst into a tremendous cheer and, breaking into a dead run, made straight for them; but before they were within fifty yards of the Indians the Sioux broke wildly and fled down the oposite slope in every direction. The battle of the Rosebud was on.

Scarcely had Captain Mills started on his charge when orders were given Captain and Brevet Colonel Guy V. Henry, who commanded the second battalion of the Third Cavalry, to support our infantry, which the Sioux, who had begun to develop in wonderfully strong array, were now advancing upon and attempting to surround. Colonel Henry hurled his battalion upon them with all the impetuosity of his nature, and the Indians gave way in great confusion, and the infantry and cavalry together pressed their line steadily back for more than half a mile. Here, however, the Indians seemed to be heavily re-enforced and held their own with great tenacity; nor was our force strong enough to dislodge them from their position on the crest of some outlying hills.

About this time General Crook sent forward the two remaining troops of the Tenth Cavalry to occupy the bluffs to his left and rear, anticipating that possibly the Indians might attempt a flank movement. It was now clearly evident that instead of meeting Crazy Horse with a few malcontents—which if the statements of the Indian agents at Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies had been true could not possibly have exceeded a thousand warriors—the command was facing not less than twenty-five hundred and probably three thousand well-equipped and finely armed mounted warriors, who had undoubtedly been sent out to cover the retreat of their villages, which probably had been located several miles up the stream and at the other end of the cañon in which the fight was now taking place. General Crook still held the five troops of the Second Cavalry, under command of Major Noyes, in reserve; and Captain Mills having taken the first line of heights, he sent

the Crow and Snake scouts to his support, at the same time detaching one of Captain Mills's troops to the support of Colonel Henry's battalion on the right. The Sioux had now rallied and reformed on the second line of heights, and it was decided to attack them without delay. Accordingly, the whole line of cavalry was ordered to charge them, which it did with great impetuosity, the Indians breaking just before the troops reached them and immediately occupying a third line of hills which rose on the other side of the valley, just beyond the line of hills that the command had driven them from.

Orders were now given for the cavalry to dismount and fight on foot, and the men were soon advancing on foot as skirmishers while the horses were held by every fourth man well back and partially under cover from the fire of the enemy. In the meantime the troops on the right, under the immediate command of Colonels Royall and Henry, were facing the Cheyennes, who fiercely opposed their advance at every point and disputed the ground foot by foot. One of the companies of the Third Cavalry, under Captain Vroom having pushed forward beyond the line, was at one time completely surrounded by the Indians, and only extricated by the coolness of its captain and the good management of Colonels Royall and Henry. The Cheyennes made a most determined attack upon Colonel Henry's (dismounted) battalion, and in repelling this advance Colonel Henry was badly wounded by a bullet which passed through both cheek bones, destroyed the sight of one eye, and broke the bridge of his nose, but he bravely sat his horse until the enemy was repulsed. About this time the Sioux made a most determined

charge down some intervening ravines on General Crook's centre. Here they were met by the Crow and Snake scouts, under command of Major Randall and Lieutenant Bourke, of General Crook's staff, and a sharp fight between the two bodies of Indians ensued, in which, by the aid of our troops, the Sioux were finally forced back.

General Crook now determined to make an effort to reach the Sioux village and, if possible, force matters to a conclusion. Accordingly, he ordered Captain Mills to mount his battalion (he had only three companies, one having been detached) and, supported by Major Noyes with five troops of the Second Cavalry, to find and attack the Sioux villages, supposed to be somewhere beyond in what was known as the Dead Cañon of the Rosebud Valley. Mounting his command, Captain Mills set out at once in search of the villages. He was accompanied by Lieutenant Bourke, of General Crook's staff, and Frank Gruard, the Indian scout and interpreter. A body of Sioux posted on a bluff to hold the entrance to the cañon having been dislodged by a charge of cavalry, the troops, guided by Gruard, entered the cañon and started on their quest. It was a wild and dangerous defile, narrow and shut in by high rocks and overhung by gloomy woods. It was said to be eight or ten miles in length, and it was thought that the main encampment of the Sioux would be found near the north end of it. The troops had probably advanced a third of its length when they were overtaken by orders from General Crook to return at all speed, as the Indians were surely pressing the rest of the command, and, under the circumstances, it would not do to divide his forces.

As soon as possible the cavalry retraced its course, and by a slight detour near the end of the cañon came out in full view of the contending forces just as the Sioux were about to attack our troops in overwhelming force; but the sudden and unlooked-for charge of the returning cavalry, who came to the rescue, cheering wildly as they charged, completely stampeded the Indians, who broke away to the hills in all directions, leaving our troops in possession of the field and thirteen of their dead whom they were unable to carry off in their haste. This was the end of the action, for the Sioux fell back into the hills; and General Crook was compelled to admit that the object of his campaign—viz., the surprise and destruction of the hostile Sioux villages—was a failure, as they were in all probability already packing up to join Sitting Bull's encampment farther north. Moreover, he knew also that Crazy Horse's following was too large for him to attack and defeat with his present force. That night he fell back to his camp of the preceding night, and the next day he reached his base of supplies at Goose Creek. Our losses in the battle of the Rosebud were nine men killed and one officer (Colonel Guy V. Henry) and twenty-three enlisted men wounded, two Indian scouts killed and six wounded. Thirteen of the Indian dead fell into our hands; beyond that nothing is known, although it is safe to say that there were others killed and many wounded.

It is now time to take a look at what was being done in the way of a campaign against the hostiles in the Department of Dakota. It was understood that Generals Crook and Terry would take the field against the Indians at about the same time. On June 21st

General Terry, with the Seventh Cavalry, four troops of the Second Cavalry, six companies of the Seventh Infantry, and six of the Seventeenth, and a battery of three Gatling guns, was encamped on the Yellowstone River, preparatory to moving on Sitting Bull's force, which had been relatively located somewhere in the vicinity of the Little Big Horn River. After consultation with Generals Gibbon and Custer, the following plan of operation was decided upon: Custer, with the whole of his regiment—the Seventh Cavalry—should proceed up the Rosebud until he cut the Indian trail, discovered by Major Reno, of the Seventh Cavalry, a few days previously. If it led directly to the Little Big Horn he should not follow it, but deflect considerably to the south before turning toward that river in order to intercept the Indians should they attempt to slip between him and the mountains, and also to give time for General Gibbon's column to come up. General Gibbon, with six companies of his own regiment—the Seventh Infantry—and four troops of the Second Cavalry, was to cross the Yellowstone River near the mouth of the Big Horn and march for the mouth of the Little Big Horn, with the expectation of reaching that place by June 26th. If this could be successfully accomplished they would have Sitting Bull's forces between the two commands. But the written instructions given General Custer gave him great latitude.

Custer started up the Rosebud on June 22d, while Gibbon's command, accompanied by General Terry, moved the same day for the mouth of the Big Horn. Custer reached and crossed Tullock's Creek on the afternoon of June 24th. On June 22d he made a march of twelve miles; June 23d he marched up the Rosebud

thirty-three miles; June 24th he marched twenty-eight miles and encamped. At eleven o'clock that night the command marched up one of the branches of the Rosebud, turning to the right from the main stream, which branch headed out at the summit of the "divide" between the Rosebud and the Little Big Horn. At two o'clock on the morning of the 25th the command halted for three hours, made coffee, and resumed the march, crossed the "divide," and at eight o'clock was in the valley of one of the branches of the Little Big Horn. Custer pushed down the valley of the creek he was upon directly toward the Little Big Horn. He believed he had been seen by the Indians, and evidently thought his best course was to attack. Taking personal command of Troops G, E, F, I, and L, he marched down the right bank of the creek. He had given Major Reno command of Troops A, G, and M and Captain Benteen command of Troops H, D, and K, and both Reno and Benteen were marching along the left bank of the creek. Captain McDougall, with B troop, was guarding the pack train and in rear of the entire command, and also following down on the left bank of the creek, but out of sight of the rest of the regiment. About eleven o'clock Reno crossed to the right bank of the creek and joined Custer's column. A little after twelve o'clock Custer's scouts reported the Indian village only two miles ahead, and stated that the Indians were running away.

Custer ordered Reno to move forward and charge the village, with the understanding (according to Reno) that he, Custer, was to support him. Reno moved at a fast trot for about two miles, reached the river, crossed it, halted a few moments to form up his

command, deployed, and charged. He states that he drove the Indians for two miles or over down the river toward the village, which still stood, the tepees not having been taken down. In the meantime he could not see or hear anything of either Custer or Benteen, and the Indians began swarming toward him in great numbers. Accordingly, he took position in the edge of some timber, which made a protection for his horses, dismounted his men, and began to fight on foot from behind the trees. Very soon, however, he realized that he would be overcome by the immensely preponderating force of Indians. Accordingly, he mounted his troops, charged through the Indians, recrossed the river, and took up a position on the crest of a bluff on the opposite side.

In this charge two of his lieutenants and his assistant surgeon, together with twenty-nine enlisted men, were killed, and seven men wounded. Here he was joined by Benteen's battalion of three troops, Benteen having, according to orders, gone well out on the left and rear to cover any approach of Indians from that direction, but not finding any he returned toward the main column and was met by an orderly directing him to come on at once, as the Indian village was in sight. A few moments after Benteen had joined Reno Captain McDougall came up with Troop B and the pack train. These three detachments gave Reno a command of seven troops, making an aggregate of nearly four hundred officers and men. Nothing having been seen or heard of Custer and his command, Reno moved down the river along the crest of the bluffs on the side opposite the Indian village. Notwithstanding that firing had been heard over beyond the village, nothing was now

seen or heard to indicate where Custer and his men might be.

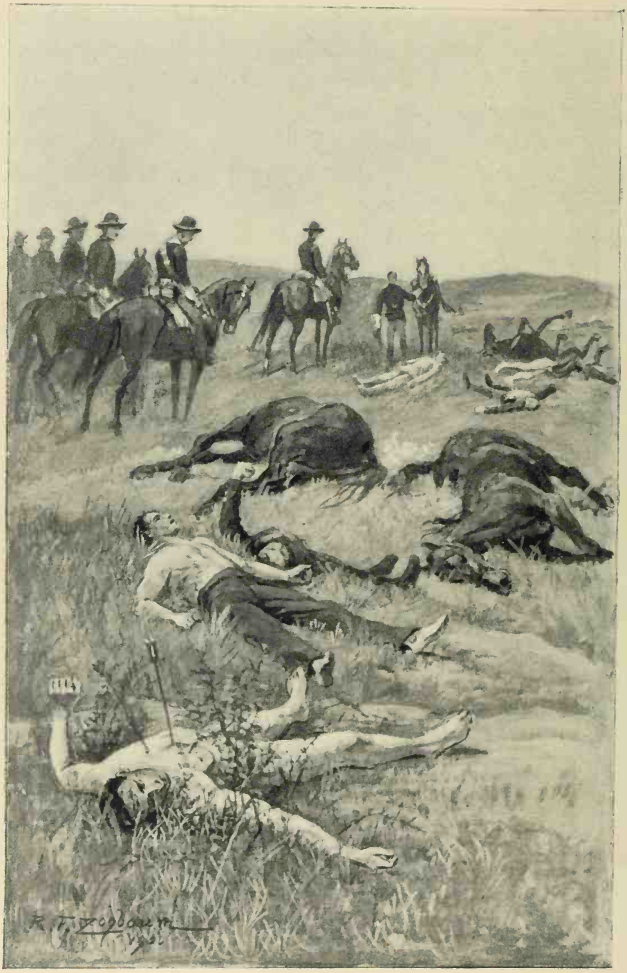
Accordingly, Reno halted on a high bluff and sent out Captain Weir with his troop to try and open communication with Custer. Weir sent back word that it was impossible to advance, as he was heavily attacked by a large force of Indians. He was therefore ordered back and Reno moved his command back up the river and took position on the bluff he had first occupied. It was especially well adapted to defence, as there was a depression into which he placed his horses and pack train, and occupied the surrounding crest with his dismounted cavalry. The Indians now came up, surrounded, and attacked him in force, keeping up the assault from six to nine o'clock at night, at which time they drew off.

In this affair Reno's casualties were eighteen killed and forty-six wounded. Reno now proceeded to deepen his rifle pits and to strengthen his lines by using boxes of supplies from the pack train and the bodies of such of his mules and horses as the Indians had killed during their attack. Between two and three o'clock the next morning — July 26th — the Indians opened a heavy fire from several points in Reno's vicinity that overlooked his position, so completely surrounding it that men were hit in the rifle pits from the opposite side from which they were fighting. About half past nine o'clock the savages made a desperate assault upon that portion of the line held by Troops H and M, almost reaching the rifle pits, when Captain Benteen suddenly sprang forward and led the men against them in a gallant and unexpected counter-charge, driving them back in great confusion.

Reno also led Troops D and K against them in a counter-charge from the other side of the position when they had charged up to the earthworks so close as to be particularly dangerous. The men, especially the wounded, were now suffering greatly from thirst, it having been sixteen hours since they had last had any drinking water. Accordingly, volunteers were called for, and a number of the men promptly responded. Loaded with pails and canteens and protected by a skirmish line thrown forward under Benteen, they descended to the stream and filled them, but unfortunately several of the men were killed and wounded in the attempt, which resulted in their obtaining enough water to somewhat alleviate the sufferings of the command.

About noonday the Indians began to withdraw and cease firing, going off in the direction of their villages, and during this lull in the action the men rushed down to the river and filled their canteens and every other vessel they had with water, although a few of the Indian sharpshooters annoyed them somewhat by firing at them. Early in the afternoon the Indians fired the grass in the lowlands, and under cover of the smoke began to move off with their villages, and later in the day a good view was had by the troops of the immense cavalcade, numbering at least four, if not five thousand warriors, as it slowly wound over the hills toward the Big Horn Mountains. Nothing had been heard from Custer since Reno left him, and many were the surmises as to where he had gone and what had become of him.

The night of the 26th passed without any noticeable event, Reno having slightly changed his location



Arrival of Terry's column on the Custer battlefield.

so as to insure a water supply. On the 27th the dust of a moving column was seen to be approaching, and shortly a scout arrived with a note from General Terry (who was coming up with Gibbon's column), saying that Crow scouts had reported Custer whipped, but their report was not believed. At eleven o'clock General Terry rode into Reno's intrenchments. Two hours later the fate of Custer and his command was known. General Sheridan, in his official report, tersely sums up all that we actually know of the affair in these words: "The only real evidence of how they came to meet their fate was the testimony of the field where it overtook them, . . . no officer or soldier who rode with him into the valley of the Little Big Horn having lived to tell the tale."

From the point where Reno crossed the river Custer's trail led down the right bank of the stream, behind the bluffs, for nearly three miles, where he evidently attempted a crossing. Here it turns upon itself, and after almost completing a circle crosses. It was lined by the bodies of dead officers, men, and horses just as they fell beneath the deadly bullets of the Sioux, now and then accentuated at the foot of a ravine or on the top of a knoll with a line of dead men and horses, showing where some one of the troops had made its last stand. As a general thing, all the bodies had been stripped, badly mutilated, and scalped. Our losses in this action were General Custer and thirteen commissioned officers and two hundred and fifty-six men killed and two officers and fifty-one men wounded, a total of three hundred and twenty-three killed and wounded. General Custer has been the subject of much adverse criticism in this his closing campaign. Without

impugning the motives of any of his critics, the writer asks their attention to the following facts:

General Custer joined his regiment after the campaign was well under way. The last newspaper articles about the affairs at Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and other Northern Indian agencies that he could have seen before he left civilization for the upper Missouri stated that none of the agency Indians had gone to join the hostiles under Crazy Horse or Sitting Bull, but that they were still at the agencies drawing rations. Certainly upon the day when he received his final instructions from General Terry—he could not possibly have known of General Crook's fight on the Rosebud and the fact that Crazy Horse and his following had joined Sitting Bull on the Little Big Horn.

If the agency Indians had not joined Sitting Bull it was safe enough to conclude that he could not bring a thousand warriors into the field.

Was General Terry's order to Custer of sufficient latitude to permit him clearly within its scope to attack Sitting Bull's force? Let us see. "The department commander places too much confidence in your zeal, energy, and ability to wish to impose upon you precise orders which might hamper your action when nearly in contact with the enemy."

Now, from Custer's standpoint, how must things have impressed him? He had a regiment seven hundred strong, well and capably officered. Sitting Bull could not, in all probability, muster a thousand warriors.* If the published reports from the Indian agen-

* On July 22, 1876, at the repeated and earnest request of General Sheridan, the Honorable Secretary of the Interior authorized the military to assume control of all the Indian agencies

cies were true, five hundred would be nearer the mark. It was almost certain that some of Sitting Bull's warriors had seen or would see Custer's column before he could communicate with Terry or Gibbon, in which case he would probably decamp. He was "nearly in contact with the enemy."

Under the peculiar condition of affairs, bearing in mind the only information he could possibly have had concerning Sitting Bull's forces, was Custer justified, in a military sense and within the scope of his orders, in making the attack?

In the opinion of the writer, he was within his orders and fully justified from a military standpoint in so doing.

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in the Sioux country. A careful count was made as soon as possible. The Indians at Red Cloud agency numbered only forty-seven hundred and sixty, nearly one half less than had been reported by the agent and to whom issues were made. The count at Spotted Tail's agency developed less than five thousand, whereas nearly double that number had been constantly issued to. A count at the Missouri River agencies exhibited the fact that there were present from one half to one third less than had been reported present and (ostensibly) issued to. It was then easy to see where the small bands originally, and upon whom the war was being waged, obtained their strength and supplies.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CLOSE OF THE SIOUX CAMPAIGN AND THE NEZ PERCÉS' WONDERFUL FLIGHT.

At this late day it is difficult to get an absolutely correct idea of the Sioux campaign of 1876 and its attendant difficulties, together with the hardships endured by the men, as well as all the risks and hard knocks of the campaign, so in addition to the War Department official reports covering the operations of the troops in this movement I am also under obligations for graphic descriptions of the fight at Slim Buttes and some incidents of the hardships of the march to both the Hon. John F. Finerty (former correspondent of the Chicago Times, and author of War Path and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux, published for the author, 79 Dearborn Street, Chicago, 1890) and Captain Charles King, U. S. A. (author of Campaigning with Crook. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York, 1890), as well as to officers and enlisted men who have occasionally given me information bound up in personal experience not to be found in official reports or recorded in published narratives.

General Crook had refitted his command since the battle on the Rosebud, and on August 3d, while on Goose Creek, he was joined by General Merritt with the

Fifth Cavalry, making Crook's effective force nearly two thousand fighting men. On August 4th the command moved out, each man with the suit he had on only —no change of clothing being allowed—but each soldier carried on his person four days' rations, one hundred rounds of ammunition, a single blanket, and a poncho (a waterproof piece of rubber-covered canvas). On this new march General Merritt became chief of cavalry. Colonel Royall retained his old command of the Second and Third Cavalry. General Carr led the Fifth Cavalry. The twenty-five companies were formed into five battalions. Frank Gruard and Buffalo Bill were in advance with a select body of scouts. Colonel Stanton, paymaster, had chief command of the irregulars (enlisted Indians), while Major Randall, with Chief Washakie, directed the Shoshone Indians.

On August 11th Finerty writes:

"We had no tents, and had to sleep in puddles. The rain kept pouring down until the afternoon of the succeeding day, retarding our march and making every man of the command feel as if possessed of a devil. Officers and men slept in rain and dirt, drank coarse coffee and ate hardtack and raw bacon."

August 13th:

"The rain and mud made the marching terrible, and some of Terry's young infantry (recruits)—they had met General Terry's command, and remained and marched with it for some days—lay down exhausted in the dirt. Many of them had to be placed on pack mules or carried on travois. . . . Every company of the Second, Third, and Fifth Cavalry had to abandon or shoot used-up horses. . . . We made thirty miles over a most infernal country before halting. Chambers's

'astonishing infantry' made the full march—not a man fell out of ranks. . . . The Roman legions or the army of Austerlitz never made better time than the splendid detachments of the Fourth, Fourteenth, and Ninth Infantry. . . . There was very little wood. We had to sleep at night in pools of water, thankful to get a chance to lie down."

On August 15th he says:

"The horses staggered in the columns by scores. Very frequently a played-out horse would fall as if shot. Dozens of dismounted cavalrymen toiled painfully along over steep, rugged hills in the rear of the column. . . . Our whole line of march was dotted with dead or abandoned horses. Some of the newly enlisted infantry grew desperate, their feet bleeding and their legs swollen from the continuous tramp. . . . Many of the young foot soldiers seemed injured for life.

"Gibbon's men marched like Romans, Chambers's men rivalled O'Leary and Weston (but these were all veterans)."

August 24th:

"Thunder and everlasting wet had pursued us, but the night of August 23, 1876, was the most utterly miserable so far experienced. We went into camp about two hundred yards from our first bivouac in some lowlands under a range of sand hills flooded with water and fully a mile from wood. Clothing and blankets thoroughly soaked, having neither tents nor camp fires. To keep dry was impossible; to keep warm equally so, for a cold north wind set in at nightfall."

August 27th:

"The rain and heat of the bivouac fires had so shrunken my boots that I could not remove them. I was afraid to do so because I would have been unable

to get them on again. Several men did not have their boots off for two weeks at least."

August 28th:

"That night we had thunder, lightning, and a deluge. The horses sank in the mud up to their knee joints. Soldiers' shoes were pulled off in trying to drag their feet through the sticky slime. 'Can hell be much worse than this?' said an officer to me next morning. He was cleaning about twenty pounds of wet clay from his boots with a butcher knife. His clothes were dripping, his teeth chattering, and his nose a cross between purple and indigo. If looking like the devil could make a man fit for the region he inquired about that young lieutenant was a most eligible candidate.

"If any reader considers this picture overdrawn I call upon any man in that column, from General Crook down to the humblest private, to contradict me. I wish to let the American people know what their gallant army had to undergo in fighting these red scoundrels who have too long been treated as chiefs and equals. . . . Crook is severe, and I'd rather be with Terry as regards food, shelter, and clean flannel, but he goes for the Indians as one of themselves would do, and has shown that an American army can stand without much growling or the slightest approach to mutiny more than any other troops upon this earth."

Nevertheless worse was to come. Up to this time General Crook's command had always had enough to eat, such as it was; but hunting the Sioux through Montana had exhausted the rations of the command. On the 4th of September it was decided to move to Deadwood, in Dakota, where supplies would be sent to meet them. It was two hundred miles distant, and the command had only two and a half days' half rations on

hand. They must be made to last seven days somehow, so the troops were put on quarter rations, and the column was put in motion for the Black Hills.

But instead of the weather becoming better it seemed to grow worse. The rain was incessant, and the country through which the troops were now marching was very rough. The grass had been burned off by the Sioux, firewood was very scarce, and what could be found was so water soaked that it was next to impossible to kindle a fire with which to cook the poor remnant of their rations, and the rations of both sugar and salt were finally completely washed out of the pack saddles. The men ate their last hardtack on September 6th, and so on that day the horses which had to be shot or abandoned on the trail were butchered and the flesh issued as a meat ration. It was very tough meat, but very much better than nothing, in fact, it was that or nothing. The next night, September 7th, Captain King writes as follows: " We were halted near the head of Grand River. Here a force of one hundred and fifty men of the Third Cavalry, with about all the serviceable horses of that regiment, were pushed ahead under Major Anson Mills, with orders to find the Black Hills, buy up all the supplies he could in Deadwood, and then hurry back to meet us."

Before the command had broken camp on the next morning after Major Mills had started for the Black Hills settlements to obtain supplies for the hungry troops a courier came post haste to General Crook with the information that Mills had cut the trail of some Sioux, followed it, and attacked and captured a village of forty lodges, the Indian pony herd, and a large amount of supplies, and was now

holding it against an attempt by the Sioux to recapture it.

Here was a good specimen of an American officer. He was on his way with a detachment of one hundred and fifty men to bring supplies to an almost starving command. His own men were without rations, and his horses worn to the bone and so weak that it was a question whether they could all get through to Deadwood. But here was an opportunity for a blow at the Sioux, whom the whole command had been hunting for weeks past. It involved hard fighting with a small force, with an equal chance of victory or defeat. Mills was not the man to hesitate on an equal chance, and he knew that even if he should be defeated General Crook's forces would get through to Deadwood somehow, and so he abandoned the road to Deadwood, and promptly took up the trail for the enemy. It was soon evident that he was approaching an Indian village, and he moved carefully and cautiously, sending his scout Frank Gruard ahead on the trail to reconnoitre. At dark he went into camp, and then felt his way forward with Gruard and a few soldiers until he had located the village, which was several miles beyond where his own men lay. Before daylight his command had quietly moved up to within a mile or so of the Indian village, where he dismounted all his men except twenty-five, under Lieutenant Schwatka. With these dismounted men he crept up to the ravine in which the village was located, and as soon as his dismounted men were in position he ordered Lieutenant Schwatka to charge in and capture the pony herd, which was grazing outside of the Indian encampment. The herd stampeded, and before Schwatka could capture them all part of them rushed into the Indian

village and awoke the sleeping warriors. At the same time Lieutenants Von Leutwitz and Crawford, each at the head of fifty dismounted troopers, rushed into the village from either side and opened fire on the tepees, and quickly drove out the surprised Sioux, who after a desultory fight broke for the neighbouring hills and ravines, in which they took refuge and cover, and in turn opened fire on the troops, who had now occupied and were holding their captured village. As soon as Major Mills had secured possession of it he found it was filled with an abundance of dried meat and other Indian supplies, and he also realized that he would have hard work to hold it, as the Sioux were already beginning to increase in number on the adjacent hills, and he knew that this camp must be only an outlying one of the main body of Sioux, which was probably within less than a day's journey. Accordingly, he hurried off despatches to General Crook, threw up rifle pits on the outskirts of the village to protect his men, brought forward his own pack train, and corralled his horses, the pack mules, and Indian ponies under guard in the middle of the village, and proposed to hold on all he knew until General Crook's arrival. In a few moments after receiving Mills's despatch General Crook, at the head of one hundred and fifty cavalrymen, was in the saddle and on the way to Mills's assistance, with orders for the rest of the command to push on steadily after him. In the meantime the Sioux were most tenacious in their attempt to regain their village, and Mills had to use all his ability and skill to keep possession of what he had captured. A little after eleven o'clock, however, General Crook came riding in to his assistance with his re-enforcement of one hundred and fifty men,

much to Mills's relief, for, with plenty of ammunition, which the re-enforcements brought up, three hundred soldiers, and forty armed packers, which now made up the united forces, they could stand off all the warriors that the Sioux could bring against them until the arrival of the main column, which they knew was somewhere on the road steadily plodding on in their direction.

General Crook had scarcely dismounted when his attention was arrested by a sharp action that was going on between a small part of Major Mills's command which was trying to force the surrender of some Indians who had taken refuge in a small cavern located in a deep bush-overgrown gully at one end of their village, thrown up rifle pits at its mouth with their hands and knives, and, despite the fact that the troops had already had several casualties in killed and wounded, were still holding their own against them. Stopping the fight, he first (through the interpreters) demanded their surrender, but he got the same reply that they had given Major Mills—jeers and defiance; for the Indians believed that if they could hold out that succour would surely reach them from their friends, who they knew would soon come to their rescue. General Crook, who was undoubtedly the most experienced Indian fighter on the ground, and who had seen much of this sort of fighting, brigadier general and department commander though he was, promptly assumed command of the attacking force, and as Finerty, who witnessed the fight, says, "he displayed to the fullest extent his eccentric contempt for danger. No private soldier could more expose himself than did the general and the officers of his staff. I expected to see them shot down every moment." It was

a hot fight. The savages simply would not surrender. Some of the pluckiest and best officers on the frontier outside of General Crook took part in it. Major Mills, Lieutenants Charles King, Philo Clarke, and J. G. Bourke of the cavalry, and Majors J. H. Powell, Burke, and Munson of the infantry, were all there leading the men and fighting by their side, carbine in hand, and time and again they swarmed up around the little ravine only to realize that it would be death to attempt to go in to the mouth of the cave. Finally General Crook, annoyed and exasperated at the casualties among his men, formed a cordon of both infantry and cavalry around the mouth of the ravine and opened an incessant rain of fire into it. In a few moments the squaws began chanting the death song, and the wails of the children were piteous. A suspension of the attack was immediately ordered, and the interpreters offered quarter and good treatment for the women and children if the warriors would let them come out. In a few moments this was accepted, and General Crook stepped up to the mouth of the ravine and gave his hand to the first squaw who came out. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, with a papoose strapped to her back. Evidently very much frightened, and probably from some Indian's description, she instantly recognised the Gray Fox, as all the Indians termed General Crook, and clung to his hand with all her strength, knowing from his reputation that he would protect her, and undoubtedly fearing that some of the now thoroughly angered enlisted men might take vengeance on her. Eleven other squaws and six children soon followed her, but the warriors refused to surrender, and as soon as the women and children were safely away, courageously if desperately

opened fire on the troops and once more began the fight. For two long hours the soldiers sent bullets into the little ravine, and then, noticing a partial relaxation in the volume of fire on the part of the Indians, General Crook ordered a third cessation of hostilities, and once more summoned them to surrender. After a few moments of evident consultation, American Horse, a tall, broad-shouldered Sioux chief, with a chest and neck like a bull buffalo, came slowly out of the mouth of the cave, and, noticing where General Crook stood, came haltingly forward and presented him his rifle, butt foremost, in token of complete surrender, and asked for the lives of the warriors who had fought with him. As for himself, he was mortally wounded, having been shot through the abdomen. Through his interpreter General Crook assured him that if they would surrender neither he nor his warriors would be harmed; accordingly, American Horse beckoned to them, and the few warriors that were left came out and gave up their arms and the fight was over. Among the men whom we lost in this affair was quite a noted scout, Jim White, a man who used to follow around W. F. Cody—Buffalo Bill—like his shadow, and so far as he could do so imitate him in dress and bearing. White was plucky and brave, but without anything like the ability or experience of Cody as a guide, fighter, and frontiersman. Dried buffalo meat was found in abundance in the Indian tents and distributed to the main command as it defiled into the Indian village at about two o'clock in the afternoon, just as the fight with American Horse was over. Crook now had nearly two thousand fighting men for duty, and no apprehension was felt as to Crazy Horse and his warriors, so the whole command was un-

saddled and the horses turned out to graze on the first mouthful of fairly good grass that they had seen for many days. The superbly brave chief American Horse was taken to the hospital tent, and the surgeons did what they could to assuage his sufferings, but before the light of another day his soul had sought the happy hunting grounds of his race and people. As a chief he stood high, and deservedly so, among the Sioux, and his death was a distinct loss to his tribe at this especial juncture.

In this Indian village were found five horses of the Seventh Cavalry and one of the regimental guidons carried by Custer's ill-fated command, together with Colonel Miles Keogh's gauntlets and several other relics of the annihilated battalion of the Seventh Cavalry. At about four o'clock in the afternoon Crazy Horse and six or eight hundred warriors made an attack on General Crook's forces with the intent to rescue American Horse and his village. He had probably hurried to the rescue with what warriors he had near him at the first information that reached him from American Horse, and as the Indians who had notified him had counted Mills's forces only, he now came dashing down from the hills confident in his own strength and determined to make short work of Mills and his command. In a few moments the whole of General Crook's forces were moving to meet him. It was too late, and the worn-out horses were too tired to follow the Indians that day, so everything in the way of animals was quickly put under cover in one of the inlying ravines, and the infantry and all the cavalry dismounted promptly moved out and hurried up the hillsides as skirmishers. At first Crazy Horse and his mounted warriors moved boldly upon them, but in

about an hour the astonished and discomfited savages gave way and took cover. Where all the men that suddenly poured out of the little valley and confronted him came from must have sorely puzzled the doughty Indian chief, but after he had lost a few killed and a number wounded he recognised the fact that General Crook's forces were too strong for his command to fight successfully, and, accordingly, he gave orders to retreat, and at dark the Sioux sullenly fell back into the hills and gave up the contest.

It had been a skirmishing fight only, with about thirty casualties altogether upon our side, but Mills's plucky fight of the morning had given the whole command something to eat, and it held the Indian village with all its paraphernalia and three hundred fine Indian ponies besides, while the Indians, killed and wounded outnumbered ours two to one. It had been the best day of this campaign, and all the well men bivouacked contentedly. But in this book we can spend only a few lines more on this Sioux campaign. General Crook's troops met supplies sent out to meet them while they were encamped on Willow Creek on the morning of September 13th, and a few days later they were in the frontier settlement of Deadwood, Dakota, and the hardships of this year's campaign against the Indians were over.

Once on the war path, however, the Sioux had to be fought to a finish, and on October 21, 1876, Colonel Miles (now Lieutenant-General Miles), in a council near Big Dog River, held at the request of Sitting Bull, offered him peace if he would come into the reservation on the terms offered by the Indian Bureau. This he flatly refused to do, and, on being told that his

refusal would be regarded as an act of hostility, he and his warriors instantly took up a position for a fight. General Miles, notwithstanding Sitting Bull's forces greatly outnumbered his command, promptly attacked, defeated, and drove the Indians in a running fight for nearly forty miles. Sitting Bull, however, with part of his warriors escaped across the lines into British territory, but on October 27th over four hundred lodges of Sitting Bull's following with about two thousand men, women, and children surrendered to General Miles and were placed on one of the Indian reservations.

On January 8, 1877, General Miles had a sanguinary fight on the Tongue River with Crazy Horse and six hundred warriors, the Indians occupying a cañon in a spur of the Wolf Mountain range. The ground was covered with snow and ice to a depth in some places of over three feet, and the latter part of the engagement was fought in a blinding snowstorm, "the troops stumbling and falling in scaling the ice- and snow-covered cliffs," from which the Indians were finally driven by repeated charges, with a serious loss to them in killed and wounded, and were followed by the troops through the Wolf Mountains toward the Big Horn range. As a direct result of this winter's campaign, Crazy Horse, Little Wolf, and others of the hostiles came in and surrendered at Spotted Tail and Red Cloud agencies during the months of April and May of that year, Crazy Horse bringing in and surrendering with himself at the Red Cloud agency over two thousand Indians.

During the ensuing four years there was almost constant trouble with some of the bands of hostile Sioux, but our troops steadily followed them on the

war path, and, after severe fighting, they were compelled to surrender to our forces and come into the Indian agencies and take up their abode on the reservations. Sitting Bull himself, however, for a long time kept within the British possessions and well beyond our reach until July 20, 1881, when, worn out with anxiety, his influence gone, and his following reduced to comparatively a mere handful, he came into Fort Buford, Dakota, and surrendered to the commanding officer, together with forty-five warriors, sixty-seven women, and seventy-three children, glad to abandon the war path on assurance of his personal safety. To recount in detail the Indian fighting upon our frontier during the last thirty-five years would carry this book far beyond the limits within which it must be kept, and as one Indian fight is in many respects similar to another it would only weary the reader.

The Nez Percé campaign of 1877, of which I am about to write, began in the Territory of Idaho on the Pacific slope west of the Bitter Root Mountains, and finished at the north end of the Bear Paw Mountains in the Territory of Dakota, the Indians in their flight and the soldiers in their pursuit having in the meantime crossed three ranges of mountains (the Bitter Root, the Rocky, and the Snow ranges) and passed through portions of the Territories of Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana to Dakota.

The campaign was the outcome of Chief Joseph of the nontreaties—Nez Percé Indians—refusing to give up the Wallula Valley in Idaho to settlement by the whites and with the other bands of the Nez Percé In-

dians go upon and occupy either the Nez Percé or the Lapwai Reservations. As a matter of fact, the Wallula Valley was not the fixed residence of Chief Joseph, White-Bird, or Too-hul-hul-Sote, the head men of the nontreaty Nez Percés—that is, of those Indians of the Nez Percé tribes who would not accept the reservation system. It was a splendid hunting ground, though, and capable of fine development agriculturally. Brigadier-General O. O. Howard, the commander of the Department of the Columbia, which included the Nez Percé tribe within its geographical limits, was somewhat apprehensive of trouble with the nontreaty Indians, and did all in his power to persuade these Indians to accept the treaty as agreed to by the main body and come and live upon the Lapwai Reservation. Chief Joseph seemed at the time to have made up his mind to do so—in fact, he tacitly agreed to do so, but asked for thirty days, or until June 14th, in which to persuade his people to that end, and everything seemed to be fairly and peacefully settled, but on the date named (June 14, 1877), instead of entering upon the Lapwai Reservation, his following began murdering, plundering, and outraging the settlers and their families at Cottonwood, Idaho, and along the banks of the Salmon River. General Howard, who was at Fort Lapwai, at once threw forward Captain Perry with two small troops of cavalry, numbering ninety men, all the available force then at the post, to the defence of the settlers at Mount Idaho, upon which hamlet they were concentrating, with orders to find and attack Chief Joseph and his band if he was in the vicinity. Captain Perry with his command and pack train left Fort Lapwai on the night of the 15th of June, and, having crossed Craig's Mountain, he reached

Grangeville, fifty-eight miles distant, on the afternoon of the 16th. Here he received information that Chief Joseph was at White Bird Cañon, sixteen miles distant. Accompanied by ten armed citizens, he made a night march for that place, and came in sight of Joseph's camp a little after daybreak. It was about four miles distant, and he at once moved down the mountain to the attack. Joseph's force, which outnumbered his nearly if not quite three to one, and was equally as well armed, perceived his advance, and at once made preparations to meet him. Joseph sent White Bird to attack Captain Perry's force in flank, while he lay in ambush, covering the place that Perry's men would most likely attempt to occupy. The result was that after a severe fight Perry's troops were beaten and driven back, losing Lieutenant Theller and thirty-three men killed. Captain Perry got the rest of his men together, however, and fell back coolly—so much so that the Indians had no stomach to follow him far. He went to Grangeville to give protection to the people assembled there, refit his command, and ask for re-enforcements.

Chief Joseph had shown himself a capable leader, and naturally his following was very much elated over their first fight with the soldiers. General Howard hurried forward what troops he could get, and on June 22d he took the field in person at the head of one company of the Fourth Artillery, Captain Marcus P. Miller (now Brigadier-General M. P. Miller, retired), armed and operating as infantry five companies of the Twenty-first Infantry and two troops of cavalry, the whole force aggregating two hundred and twenty-seven men for duty. On the 26th he reached White Bird

Cañon and buried Captain Perry's dead of the action on June 17th. On the 28th he moved to the crossing of the Salmon River, where he was joined by four companies of the Fourth Artillery, acting as infantry, and Captain Burton's company of the Twenty-first Infantry, giving him an effective force of four hundred men. Department commander though he was, and lacking an arm that he left on one of the battlefields of our civil war, General Howard now took up in person the pursuit of Chief Joseph, who was to show himself one of the ablest and most astute Indian warriors of this century and to exhibit a military intuition as to evading his pursuers, taking up almost unassailable positions when attacked, always fighting his forces with sound judgment and keeping up his flight with a tenacity of purpose that was little short of marvellous in an untrained savage.

In this sketch of Chief Joseph's fighting and protracted flight I can only give the bare outline of the campaign for want of space, and I shall therefore quote from time to time only the condensed official report. On July 3d, while near Cottonwood, Captain Whipple, of the First Cavalry, sent forward Lieutenant Rains, a most capable officer, with ten men to ascertain the strength of the Indians, who were said to be advancing in his direction, and to aid a citizen scout named Blewett, whom it was reported was last seen with the Indians in full pursuit of him. Lieutenant Rains and his men were ambuscaded and all killed. Chief Joseph and his following at this time numbered about three hundred warriors and probably two hundred or more women and children, with a herd of not less than fifteen hundred ponies and horses, which the

squaws drove ahead of the command, took care of, and kept in good condition for constant remounts for the warriors. In fact, the squaws were as good as another hundred men, as they did all the camp work, cooked the food, and set up the tepees at night, thereby enabling Joseph to use all his men on the fighting line. As Joseph swept across the country he harried the ranches for new remounts, carrying with him all the fresh horses and leaving the troops, who were following him, only his own worn-out animals as remounts when their own horses gave out. For ten or twelve days Joseph doubled constantly on the troops in pursuit of him, and the country was mountainous and extremely difficult to operate in. General Howard says:

"The 2d of July we ascended the mountain after forming junction with Captain Trimble's command, now consisting of his own company and McConville's twenty volunteers. Another small company of mounted volunteers, under Captain Hunter, had joined me from the vicinity of Dayton, Wyoming Territory. The ascent was by a blind trail, exceedingly steep and difficult, and rendering a march of not more than ten miles equivalent to three times as much on an ordinary road.

"A heavy rain followed by thick clouds so impeded the command that several pack mules were killed by rolling down the mountain, and the greater part of two days spent in completing the ascent. Several caches of Indian supplies were found about halfway up and destroyed. Abundant Indian trails showed which way the enemy had gone—viz., toward our right."

On July 11th, after following Joseph over and through the forests and hills, and hunting for him in all directions, he and his command were discovered in

a deep ravine near the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. General Howard says:

"My guide, Mr. Chapman, assures me that they can escape only by a cañon on my left, which makes a small angle with the river and leads toward my rear.

"The next bluff in that direction was beyond a deep and rocky transverse ravine perpendicular to this cañon. I instantly order my howitzer battery and Gatling guns, supported by Winters's cavalry, to go thither with all speed.

"Around the head of the ravine our distance was over a mile, the enemy having less than a third to go, so we found him dismounted and in position already on our approach, beyond the second bluff, while some thirty or forty mounted Indians galloped just beyond range to compass my left. For a few minutes I feared the result of this attempt, when just in time Major Mason, Twenty-first Infantry, department inspector general, appeared close by with Burton's company of infantry, having anticipated my order (at every juncture Major Mason thus has supplemented my efforts). This company deploying to the right enabled Winters to take care of his left. Firing now became very brisk. My line was extended to the left by the cavalry and to the right by the infantry and artillery battalions, gradually refusing my flanks until the whole was enveloped. Four hundred men held a line of two miles and a half in extent. My main pack train had passed by this position. A small train with a few supplies was on the road nearer us.

"The Indian flankers by their rapid movement struck the rear of the small train, killed two of the packers, and disabled a couple of mules loaded with howitzer ammunition. The prompt fire from Perry's

and Whipple's cavalry saved the ammunition from capture.

"The enemy manifests extraordinary boldness, planting sharpshooters at available points, making charges on foot and on horseback with all manner of savage demonstrations. These attempts are successfully resisted at every part of the line. At 3.30 P. M. a spirited counter-charge is made on the right, down into a ravine, by Companies H (Haughey's), D (Pollock's), E (Miles's), and B (Jocelyn's), Twenty-first Infantry, A and part of E, Fourth Artillery, participating. Captain Miles, commanding the infantry battalion, supported by Captain Miller's artillery battalion, led in this charge. Captain Bancroft, Fourth Artillery, and Lieutenant Williams, Twenty-first Infantry, were wounded about this time. A number of Indians were killed and several wounded in this charge, and the ravine cleared.

"Captain Miller a little later led a second charge near the centre, Burton, Haughey, Eltonhead, and Winters with their companies participating. Lieutenant Wilkinson, aide-de-camp, by my direction, meanwhile, led a demonstration on the right, using artillery and infantry and every available man from the cavalry, horse holders, orderlies, extra-duty men, and train. Lieutenant Fletcher, acting aide-de-camp, also using a howitzer at this and at several other times during the battle, did effective service by lodging shells within the enemy's barricade.

"Miller's charge gained the ridge in front and secured the disputed ravine near Winters's left. Further spasmodic charges on the left by the enemy were repelled by Perry's and Whipple's cavalry, dismounted, and Morris's artillery, Company G. Yet a few Indian sharpshooters managed to so annoy every man who approached the spring, our water supply, that in spite of

our successful charges matters were not very bright at dark. During the night stone barricades and rifle pits were constructed by ourselves and the enemy. At daylight the 12th every available man was on the line. I directed that food should be cooked and coffee made at the centre and carried to the front, but we had first to get complete possession of our spring, as sufficient water was not secured in the night. This was executed by Captains Miller and Perry, using Lieutenant Otis's battery, supported by Rodney's company. The sharpshooters were driven from their hiding places and the spring secured against recapture. As soon as every man had been provided with food, I directed that the artillery battalion be withdrawn entirely from the lines, thin though they were already, and that the lines be held by the infantry and cavalry battalions. It may be remembered that the number of the Indian warriors and the number of men that I could put on the line were about equal, owing to the fact that with us a large number are necessarily absorbed in holding the horses and in performing extra duty.

" Captain Miller withdrew his battalion at about 2.30 P. M. (the time I had selected), and was preparing to execute this movement—viz., to push out by the left flank, piercing the enemy's line just left of the centre, cross his barricaded ravine, then face suddenly to the right and charge, striking the Indian position in reverse, assisting himself by a howitzer.

" As he was about to move, a dust appeared in the distance beyond the Indians' position. Our glasses revealed it as an expected supply train, escorted by Captain Jackson's company, B, of the First Cavalry. Immediately the artillery battalion is sent to meet the newcomers. With a little skirmishing and delay of an hour, the train was brought in in safety.

" Then at once Captain Miller, instead of returning

to our position with the train, is marching slowly in column by the right flank toward us; when just at the right point he faces quickly to the left, moves steadily for nearly a mile across our front, and charges the enemy's position. The usual attempt to double his left is made by the Indians, when a reserved company (Rodney's) in Miller's rear deploys and flanks the flankers. For a few minutes there is stubborn resistance at the enemy's barricades. Then the whole line gives way. Immediately the pursuit is taken up by the infantry and artillery and Winters's cavalry company, dismounted, and the remaining cavalry as soon as they can saddle and mount. Captain Jackson's company, just arrived, followed the Gatling gun in support at a trot as far as the bluff overlooking the river. The howitzers are brought to the same point with Trimble's company, and shot and shell poured into the retreating masses of Indians and ponies.

"They are closely pursued through the ravines into the deep cañon, thence to the river, over rocks, down precipices, and along trails almost too steep and craggy to traverse. The footmen pursued them to the river opposite the Indian camp.

"The cavalry worked its way as rapidly as it could from its position on the left down the rugged mountain steeps to the deep ford, and crossed slowly into the Indian camp, and was strongly posted beyond it, while the Gatling guns and the howitzers, near which I was observing, were doing their best to reach the Indians, who were fleeing in every direction up the heights to the left of Cottonwood Creek and beyond the Clearwater.

"The Indian camp, abandoned in haste, had their lodges still standing filled with their effects, buffalo robes, cooking utensils, food cooking on the fire, flour, jerked beef, and plunder of all description."

The Indians lost twenty-three warriors killed besides their wounded, the troops captured twenty-three warriors and seventeen women and children. Our loss was thirteen enlisted men killed and two officers and twenty-two enlisted men wounded.

Chief Joseph and his band, however, mounted upon fleet and fresh ponies, were already away over the hills and heading boldly for the old Lo Lo Trail. Joseph, still followed by General Howard and his troops, was on August 9th at Little Big Hole Valley, Montana. Word had been sent forward to Brigadier-General John Gibbon, the commander of the District of Montana, and he in person had instantly taken up the pursuit. The force at his command was very small, but without the slightest hesitation he took the trail with all the officers and men he could collect, and I append herewith an account of the battle of the Big Hole as given in his official report. Can anything more thoroughly show the spirit that animates the officers of the United States army than this official report, which exhibits the commanding general of the district (a division commander, too, ten years previously in our civil war), owing to the paucity of his force, himself in line of battle supplying the place of a needed private, as, rifle in hand, he leads the attack of the savages, with the result that he is one of the wounded in the desperate action that follows?

"It was nearly sunset before we reached Lieutenant Bradley's position, and the Indian camp was still four or five miles distant. The train was now brought up, closely parked amid the brush of the little valley down which we were travelling, and the animals turned out to rest and feed. No fires were built, and after

posting pickets, all laid down to rest until eleven o'clock. At that hour the command, now consisting of seventeen officers, one hundred and thirty-two men, and thirty-four citizens, started down the trail on foot, each man being provided with ninety rounds of ammunition. The howitzer could not accompany the column in consequence of the quantity of fallen timber obstructing the trail and the noise which would have to be made in removing it. Orders were therefore given that at early daylight it should start after us with a pack mule, loaded with two thousand rounds of extra ammunition. The thirty-four citizens who volunteered to accompany us being joined to Lieutenant Bradley's command, the advance was given to him, and the column moved in silence down the trail, the night being clear and starlight. After proceeding about three miles the country opened out into the Big Hole Basin, and still following the trail, guided by one of the citizens who knew the locality, we turned to the left, and following along the low foothills, soon came in sight of fires. After proceeding about a mile from where we emerged from the mountains we passed through a point of timber projecting into the valley, and just beyond encountered a large herd of ponies grazing upon the hillside. As we silently advanced they commenced neighing, but fortunately did not become alarmed, and by the time we had passed through the herd the outline of the tepees could be made out in the bottom below. The command was now halted and all laid down to wait for daylight. Here we waited for two hours in plain hearing of the barking dogs, crying of babies, and other noises of the camp. Just before daylight Sanno's company and then Comba's were sent down into the valley and deployed as skirmishers. As day began to break and enable me to make out the ground beneath us, I found that the tepees, in the form of an open V, with

the apex toward us, extended along the opposite side of a large creek some two or three hundred yards from us.

"The intervening space between the camp and the foot of the slope upon which we stood was almost entirely covered with a dense growth of willow brush in the grassy spaces between which herds of ponies were grazing. A deep slough, with water in places waist deep, wound through this bottom from right to left, and had to be crossed before the stream itself could be reached. As the light increased Comba and Sanno were ordered to move forward, then Bradley and his citizens on the left, with Rawn and Williams in support. All pushed in perfect silence, while now scarcely a sound issued from the camp. Suddenly a single shot in the extreme left rang out on the clear morning air, followed quickly by several others, and the whole line pushed rapidly forward through the brush. Logan's company being sent in on the run on the extreme right, a heavy fire was at once opened along the whole line of the tepees, the startled Indians rushing from them in every direction, and for a few moments no shots were returned. Comba and Sanno first struck the camp at the apex of the V, crossed them in a stream, and delivered their fire at close range into the tepees and the Indians as they passed from them. Many of the Indians broke at once for the brush, and, sheltering themselves behind the creek bank, opened fire on the troops as they came into the open ground. This was especially the case on the right or upper end of the camp where the creek made a bend toward our line. As Logan and the right of the line swept forward our men found themselves directly at the backs of these Indians, and here the greatest slaughter took place. In less than twenty minutes we had complete possession of the whole camp, and orders were given to commence destroying it. But the Indians had not given up the

fight, and while a portion of the command was engaged in setting fire to the tepees, other portions were occupied in replying to the rifle shots which now came upon us from every direction—the brush, the creek bank, the open prairie, and the distant hills. The fire from these latter positions, although at long range, was by far the most deadly, and it soon became evident that the enemy's sharpshooters, hidden behind trees, rocks, etc., possessed an immense advantage over us, in so much that we could not compete with them. At almost every crack of a rifle from the distant hills some member of the command was sure to fall. My acting adjutant, Lieutenant C. A. Woodruff, and myself, with our horses, were wounded at this time. Under these circumstances the only remedy was to take up some position where we would be more on an equality with the enemy. Orders were therefore reluctantly given to withdraw through the brush to a position under the hill from which we had first started, and then push for the timber through which we had passed in the night. This movement was successfully accomplished, such of our wounded as we could find being carried with us, and the few Indians who occupied the timber being driven out. Here we took up our position, and, sheltering ourselves behind the trees, fallen logs, etc., replied to the fire of the sharpshooters, who soon gathered around us, occupying the brush below and the timber above. For a time their fire was very close and deadly, and here Lieutenant English received a mortal wound, Captain Williams was struck a second time, and a large number of men killed and wounded. The Indians crawled up as closely as they dared to come, and with yells of encouragement urged each other on; but our men met them with a bold front, and our fire, as we afterward learned by the blood and dead Indians found, punished them severely.

"Just as we took up our position in the timber two shots from our howitzer on the trail above us were heard, and we afterward learned that the gun and pack mule with ammunition were on the road to us intercepted by the Indians.

"The noncommissioned officers in charge, Sergeants Daly and Frederics and Corporal Sales, made the best resistance they could, while the two privates cowardly fled at the first appearance of danger, and never stopped until they had put a hundred miles between themselves and the battlefield, spreading, of course, as such cowards always do, when they reached the settlements, the most exaggerated reports of the dire calamity which had overtaken the entire command. The piece was fired twice, and as the Indians closed around the men used their rifles. Corporal Sales was killed, the two sergeants wounded, the animals shot down, and private John O. Bennett, the driver, entangled in their fall. Cutting himself loose, he succeeded in reaching the brush and escaped to the train, which the two sergeants, Blodgett, the guide, and William, a coloured servant of Lieutenant Jacobs, also reached. In the meantime our fight in the timber continued, with more or less activity, all day. But every hour was increasing the strength of our position, when a new danger threatened us. A strong wind was blowing from the west, and, taking advantage of this, the Indians set fire to the grass, intending, doubtless, to follow up the fire and make a dash upon us while we were blinded by the dense smoke. But, fortunately, the grass was too green to burn rapidly, and before the fire reached any of the dead timber lying about us it went out. The Indians remained around us, firing occasionally nearly all night. They had, however, broken camp immediately after we abandoned it, and sent off their women, children, and herds in a southernly direction. During the night I

sent a runner to the train, and two others to Deer Lodge, via French's Gulch, for medical assistance and supplies, fearing our train had been captured. This fear was increased early the next morning, on the arrival of a courier from General Howard, who said he had seen nothing of it. He had passed it in the darkness of the night without seeing it. Later in the day we communicated with the train; but the Indians, in small parties, still appearing in the interval which separated us from it, I sent Captain Browning, with twenty-five men, to bring it in, and it reached us just before sundown, bringing us our much-needed blankets and provisions, not, however, until we had partially consumed the flesh of Lieutenant Woodruff's horse, brought wounded to our position and conveniently killed by the Indians inside our lines. The Indians gave us a parting shower of bullets about eleven o'clock that night, and we saw no more of them afterward.

"In closing this report, I desire to speak in the most commendatory terms of the conduct of both officers and men (with the exception of the two cowards who deserted the howitzer). With the exception of Captain Logan and Lieutenant Bradley, both of whom were killed very early in the action, every officer came under my personal observation at some time or other during the fight, and where all were so active, zealous, and courageous, not only in themselves fighting and in cheering on the men, but in prompt obedience to every order, I find it out of the question to make any attempt at discrimination, and will simply mention the names of those who were present in the battle. They were:

"Captains C. C. Rawn, Richard Comba, George L. Browning, J. M. J. Sanno, Constant Williams (wounded twice), and William Logan (killed); First-Lieutenants C. A. Coolidge (wounded three times), James H. Bradley (killed), J. W. Jacobs, regimental quartermaster,

Allan H. Jackson, George H. Wright, and William L. English (mortally wounded, and since dead); and Second-Lieutenants C. A. Woodruff, acting adjutant (wounded three times), J. T. Van Orsdale, E. E. Hardin, and Francis Woodbridge.

"A complete list of casualties is appended to this report, showing a loss of the aggregate engaged (one hundred and ninety-one), including the howitzer party, of twenty-nine killed and forty wounded. Captain Comba, who had charge of our burial party, reports eighty-three dead Indians found on the field, and six more dead warriors were found in a ravine some distance from the battlefield after the command left there."

Despite the rough handling General Gibbon's force had given him, Chief Joseph and the remnant of his band once more got away from his pursuers, and, after leaving the Big Hole battlefield, proceeded south past the town of Bannock, murdering settlers and stealing stock as they went, crossed the main divide of the Rocky Mountains east of Fort Lambie, then moved across the divide again at Henry's Lake, down to the Madison River, up that stream to the Geyser Basin, through that to the Yellowstone River. This stream they crossed below Yellowstone Lake, and moved down the right bank of the stream to the East Fork; then, after some delay, up that to the head of Clark's Fork and down that to the Yellowstone. After crossing the Yellowstone River they came down the right bank as far as Baronette's bridge, which they burned, and then moved slowly up the East Fork. Striking the head of Clark's Fork on the 4th, General Howard repaired the bridge and crossed it on the 5th, continuing the pursuit.

Pushing steadily and determinedly forward on Jo-

seph's trail, General Howard kept sending word of his whereabouts to the various department and district commanders on our northern frontier east of the Rocky Mountains, in which direction, plundering as he went, Chief Joseph was tending, probably with the hope of eventually reaching the British possessions and joining Sitting Bull and his hostiles on the other side of the line.

The following extract from a field despatch of General Miles (then colonel of the Fifth Infantry) shows with both brevity and accuracy the close of this wonderful retreat of the Nez Percés for one hundred and ten days, and at the end of a pursuit of more than fourteen hundred miles from its starting point, over and across three mountain ranges, with a record of eleven engagements between the Indians and the troops:

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE YELLOWSTONE,
"IN THE FIELD, CAMP NEAR NORTH END OF
"BEAR PAW MOUNTAINS, MONTANA, *October 6, 1877.*

"SIR: I have the honour to report having received on the evening of the 17th ultimo a communication dated the 12th, from General Howard, then on Clark's Fork, stating that the Nez Percés had evaded the commands to the north of them and were pushing northward. I at once organized all the available force of my command for a movement to intercept or pursue them. The command left the cantonment on the morning of the 18th; the different orders regarding escort for the commission had already put *en route* the battalion Second Cavalry and one company (Hale's) Seventh Cavalry; these were taken up on the march.

"The command reached the Missouri at the mouth of Musselshell on the 23d day of September, but learning on the 25th that the Nez Percés had crossed at Cow

Island on the 23d, destroying the depot there, and moved northward, I immediately crossed the Missouri. The command moved on the 26th northward from mouth of Musselshell, and on the 27th, leaving my train to follow, pushed on rapidly by the northern side of the Little Rockies; thence across to the northern end of the Bear Paw Mountains, which point I reached on the evening of the 29th. On the same evening the trail was discovered by my scouts, entering the range to my left.

"Starting at four o'clock on the 30th, and moving around the northern end of the mountains, the trail was struck at 6 A. M., near the head of Snake River; the village shortly afterward was discovered on Eagle Creek, and immediately charged, the battalion Seventh Cavalry (Captain Hale) and Fifth Infantry (Captain Snyder) attacking in front, the battalion Second Cavalry (Captain Tyler) by circuit attacked in rear, and secured the stock to the number of seven hundred horses, mules, and ponies. The fighting was very severe and at close quarters. The Indians took refuge in some deep ravines, and their firing was accurate and well kept up. Having at the first onset surprised and shut up the greater part of the Indians in the village and cut off and secured the greater part of their stock, and perceiving that the position could be carried by storm only with very great loss, I determined to maintain my lines about them, keep them under fire, and at the same time give them an opportunity to surrender if they desired.

"The positions taken up on the 30th were, with slight modifications, maintained during the four succeeding days and nights. Meantime a few shells from a 12-pounder Napoleon were thrown in from time to time, and a sharpshooting fire kept up whenever it could be effective. The Indians had from time to time displayed a white flag, but when communicated with

had refused to surrender their arms; but on the morning of the 5th they surrendered—Chief Joseph leading, surrendering his arms and ammunition, followed by his band—and their village is now in our possession.

"The fighting, as reported, was sharp, and the losses on both sides considerable. Inclosed is a list of casualties on the part of the troops. The Indians admit a loss of Chief Looking-Glass, Too-hul-hul-Sote, Ollicut, a brother of Joseph, and two others of their principal men, and twenty-five killed and forty-six wounded.

"The endurance and courage of the command, as tested by the forced marches and hardly contested fight at short range, are worthy of highest commendation. A severe storm of snow and wind, which set in on the 1st instant, added greatly to their hardships, which have been borne without murmuring. The opportune arrival of the train, under escort commanded by Captain Brotherton, enabled me to protect the wounded from the worst effects of the storm.

"I propose, to-morrow, to march hence toward the Missouri. The force of General Howard (including the command of General Sturgis), following the trail of the Nez Percés, is approaching from the Missouri. The general arrived on the evening of the 4th, having come forward in advance with a small escort.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"NELSON A. MILES,
"*Colonel Fifth Infantry, Brevet Major General*
"*United States Army, Commanding.*

"ASSISTANT ADJUTANT GENERAL,
"*Department of Dakota, St. Paul, Minn.*"

Our losses in this action were two officers and twenty-three enlisted men killed and four officers and thirty-eight men wounded.

General Howard, who had arrived at General Miles's field headquarters on the 4th instant, stood by his side when Chief Joseph surrendered. He had steadily fought and followed the wily and able Indian chief for nearly three months, hanging to his trail like a sleuth-hound, and had traced him over three Territories, across three mountain ranges, through valleys and rivers and cañons and mountain streams and deep forests, and as he stood by the side of the younger man, grim and worn and gray, with his armless sleeve pinned to the breast of his coat, it is little wonder that Chief Joseph thought him his Nemesis, and addressed himself to him instead of his captor, General Miles:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking-Glass is dead. Too-hul-hul-Sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ARMY OFFICER, THE PEOPLE, AND THE SOLDIER.

WHY really able and thoughtful men in political life will continue to allude to the regular army as inimical to the best interests of, and dangerous to, the perpetuity of the republic is, to those who know it best, and have served in it, simply incomprehensible. Its existence depends upon the life of the nation, and ceases with it. It was created for its defence and the enforcement of its laws, and being the absolute creature of law, the power that made it can dissolve and annihilate it at will. A concurrent resolution of Congress passed by a two-thirds vote, or passed by a bare majority of both houses and approved by the President, would legally and within constitutional limits instantly effect its dissolution; and from the moment of the passage and approval of said resolution the army would cease to exist. Nor could any officer or enlisted man establish good and lawful claim against the General Government for his services beyond the time that he received due legal notice of the passage of such a resolution. So long, then, as the United States Congress correctly represents the concentrated expression of the will of the people, there need not be any fear of the regular army of the United States. But outside of and

beyond the power of Congress the army is intensely loyal and absolutely devoted to the nation. In no general sense are the officers or men politicians. The fact that unless they are at their homes they can not cast a vote takes them completely out of political affiliations. As a general thing, they have an intelligent idea of the drift of national affairs, and have their personal preferences for one of the two prominent political parties of the day, and occasionally will discuss certain political movements; but the discussion is rarely acrimonious, for the disputants can usually see the good points of both parties, and are willing to admit them. Then, again, if some impetuous youngster in his early years of service is inclined to go too far in his expressions one way or another some one of the older officers, after the hot words have cooled, will good-humouredly open the Army Regulations at the Articles of War, and with a smile point to

"ARTICLE XIX. Any officer who uses contemptuous or disrespectful words against the President, the Vice-President, the Congress of the United States, or the Chief Magistrate or Legislature of any of the United States in which he may be quartered shall be dismissed the service or otherwise punished as a court-martial may direct. Any soldier who so offends shall be punished as a court-martial may direct,"

with the result that the next time the youthful politician enters into a political discussion, no matter how strongly or earnestly he may argue, he is safe to be not at all vituperative. It is a good article of war, and is apt to make one thoughtful and broaden one's ideas somewhat as to men and political parties.

At the same time that the army recognises the fact that it exists at the pleasure of Congress, it also knows that Congress has no authority to compel it to do an illegal act. The first paragraph of the first article in Army Regulations declares that "all persons in the military service are required to obey strictly and to execute promptly the lawful orders of their superiors." Therefore, beyond a lawful order the army can not be induced to go.*

Up to this time I have not said anything as to staff organization and the administrative bureaus of the War Department at the head of the army, from the fact that they scarcely come within the scope of this book, but I think it best to touch somewhat upon them for the information of my civilian readers. Constitutionally, as all know, the President is the commander in chief of the army. The Secretary of War has control of the appropriations made by Congress for the pay and support of the army, which are expended by the various bureaus of the War Department subject to his approval. He also has charge of its recruitment, and, as directly representing the President, looks after and supervises the appointment of officers of the army other than the annual class of graduates of the Military Academy, and exercises a close supervision in all that pertains to estimates for its expenses and its gen-

* Beyond briefly chronicling some of the splendid work of the artillery acting as infantry during the Modoc war on the Pacific slope in 1873, the writer has not alluded to that branch of the service, from the fact that until recently, from 1867 until 1898, nearly all its duties kept it within the seacoast fortifications. No military man of his acquaintance has a higher opinion of, or more thorough respect for the corps, and, as a matter of fact, few, if any of them, know less about it.

eral welfare in every direction outside of strictly military matters.

The commanding general of the army has the rank of lieutenant general. Next in rank come two major generals and six brigadier generals of the line, who are the officers in immediate command of the field forces of the army. The departments or administrative bureaus of the War Department are ten in number. They are:

The adjutant general's department, which issues all orders affecting the army as a whole, by direction of the President through the Secretary of War, or by the commanding general of the army; has control of all records, the recruitment or enlargement of the army (through the Secretary of War); issues commissions to officers, accepts resignations, grants discharges, and has a general supervision of all that pertains to the army, the administrative bureaus of the War Department, and the State National Guard or Militia.

The inspector general's department, which inspects the army, all the military bureaus of the War Department, all military depots, arsenals, posts, forts, general hospitals, army transportation, all money accounts, and everything pertaining to and belonging to the army.

The judge-advocate general's department, which is the bureau of military justice, supervises the records and findings of all general courts-martial, has charge of all court-martial records, and control of all papers relative to land titles of forts, posts, reservations, etc, held under authority of the War Department.

The quartermaster's department, which has control of all transportation by land or sea in the service of

the army, furnishes its clothing, camp and garrison equipage, builds its barracks, quarters, storehouses, and other buildings, constructs and repairs its military roads, docks, and wharves, and furnishes all public animals needed by the army and all forage consumed by them.

The subsistence department, which has charge of all purchases for the subsistence of the army and the proper distribution of its rations.

The pay department, which has charge of the funds appropriated for the pay of the army and pays the officers and troops of the army and the civilian employees of the War Department.

The medical department, which is charged with the care of the sick and wounded of the army, has control of all army hospitals and medical supplies and everything pertaining to the sanitary condition of the troops and the health of the army.

The corps of engineers, which has charge of the construction of all the forts and military defences of the country, as well as the execution of all river and harbour improvements authorized and appropriated for by law, together with the construction of military roads, bridges, etc., and also makes up the estimates for coast and harbour defences and for the improvements of all rivers and harbours throughout the country.

The ordnance department, which is charged with the manufacture or purchase of small arms, light artillery, heavy ordnance, and ammunition, and their distribution at proper points. It also has charge of all arsenals and depots for their manufacture and safe keeping.

The signal corps, which is charged with instruction

in military signalling, and is in control of all field telegraphy, military telegraph lines and cables, field telephone lines, and everything pertaining to the collection and dissemination of needed information on the field of battle.

These ten departments constitute what is known as the staff corps in our army. The officer at the head of the adjutant general's department has the rank of major general. The official heads of the other nine departments have the rank of brigadier general. That our staff corps is not, strictly speaking, organized on the basis of a European staff corps is a fact; still, it is the best we have, and very much better than that of most European nations, despite the flood of adverse criticism that poured in upon it at the outbreak of the recent Spanish war.

Notwithstanding all that was said against it, the War Department and its various bureaus rose splendidly to the occasion, and now that the nation has had time to take a sober second thought and realizes what a tremendous task it had to accomplish in enrolling, equipping, arming, encamping, and feeding a volunteer army of two hundred and fifty thousand men within less than ninety days, and all of which it did accomplish, when its magazine of supplies contained a reserve for an army of twenty-five thousand men only, our people must at least be just enough to admit it was a colossal work, well and quickly done in spite of a few errors and drawbacks, arising principally from the ignorance of volunteer officers and the cupidity of a few dishonest Government contractors. As for the officers of the various departments, from the adjutant general down through all the various bureaus, including also every clerk of

the War Department, the writer, from personal observation, can bear testimony to their constant and incessant work day and night to meet the crisis that suddenly and unexpectedly confronted them, and although he believes in the reorganization of our staff corps, and can, he thinks, see where improvements can be introduced, nevertheless there is much that is good in our system, and certain portions of it are much more capable of quick expansion in war times than are those of some European nations which have been held up and referred to as models for us to imitate. A service of many years in the United States army, and an unusual opportunity to compare it with the troops of all the European armies twenty-five years ago, and again four years since, has convinced the writer that in all the essentials of a fighting force it has not its equal, man for man, in any army in the world. Of course, he can not say as to the discipline, drill, and efficiency on the firing line of our regulars of to-day, considering the immense number of recruits brought in two years ago by the new three-battalion formation in the infantry and the expansion of each cavalry troop to its maximum, and he recognises how impossible it has been during an active campaign to work up these new men to the old standard; but the material is all there, and able and capable officers to develop it, and all that is needed is time. The ten regiments of cavalry and the twenty-five regiments of infantry that represented our cavalry and infantry prior to the Spanish war were, in the opinion of the writer, unquestionably the best troops in the world, and when it is taken into consideration that the officers were West Point men and brilliantly educated soldiers, or else men who

had made distinguished military reputations, first in our civil war and afterward on the great plains of the West, and the enlisted men had been carefully selected for their intelligence and fine physique, and all or nearly all of them were qualified marksmen, perfectly drilled, and in a fine state of discipline, while many of them had the experience that years of frontier campaigning against the wily North American savage gives, it would have been a strange thing if they had not developed into the best fighting men in the world.

As far as the personality of the officers and enlisted men is concerned, the standard is unusually high. From the moment that a cadet enters the Military Academy or an enlisted man enters his regiment he is taught two things by both precept and example, and they are the honour of the service and the necessity of always and under all circumstances doing his duty. Service and duty in time become the two watchwords of the soldier, and in the end build up and strengthen the character of many an ordinary man into something that on the field of battle has enabled him to face death in an Indian combat, and dauntlessly and desperately hold his own against fearful odds—something at times so near akin to heroism that his companions in arms have failed to draw the line, and, unwritten and unsung, he has for many a day been the unlaurelled hero of the barracks of the enlisted men of his regiment. As for the officer, those same two words—service and duty—are with him always and to the end. They help him out on many a tiresome day, and nerve him to gallant deeds in many an Indian campaign; and, better than that, they keep him

straight in repeated scenes of frontier riot and dissipation.

The young officer who goes to the frontier has scores of weary years to face and many a hardship to endure before he can hope to get his company or troop. It is weary waiting, but very excellent military experience, and always develops a good youngster into a manly, thoughtful man. He has days and weeks of comparative inactivity, and then again months of incessant Indian campaigning. As the years go by and he serves at different posts of his regiment he is detailed as an acting commissary at one, an acting quartermaster at another, and as he gains age and experience he is made an acting post adjutant at another. In time it may be that he is made regimental adjutant, and if so he is particularly fortunate, for it shows capacity, and the experience at regimental headquarters is worth much to him in later years. If he marries, and marries well and happily, as most officers do, he gradually drops out of bachelor gaieties and devotes himself to home life. In time, as he becomes a family man, he has to carefully gauge his expenditures and begin to save for the education of his children. The regimental moves now become somewhat matters of anxiety to him, as they are expensive, but, like all the rest, he usually succeeds in keeping his head financially above water. If fond of travel he manages by three years' consecutive service without leave to accumulate a four months' leave on full pay. This he supplements by two months on half pay, and applies for and gets a six months' leave with permission to go abroad.

In the meanwhile he has brushed up his French and

Spanish, and picked up enough German to enable himself and wife to pass six happy and delightful months in Europe. Then they return and take up post life again, but, oh, so much broadened by what they have seen! and just that much happier, because the horizon is wider. In the course of time he becomes rather more of a student, and recognises the fact that he is growing older and a bit more staid. The children have to be sent back East to the grandparents to school, and an Indian campaign worries the dear wife more than it used to do. In time he gets his troop or company, and at last becomes a captain in the line.

It means much, too, this promotion to the head of a company or troop. It means better quarters, more pay, larger responsibilities. He can now work out some of his pet theories as to company management, and in time the new rank may mean the recruiting detail of two years in civilization. That will mean all the children at home and at a good school, and all the family together once more. His days no longer hang heavy on his hands, for an ambitious captain has plenty to do in keeping everything up to a high standard in his company. As time slowly wings its flight he takes his thirty days' leave each year to get back to his old home, especially if his parents still live. He realizes, too, that he is almost forgotten by his old comrades unless he does so. The movements of his regiment carry him North or South or out to the Pacific coast, and he learns to know the whole country well, and gradually loses touch of localities. State lines soon mean little or nothing to him save as political demarcations. He tries to get to Washington occasionally, and when he does so sits for a few hours in the galleries of both

houses, and he is man enough of the world at the first glance over either house to see that, despite all newspaper squibs and cheap criticism to the contrary, that the average of intelligence and trained ability is high in both houses, and far above the ordinary. Some day precisely at noon he goes to the Supreme Court room to see the justices enter, and sits an hour or two watching the proceedings, and then quietly withdraws with an intense respect for what he regards as the most august body in the world. He is creeping up toward the head of the list of captains now. Every retirement and promotion and death takes him nearer the head of the list. It looked a long way ten or twelve years ago, but now he begins to realize that one year, or at most two years, may make him a field officer.

At length, after twenty-five years' service as a subaltern and captain in the line, he has reached his promotion, and receives his appointment as a major in one of the regiments of the army.

The years pass quickly. He is a post commander at last. His hair and mustache are heavily tinged with gray. Now and then he finds himself at headquarters in command of his regiment in the absence of the colonel and lieutenant colonel. His opinion is occasionally asked by the War Department, even, as to certain changes in tactics, discipline, and accoutrements, and what he says has weight with the whole regiment. He is one of the oldsters now. He goes home from regimental drill one day, to be met on the porch of his quarters by his wife, whose cheeks are flushed and whose eyes are fairly ablaze with delight. "What is it, little woman?" "O Harry *what* do you think the colonel's wife heard the commanding general say

when she dined at his house in Washington?" "I haven't an idea. What?" "He said you were one of the very best duty officers in the army." "Possibly he may not be a good judge." "Harry! How dare you!" But he puts his arm around her and kisses her as they enter the house, and go in to luncheon with the children, two very happy people. After luncheon he comes out on his porch for his noonday smoke, and as he lights his brierwood pipe let us look at the man as he stands before us, for you may rest assured that, with the training he has received and the service he has rendered, he will average well. He is generally from forty-five to fifty-two years of age. Stalwart of build, splendidly erect, neat in person, temperate in habits, and low of voice save when upon drill. Apt to be sparing of speech, and as a general thing not given to discussion or argument. Tenacious of his own opinion, but always willing to listen to those who disagree with him, and with a thorough respect for all legally constituted authority, as well as a decent respect for his own position and himself. Considerate of his juniors, and unquestioningly obedient to his superiors in rank. Thoughtful over orders, but always promptly obedient to their tenor.

In times like these that are upon us, mayhap he might be a little anxious as he sees the General Government debate and outline a policy somewhat differing in consonance with its heretofore trend of development, but at the same time he would be confident in the ultimate wisdom of Congress and satisfied to accept its decision with unswerving and unquestioning loyalty, and ever with a belief in the legal equity of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United

States, second only to his belief in the Bible. His love for his country is almost beyond comprehension, and his belief in the National Government as the best that was ever devised for humanity is absolute and not to be debated, while his devotion to the flag has grown to be a part of his being. He is generally an avowed nationalist, with only a Constitutional toleration of a State line and the very highest opinion of the New England township organization. When his country shall need him on the tented field it will find in him all that a soldier should be—brave, courteous, patient, willing, tolerant, uncomplaining, splendidly drilled and disciplined, holding himself up to the very highest ideal of a soldier, and understanding his work in every detail and shirking nothing; patient in time of trouble, always accepting with grim resignation that which he can not mend, but ever fertile in resource, and bending every energy, mental and physical, to the parting point of tension, to right any wrong or blunder that it is legally within his scope to control.

It is a clear sunny morning in April as an orderly taps on the door of his quarters, and as the major, who has heard his footsteps, opens it he says: "The colonel's compliments, sir, and he wishes to see the major at headquarters."

"My compliments to the colonel, and I will be with him in a moment."

He steps back into the hall, buckles on his sword, places his cap on his head, and crosses the parade at a rapid step, and as he does so sees that from all parts of the garrison officers are hurrying toward the adjutant's office. On reaching the room he notices that the adjutant stands close to the door with a check

list in his hand, and the colonel is standing near his desk with a telegram pasted at the head of a sheet of foolscap, and from where he stands he can see from the serried lines and squares on the writing paper that it is evidently a secret code despatch which has just been deciphered. As the officers enter they salute and remain standing. The colonel courteously but mechanically returns the salute without looking up as he intently studies the paper. As the last officer comes hurriedly in the adjutant checks his arrival, steps toward the colonel, salutes, and reports, "The officers are all here, sir." Looking up from his despatch, which is of unusual length, and facing his officers, the colonel says:

"Gentlemen, to-day, at twelve o'clock, the President will recommend and Congress declare war against Spain. I am advised that I am to be appointed a major general of volunteers, and our lieutenant colonel a brigadier. Consequently, the regiment will take the field under command of its major." Then, stepping forward, he reaches out his hand heartily, grasps that of the major, and says, "Major, I congratulate you on your regiment"; and, turning to the assembled line officers, he continues: "Gentlemen, I congratulate you on your regimental commander. I sincerely hope that I may have the honour of having you assigned to my division."

When next we see him it is in the supreme hour of battle, as he placidly accepts his responsibility without a tremor, justly confident in himself and his knowledge of his profession, and with the same unquestioning faith in the drill discipline and bravery of his troops that they have in him he leads his regiment gallantly

and confidently. He knows that they will not fail him, and they know that he will not fail them. Quick to see and prompt to act, he grasps the situation boldly, and presses steadily forward. Personally he has no fear. He has thought this situation over and out years before, and that this might be his duty has come to him many a time and oft during his thirty years of frontier service. At night on the starlit stretches of the Western plains, among the towering crags of the Rocky Mountains, on the banks of the mighty streams of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Columbia; looking out across the sunlit valley from the vine-covered porch of his quarters in Arizona, or watching the blue waves of the Pacific curl and break on the shores of the Golden Gate from the door of his cottage at the presidio on San Francisco Bay—this, the crucial hour of his life, has been ever before him. Perhaps for an instant the thought of the dependent wife and children whom he may never see again wrings his heart and dims his eyes, but no one sees him falter. For long years he has never failed in his devotion to duty, and held himself strictly amenable to rules of discipline, and neither the one nor the other will fail him now. He has the centre, and steadily the line presses onward. His flashing blade and ringing cry of "Forward! men, forward!" accentuating the crack of rifles and shriek of bursting shell as the line moves slowly, wearily, bloodily upward. But what is this? The line hesitates! It staggers! It halts! In front of the centre the crest of the hill is crowned with rifle pits, bristling with men. *Can* the line advance? *Can* it carry the crest? A quick glance backward, and he sees his reserves within supporting distance. Like an inspiration comes

the thought: If the line can reach the crest the reserve can carry it. But will the line advance? A flash of thought answers, "Yes, if I lead it!" and then comes the shuddering, sickening truth: It will be *almost* annihilation for the line, and *certain death* to the leader! Watch him now. For one instant he hesitates, stands like one half bewildered, and seems to quiver in every muscle of his body; then, suddenly pulling himself together, he turns and faces his line. The eye of every soldier on the line rests on him, but he appears to be looking beyond them. What is it he seems to see? What is it that has come to him? In memory's eye he is again reading his first commission. *How* the words stand out *now!* "Reposing special trust and confidence in your patriotism, valour, fidelity, and ability I have nominated, and by and with the advice of the Senate do appoint you." Stay! *Has* he justified that special trust and confidence? He removes his cap, bends his head for an instant in silent, heart-wrung prayer for his family and for mercy on his soul, replaces it, gives one last sweeping glance around the horizon, raises his sword, turns his face to the enemy, and in a voice that rings like a trumpet call shouts: "*Forward! Forward the whole line! Forward, men, forward!*" And then, amid a storm of cheers and a hail of shot and shell, he leads the glorious line unfalteringly onward and upward to his death.

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